Sept. 16, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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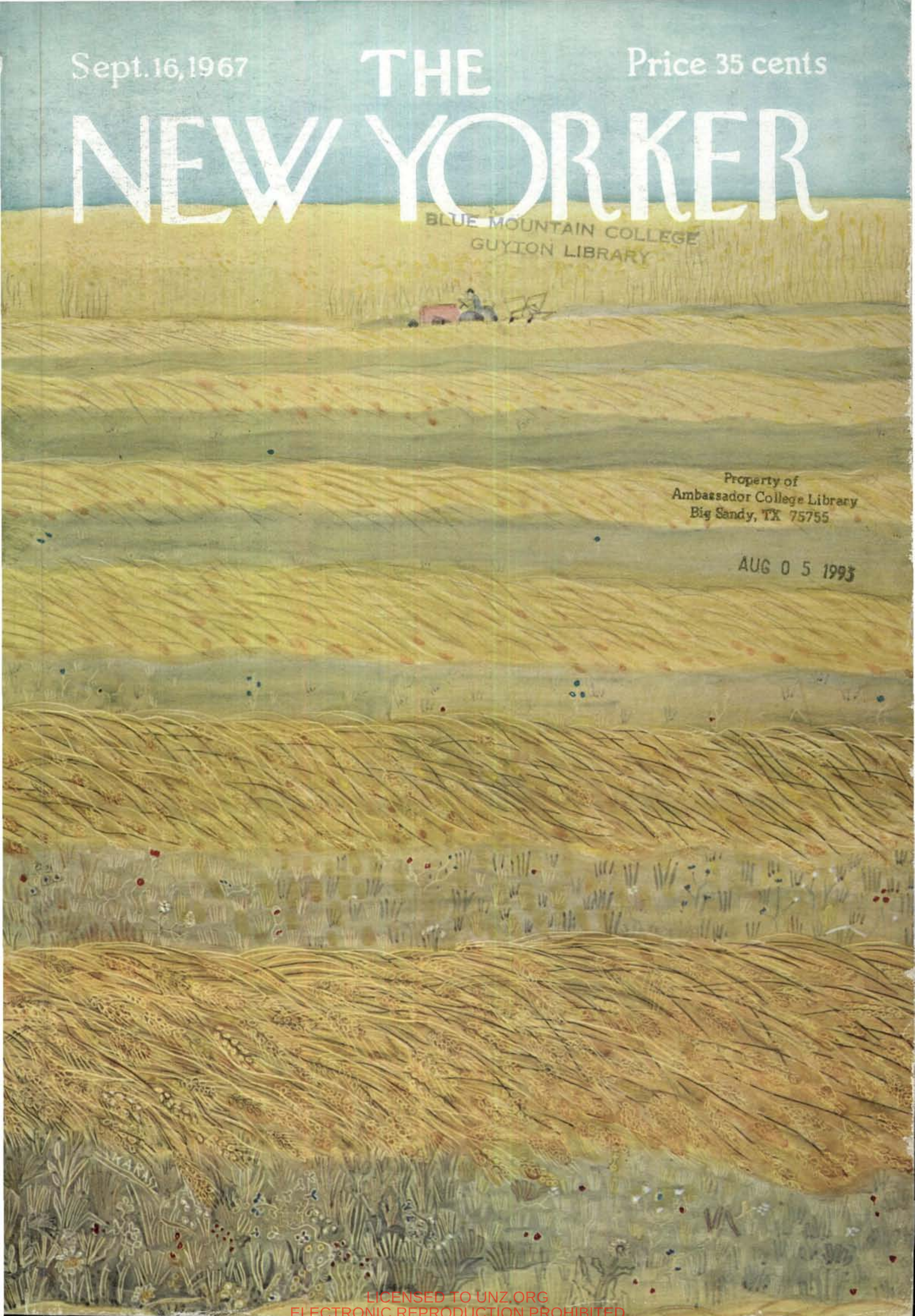

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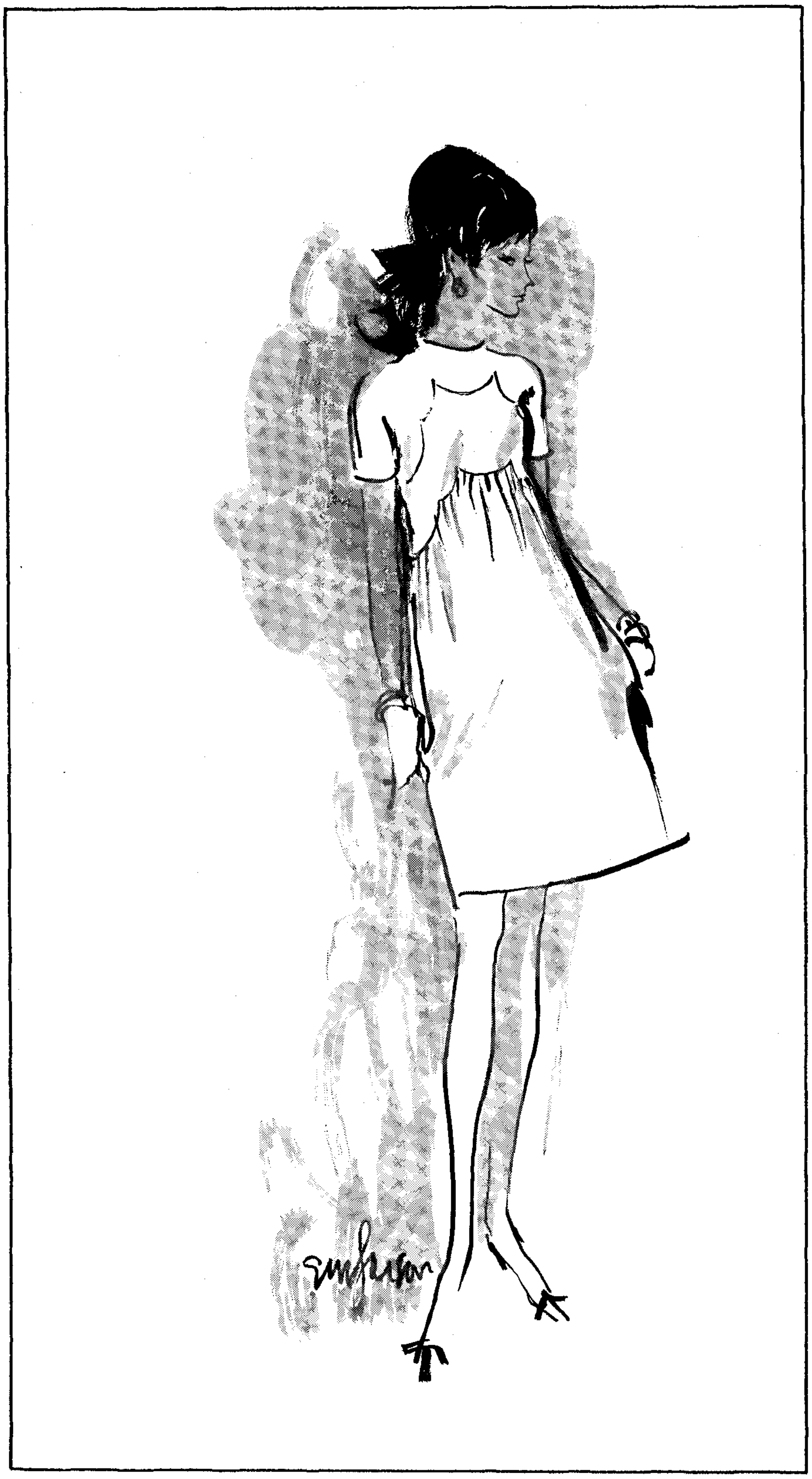

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Black Comedy—What goes on in South Kensington when the lights go out. A curtain-raiser, "White Lies," is a dud. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's description of homelife in a North London ménage run by an eccentric widower who unexpectedly finds himself playing host to his eldest son and the son's wife, a girl of vast accessibility. The play is a rickety affair, but the actors who perform in it are uniformly admirable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. Not overly incisive but fairly funny and beguiling. It is acted by a splendid cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and it is also cleverly directed by Alan Schneider. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—CACTUS FLOWER: A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** Lou Jacobi, Peggy Cass, and Dick Libertini in Woody Allen's farce concerning a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—The ups and downs of a Negro team—a girl who has a lovely voice and a boy who has brains—in the course of more than half a century of struggling against a culture that gives them little heed. Arthur Laurents's book is drab, but there are some solid tunes by Jule Styne, with satisfactory lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Leslie Uggams, Allen Case, and Billy Dee Williams head an excellent cast, augmented delightfully by Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri is charming in this musical adaptation of the film "Never on Sunday," but it has little else to recommend it. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—THE APPLE TREE: Short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer played out by Barbara Harris, Alan Alda, and Larry Blyden. Carmen Alvarez substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Maud Gonne. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **I DO! I DO!:** Mary Martin and Robert Preston make up the entire cast of this version of "The Fourposter." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.) . . . **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **THE MAGIC FLUTE**, in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Page
THE CURRENT CINEMA 187
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS 152
THE RACE TRACK 137
A REPORTER AT LARGE 141

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The Fantasticks—Chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, peach, orange ice, butter pecan, pistachio, coffee, peppermint, and tutti-frutti. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—David Atkinson is now playing the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. That of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, is especially good. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Thursday and Friday at 8, and Saturday at 2 and 8. Moves on Monday, Sept. 18, to the George Abbott Theatre, 152 W. 54th St., JU 6-3787, where performances will be given nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30, with matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Thursday, Sept. 14, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Rooms," and "Donizetti Variations." . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 15, at 8:30: "Pas de Dix," "Rooms," and "Viva Vivaldi!" . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 2:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Elegy," and "Con Amore." . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Elegy," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 17, at 2:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Sea Shadow," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 17, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Nightwings," and "Cello Concerto." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 19, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Moves" (company première), and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Astarte" (première), "Pas de Trois" (company première), and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 21, at 8:30: "Pas de Dix," "Incubus," and "Gamelan." . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 22, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Astarte," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Opus 65," and "Cello Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8:30: "Moves," "Pas de Trois," and "The Green Table." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Oct. 1.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday at 7:30 and Friday and Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 1:30

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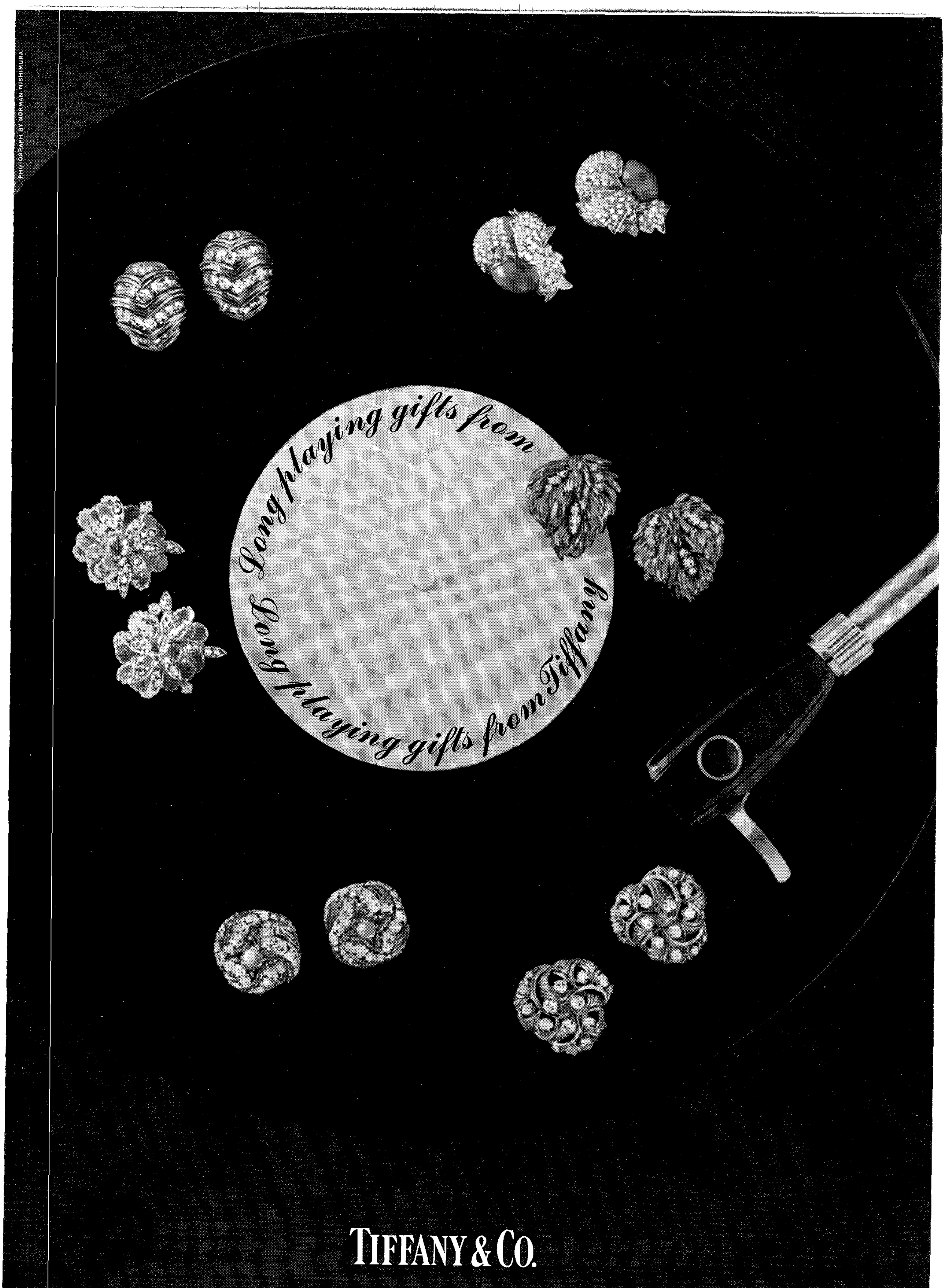
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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17	18	19	20	21	22	23

and Sunday at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 17.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box's new pageant, Lady Bountiful is impersonated by Jane Morgan, refulgent as the harvest moon and singing songs that wouldn't hurt a fly. The orchestra of Lee Evans, a credit to its chosen profession, is on hand, too, and for most of the evening; she is on hand at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Peace on earth is the principal commodity of the restaurant, where the only things that stir, aside from a Cliff Hall band, are dignified couples gliding along the parquet. The music plays Tuesdays through Fridays from eight to one, and Saturdays from eight to two.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—History was made at night in this barony, and the rooms in which decisions were reached that proved turning points in the nation's progress (shall we summer on the Cape or Fisher's Island?) are thrown open to the public. Lester Lanin himself, and not on tape, runs one band, George Anaya runs another, and their office hours are eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There is no squaring of the social circle that lies within the Café Pierre. The society notes are turned out by the hand-picked men of Ben Cutler's best band, which is supplemented, between sets, by Brazilian guitar and song. Business as usual every night of the week.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the middle of his crash program (you can see him singing but not hear him singing above his orchestrations), Ed Ames, suddenly going practically *a cappella* and *a microfono,* lets slip the fact that he has a viable voice, a sense of direction and inflection, and an understanding of lyrics. It is a pause that refreshes. He is in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Other times, the well-rounded, firmly packed orchestra of Burt Farber and the carefree cluster of bandsmen collected by Mark Monte do their best. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and from seven to nine, except Sundays, in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ The Palm Court, thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when Gunnar Hansen, violin in hand, ascends the throne at eight. He does not abdicate until one. No music Sunday nights.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The horn of Jonah Jones speaks not with forked but with furious tongue when his foursome takes the podium of this well-appointed spaceship. This happens at nine, but the trio of Phil Wayne, a good hand at a piano, sets to at seven. Curfew is at two, and all night Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—The cross-stitching in the orchestrations of the band owned by Les and Larry Elgart is hardly a crazy quilt, for it is done with consummate skill; the band run by Ray Anthony and flanked by a brace of girlie girls has been left over from the floor show of some discontinued movie house. The music flows from eight until two every evening but Sunday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A queen of the night is Julie Wilson, and long may she and her ballads reign over the Maisonette, where she is enhancing the dinner and supper hour. George Cort's Jack-in-the-pulpit band and Quintero's cluster of Latinos do music all evening long. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, the next-door sylvan glade, offers only the rustles of eternal spring—the piano of Walter Kay, the violin of Jani Sarkozi, whose hours are six to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—There are empty saddles in the old corral only when it rains; otherwise, a pair of small dance bands chatter away in the real open air from seven-thirty until half past twelve or a bit later. No music Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On Monday, Sept. 18, the Empire Room commences its season by offering students of contemporary French the opportunity to hear it straight from the mouth of one of its authors, the composer-lyricist-singer Gilbert Bécaud, a town crier of considerable importance. He will appear at dinner and supper. The music will emanate principally from the orchestra of Charles Turecamo. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley leads a less spectacular life—piano for cocktails and dinner every night but Saturday and Sunday; dance tunes by the triad of Horace Diaz from eight or nine until one or two during the week, from five until ten on Sunday, and not at all Monday or Tuesday.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A protectorate devised for the benefit of those who can remember the fox-trot, the two-step, and other Early Americana. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Visiting privileges are freely granted, since everyone seems to have known everyone else in this country club forever. The professors at the cheerful pianos are Goldie Hawkins, proprietor, and his permanent guests—Wayne Sanders and Sam Hamilton. Solo music all the time, except when, after the theatre, it evolves into double-or-nothing piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Now and then, everybody who remembers the lyrics (or even thinks he does) gets into the act when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. It's for those who believe in community spirit. No music on Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander chants those Basic English ditties of the West Indies from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in operation as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A closeup view of Budapest from St. Margaret's Island—gypsies and all, bending over their hot fiddles and zimbalons. There is dancing (Béla Babai's band) and singing (Tibor Rakossy), and never a silent moment. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAMBURLAINE,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): You can hardly see the forest for the eerie trees in this Outer Mongolian landscape, but from eight-thirty until about one-thirty you *can* hear dance music—a bit roustabout, it is true, except on Mondays, when Billy Rubenstein's trio has the floor. From six to eight, Monday through Friday every week, Allan Haig contributes well-tempered, well-chosen piano études. Sundays everyone is at rest. . . . **KIPPYS,** 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): If it must be a Broadway steak house after the theatre, this one should do. It encases an upstairs inglenook wherein George Taylor, who has been around, addresses a baby grand from nine until two every night but Sunday. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Roman Pub, there is footwork on the small floor from five-thirty until seven-thirty and from nine-thirty until one-thirty, but the early-bird dance set is omitted on Saturdays. The wherewithal is provided by a soft-spoken trio led by Joan St. James, whose piano has a neat, meticulous, Juilliard sound. The dining is no more than snack. All quiet Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every man jack of the staff has an ambition (and a by no means secret one) to burst into song as the next Caruso or Gigli. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

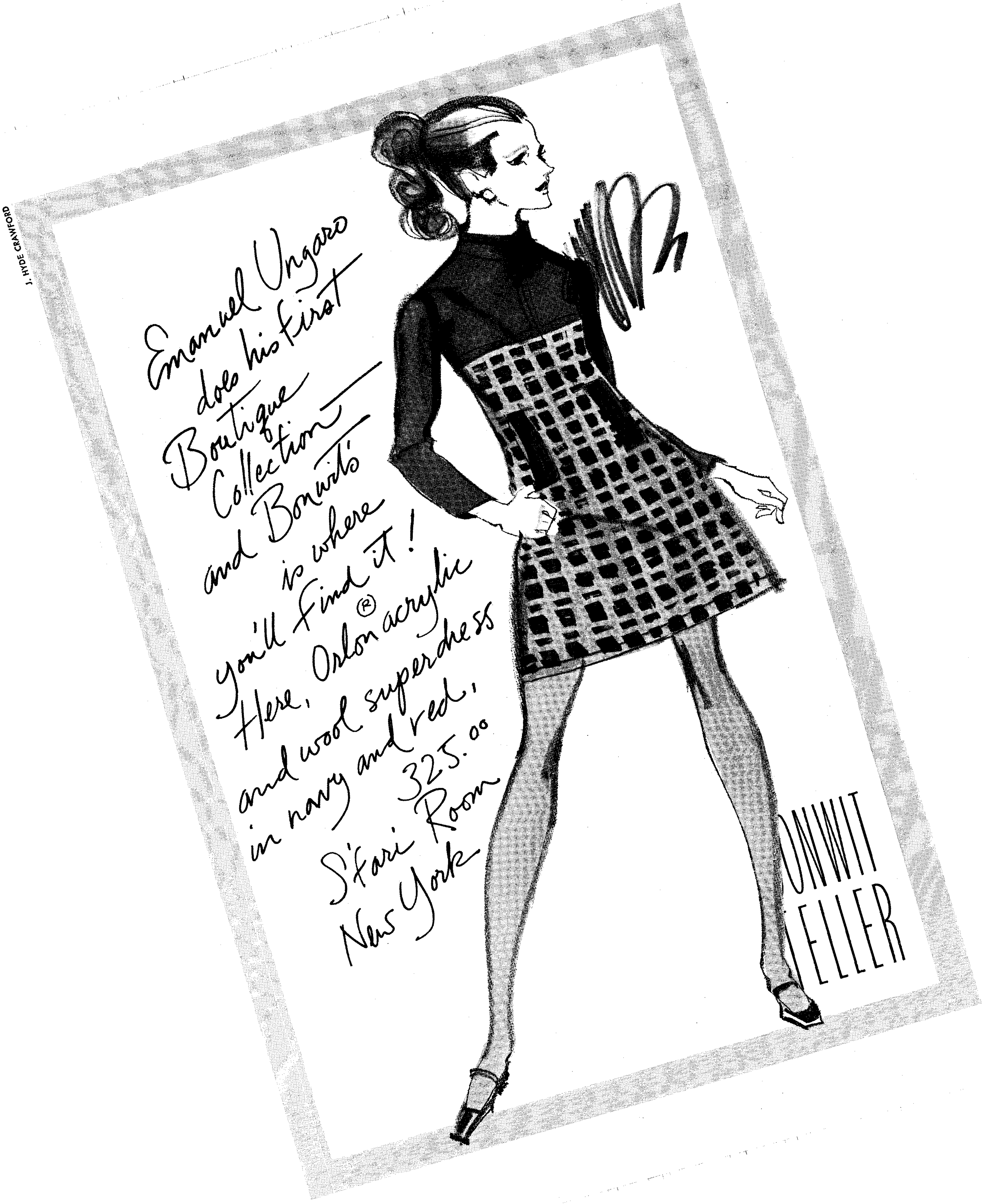
DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the Horatio at the drawbridge of this comfortable old castle, is on tap from dinner until late every night but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's playhouses, also planned to bemuse the eye. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Three times around the walls of Rome, and every night but Sunday, marches the troupe of musicians in the charge of Herman Honigsberg and his reasonably magic violin, but so gently do they swing and sing that nary a stone is dislodged. Seven is starting time, well after the theatre is closing time. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its townhouse days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave., at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is plied from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant, but not on Mondays and Wednesdays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): On Tuesday, Sept. 19, Conrad Monjoy returns to his fold—the mannerly piano in one corner of the Hotel Westbury's Polo Bar, the main-floor restaurant. His stint is nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): No-room-at-the-inn is a standing (or standing-room-only) problem, so make known your coming. Brace yourself, too, against the music (the living, breathing All Night Workers), for it has the fury of a March wind and the ides of the same month. The reward: a look at the fashions (in clothes and in conduct) of our gilded lilies and their consorts. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The local jockey, who doles out music with a tape measure, is supplemented by the Five Bells, a rather personable boy-and-girl collection of Canadians who have been brought up on rock and folk. On Monday, Sept. 18,

J. HYDE CRAWFORD



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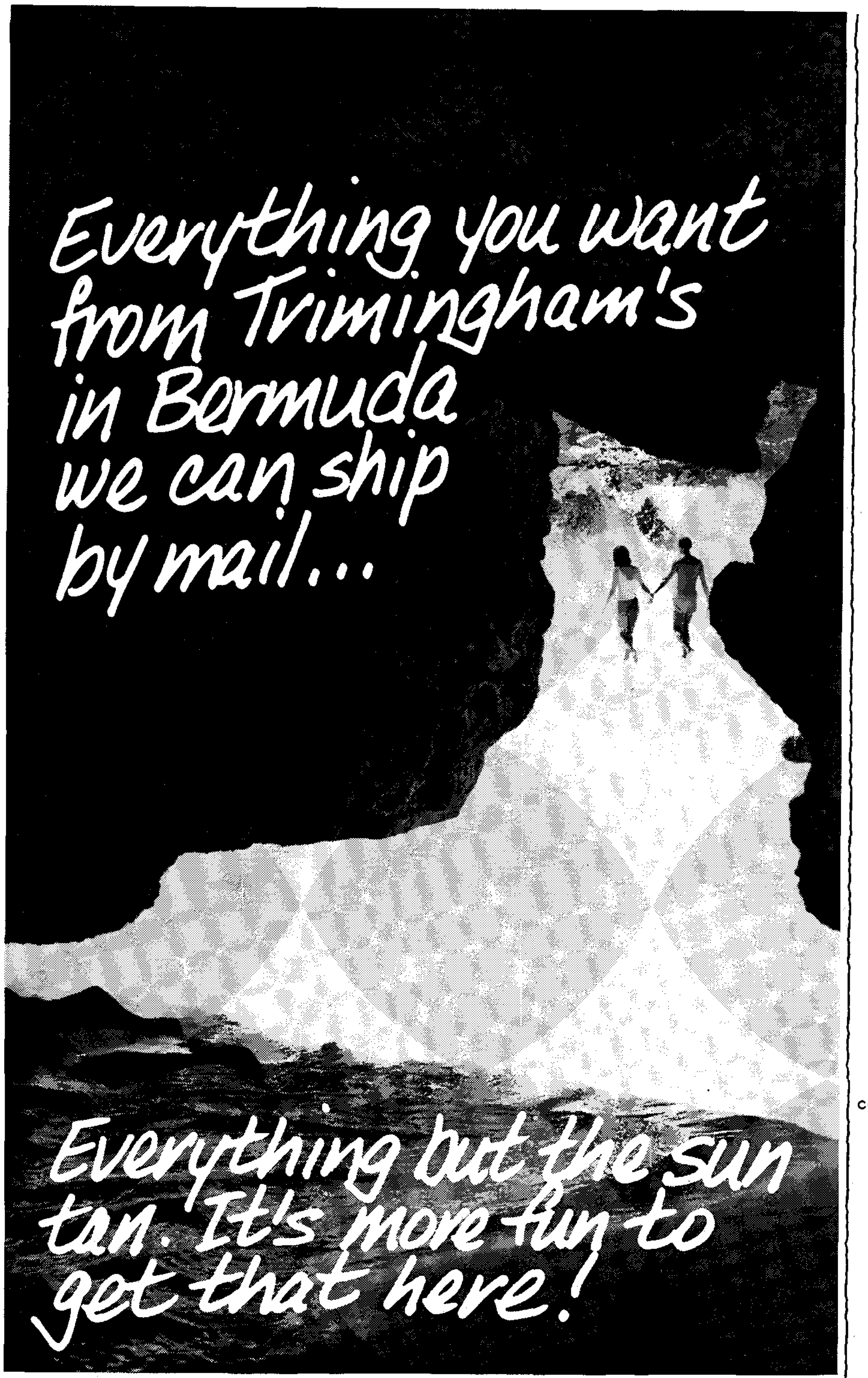
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

they will be replaced by another new crew—the trio of Walter Wanderley. A set of full-time chefs is working behind the scene. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): The gateway to this charmed underworld is a needle's eye. Those who pass it find a Delphic bower in which young ladies who will be goddesses if they ever grow up, or already are, disport themselves with their nimble partners in choreographic feats of daring. Nine-thirty until three-thirty night after night is the scheme. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The flash in the pans of the very young, the very mini, who inhabit this bold new world comes from the strobe lights that make up the ceiling; the music, never out of sight (it's produced by real people) but definitely out of mind, is ceaseless and chaotic. The clamor starts at eight during the week, at three on Sunday afternoons, and late in the morning is when it ends. The barkeep believes that a soft drink turneth away wrath. . . . **WHEELS**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The wheels within Wheels revolve inscrutably on their sidewall pinions, the turntables spew forth inscrutable rhymes and rhythms, but what matters most is the advent to New York night life of Amanda Ambrose, the sort of electric (and eclectic) singer *cum* piano with which we are so rarely blessed anymore. A quartet of heavily electric rockers (the Dickens) are likewise in attendance, and so is the youth of the land, gathering rosebuds while it may; i.e., until nearly dawn. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS**, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): That's how the kookie crumbles, and the hippie, too. Music for them to crumble to comes from unearthly spheres; the light in which they disintegrate comes from an aurora borealis that is man-made, man! Dancing, or watching, from eight-thirty until three or four; lofty, cool (in every sense), *alkoholfrei*, and fun. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is null and void.

BIG AND BRASSY

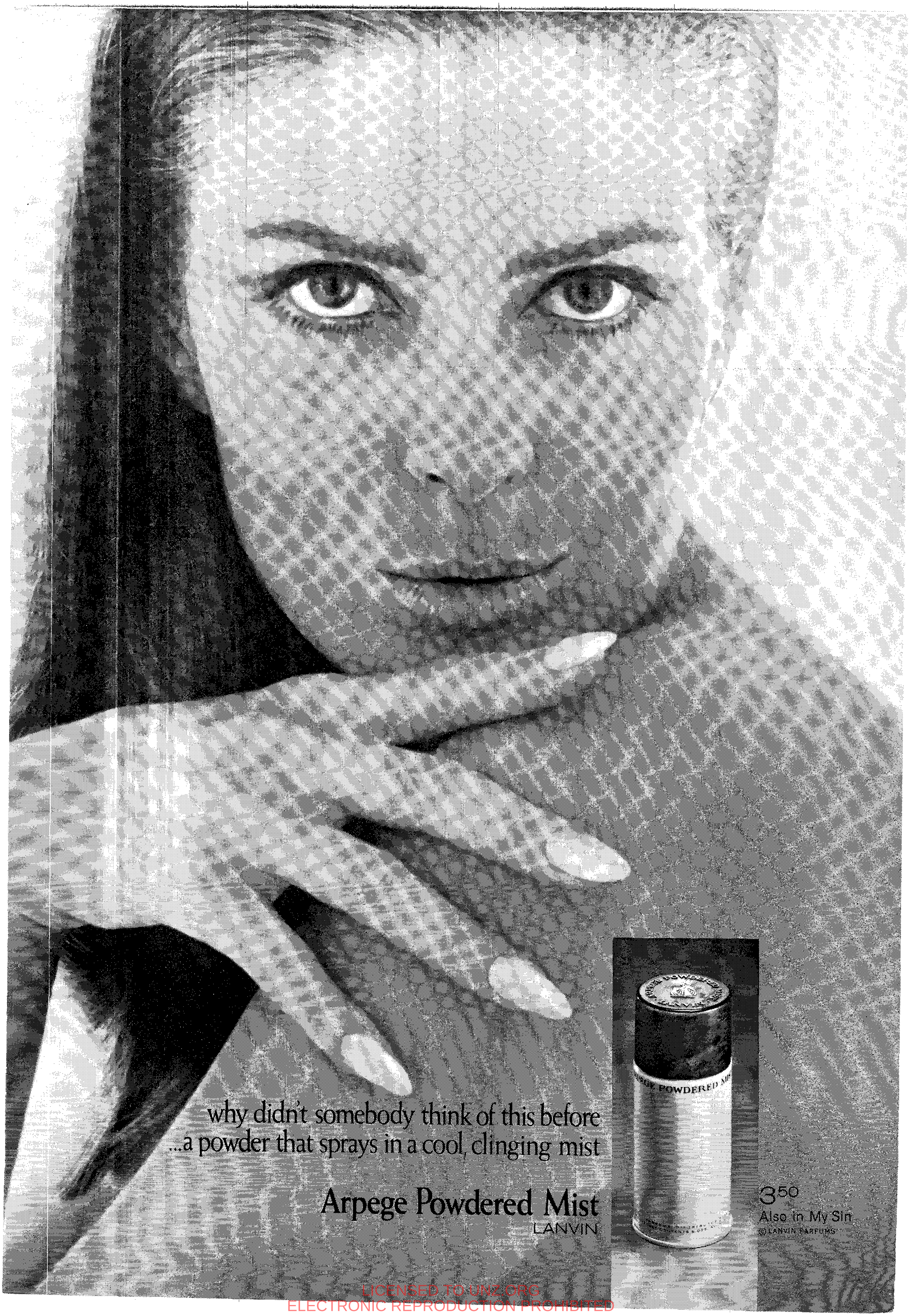
(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

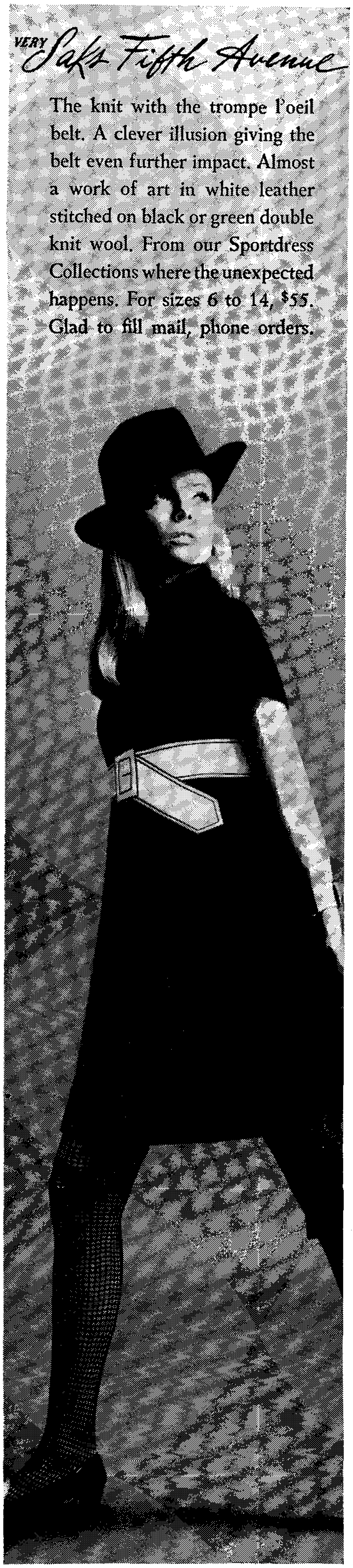
COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jerry Vale, winner of many a popularity contest among the purveyors of recordings, is displaying his pear- and quince-shaped tones, and Pat Cooper is narrating jests that have done service of yeoman proportions. What's-it-all-about is the theme song of the Copa ballerinas. Dancing for the customers, too. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The only logistics problem here is bringing on the girls, and it is solved by bringing them on in heaping handfuls. The extravaganza in which they are involved is enlarged by Red Buttons, who has been making jokes of standard dimensions for many years. Showtime is dinner and supper. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Very warm, even for September, is the weather produced by Los Chavales de España, who (throughout the dinner and supper hours) sing, play, march, and countermarch their sturdy hearts out. Though, as loyal Spaniards, they believe in male supremacy, they this season come equipped with a set of activist ballerinas. Dancing, too, for the patrons, who are a match for nearly anyone. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Vaughn Meader, the celebrated political parodist of a few seasons back, is campaigning again on a brand-new ticket. He is in hue and cry every evening but Sunday, and is not apt to be visible before ten. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-


why didn't somebody think of this before
...a powder that sprays in a cool, clinging mist
Arpege Powdered Mist
LANVIN
ARPEGE POWDERED MIST
3⁵⁰
Also in My Sin
© LANVIN PARFUMS



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1244): "The Play-offs of Mixed Doubles," a fair-enough collection of skits and schizoid situation comedies presented in revue form, occurs at nine-thirty and twelve. It will be succeeded, on Thursday, Sept. 21, by another revue, "Dark Horses," which begins its trial runs on that evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual entertainment.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The angular piano of Thelonious Monk (its angles are all acute, never obtuse) ceases fire on Sunday, Sept. 17, when his quartet secedes, but George Benson's quadrangle will stay on. Tuesday, Sept. 19, it will be joined by Chris Connor, whose soprano can contribute some pretty sharp angles, too. Mondays, as is the custom here, the sixteen-man squadron of Thad Jones and Mel Lewis does the romping. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The piano and voice of Nina Simone (messages from Mars and other outlying points) are the spellbinders in the below-stairs grotto, where Montego Joe's septet supplies the racket. They finish up on Sunday, Sept. 17, and, as usual, Symphony Sid and one or another Latin band perform on Monday, Sept. 18. Next evening brings on Mongo Santamaria's seven-man Caribbean hayride and the humorist known as Redd Foxx. . . . ¶ On the ground floor, Johnny Lytle's threesome, which is heavily wired for sound, makes outer-space vibrations every evening but Tuesday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, leading what sounds like his best trio ever, does the levitating here, lifting his piano a good three inches off the ground when he really gets going. Between sets, Fran Thompson inherits the instrument. Dining. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the heart of the low-rent district, but what matters is the intent listening of the junior-grade audience and the effort at music of the moment—to wit, the Albert Ayler quintet through Sunday, Sept. 17; Sun Ra's crew of ten cabalists on Monday, Sept. 18; Lee Morgan's fivesome, arriving on Tuesday, Sept. 19. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The prize sight is Elvin Jones, surrounded by the tools of the drummer's trade, reaping his own mighty whirlwind at the head of a group in which Wilbur Ware and McCoy Tyner are thoroughly involved. The band is the pinup band for many an advanced thinker. It is in session every night but Monday. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Enormous sit-ins are planned for the premises—by Clark Terry's army of seventeen Friday through Sunday, Sept. 15-17, and by Howard McGhee's army of seventeen on Monday, Sept. 18. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the bouncy guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Permanent Fourth of July, with all the concomitant explosives—washboard, tuba, and such. There's a Sunday session (by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band), four-thirty to nine, as well as the usual Sunday-night din. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny tympani, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine until doomsday every night, and from as early as five on Sundays. . . . **THE FRAMMIS**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): As dinner comes to an end, at nine, Muriel Roberts, a girl with a handy pair of hands, slides onto the piano stool and sets her trio to work on a jazz-in-moderation scheme. She is marked absent on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ELEANOR ARMSTRONG—Paintings combining abstract and descriptive elements; through Sept. 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIERO GILARDI AND PAVLOS—Unrolling "carpets" of foam rubber representing naturalistic scenes—beaches, gardens, seascapes—by Gilardi, and familiar objects made of swirling strips of paper, some encased in plastic, by Pavlos; through Oct. 5. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRIS, KLEE, AND PICASSO—Paintings and drawings; through Oct. 14. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY PFEIFFER—Watercolors by a former student of Paul Klee and the Bauhaus who has done scientific work in problems of color; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURES—At the **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Pieces by Arp, Nakian, Chamberlain, Westermann, Morris, and others; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Large works by Lynn Chadwick, Berto Lardera, Henry Moore, and Bernard Rosenthal; through Sept. 29. (Closed Saturdays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings and drawings by the gallery artists, including Aaron Bohrod, Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BYKERT**, 15 W. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists, among them Ralph Humphrey, Paul Mogensen, and Robert Duran; through Oct. 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty oil paintings and five drawings and prints representing outstanding movements among "Precursors of Modernism" from 1860 to 1930; through Nov. 12. (Daily, noon to 6.). . . **EAST HAMPTON GALLERY**, 22 W. 56th St.: Drawings in modern modes by seven contemporaries; through Friday, Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures, many of them executed this summer by gallery artists like Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, William Thon, Robert Vickrey, and Zoltan Sepeshy; through Sept. 30.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and sculptures by Avery, Burlin, de Rivera, Zogbaum, and other gallery artists; through Sept. 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sunday, Sept. 17.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A selection of over fifty ornamental designs for clocks and watches, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, with examples by Dürer, Chardin, Meissonier, le Blon, and others; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Fifteen hundred years of art of Ch'ang-sha, a center in what is now the province of Hunan. It includes the Ch'u silk manuscript (the earliest known example of Chinese calligraphy and painting on silk), jade carvings, painted lacquer ware, ceramic and bronze articles, and stone and wood figures. Through Sept. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Abstract art of the sixties, consisting of color-field, hard-edge, and optical paintings, primary constructions, and motion and light compositions; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Twenty-four drawings and watercolors and one painting by Lyonel Feininger, all depicting a ruined fourteenth-century Gothic church on the Baltic coast; through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibition commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Picasso's "Guernica," comprising thirty-eight preliminary drawings and

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"Ohio? It means 'Good Morning' in Japanese."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sixteen postscripts; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Twenty-five collages and drawings by Jim Dine interpreting "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings of this century from the Museum's collection—Cézanne, Kandinsky, Kline, de Kooning, and others; through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"American Art of the Twentieth Century," over three hundred works ranging from the realists of the early nineteen-hundreds to the advanced styles of today; through Sunday, Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings revealing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A selection of Russian paintings from the fifteenth century to the present; through Sunday, Sept. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Items purchased for the Library by the late John P. Morgan after his father's death in 1913, and now on display, amount to a wealth of illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, Rembrandt etchings, and autograph manuscripts, letters, and documents; through Nov. 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Monuments, altars, and architectural details, mostly of the Classic Maya period (200-900 A.D.), recorded in rubbings made by Merle Greene in the jungles of Guatemala and southern Mexico; through Nov. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints," by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ While you're there, you might glance at the "Dime Novels, Shilling Shockers, and Penny Dreadfuls" that enthralled readers a few generations ago; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 20—Monday evening, Sept. 18: "La Traviata," with Montserrat Caballé, Richard Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 19: A new production of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 20: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Roberta Peters, George Shirley, Jerome Hines, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 21: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Belén Amparán, Flaviano Labò, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 22: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 23: "La Traviata," with

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Montserrat Caballé, Richard Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 23: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Roberta Peters, George Shirley, Jerome Hines, and Morley Meredith. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 12—Thursday, Sept. 14, at 7:45: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Veronica Tyler, Donna Jeffrey, Michele Molese, Georg Schnapka, and William Metcalf. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 15, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 2:15: "Carmen," with Huguette Tourangeau, Joan Patenaude, Bernabé Martí, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Frances Bible, Maralin Niska, Norman Treigle, David Clatworthy, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 17, at 1:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Veronica Tyler, Rita Shane, Donna Jeffrey, Michele Molese, Georg Schnapka, and William Metcalf. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 17, at 7:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 21, at 7:45: The company's première of Rimski-Korsakov's "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Joan Summers, Muriel Greenspon, Norman Treigle, and Enrico di Giuseppe. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 22, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Huguette Tourangeau, Joan Patenaude, LaVergne Monette, Bernabé Martí, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Veronica Tyler, Rita Shane, Michele Molese, and Georg Schnapka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Nadja Witkowska, Charlotte Povia, Enrico di Giuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and Spiro Malas. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

RECITALS

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla, in the last two of three different programs. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 14-15, at 8:30.)

João Carlos Martins—Piano, playing Book II of Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." The second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 16, at 8:30.)

Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten—Tenor and piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 8:40, a varied program; and Friday, Sept. 22, at 8:40, Schubert's "Die Winterreise.")

MISCELLANY

Folk/Jazz—At Carnegie Hall—Friday, Sept. 22, at 8:30: Pete Seeger and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8:30 and at midnight: Lou Rawls.

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, Sept. 15, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 16, at 7; and Sunday, Sept. 17, at 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Los Angeles, Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 18-20, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, Sept. 22, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8.

Boxing—Buster Mathis vs. Ron Marsh, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Monday, Sept. 18. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—Army vs. Virginia. (West Point. Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2.)

Golf—Thunderbird Classic Invitation Tournament. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Upper Montclair, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 21-24.)

Horse Shows—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 14-17.) . . . ¶ Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 23.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 16.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase. . . . ***BETHPAGE POLO FIELD***, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 16, and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 23. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, Oct. 12. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 16.

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Sunday, Sept. 17, at 3:30.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:32, and Saturdays at 6:45.)

Yachting—America's Cup races continue at least through Friday, Sept. 15. (Newport, R.I.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—The twenty-second session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, Sept. 19. In the meantime, there may be meetings of the Security Council and of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in an eleven-day series of international films at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424)—Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 9: "The Battle of Algiers" (Italy and Algeria, 1967). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 21, at 6:30: "The Feverish Years" (Yugoslavia, 1967). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 21, at 9:30: "Yesterday Girl" (West Germany, 1966). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 22, at 6:30: "An Affair of the Heart" (Yugoslavia, 1967). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 22, at 9:30: "Le Départ" (Poland, 1967). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 1: "Napoléon" (France, 1927). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 6:30: "Funnyman" (United States, 1967). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 9:30: "Puss & Kram" (Sweden, 1967).

Walking Tours—"Brooklyn Heights," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Sept. 17, at 2:30. Meets on the steps of Borough Hall, Brooklyn. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Sept. 15, at 1:45: French and other furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 19, at 10:30 and 1:45: Sporting books, press books, art-reference works, and other material; from the library of the late Louis P. Brown and from other sources.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Sept. 14 at 2, 5:30, and 8, and Sept. 15 at 2 and 5:30: "Hallelujah!" (1929), directed by King Vidor. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Make Way for Tomorrow" (1937), with Victor Moore. . . . ¶ Sept. 17-18, showings at 2 and 5:30: "True Heart Susie" (1919), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 2 and 5:30: "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Down to Earth" (1917), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Six programs in a series called "The Musicals of Busby Berkeley." Sept. 14: "Gold Diggers of 1933," with Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ Sept. 15: "Fashions of 1934," with William Powell and Bette Davis. . . . ¶ Sept. 16: "Gold Diggers of 1935," with Alice Brady and Hugh Herbert. . . . ¶ Sept. 17: "Footlight Parade" (1933), with James Cagney. . . . ¶ Sept. 19: "Gold Diggers of 1937" (1936), with Joan Blondell and Victor Moore. . . . ¶ Sept. 20: "In Caliente" (1935), with Dolores Del Rio and Pat O'Brien. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 6:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.) . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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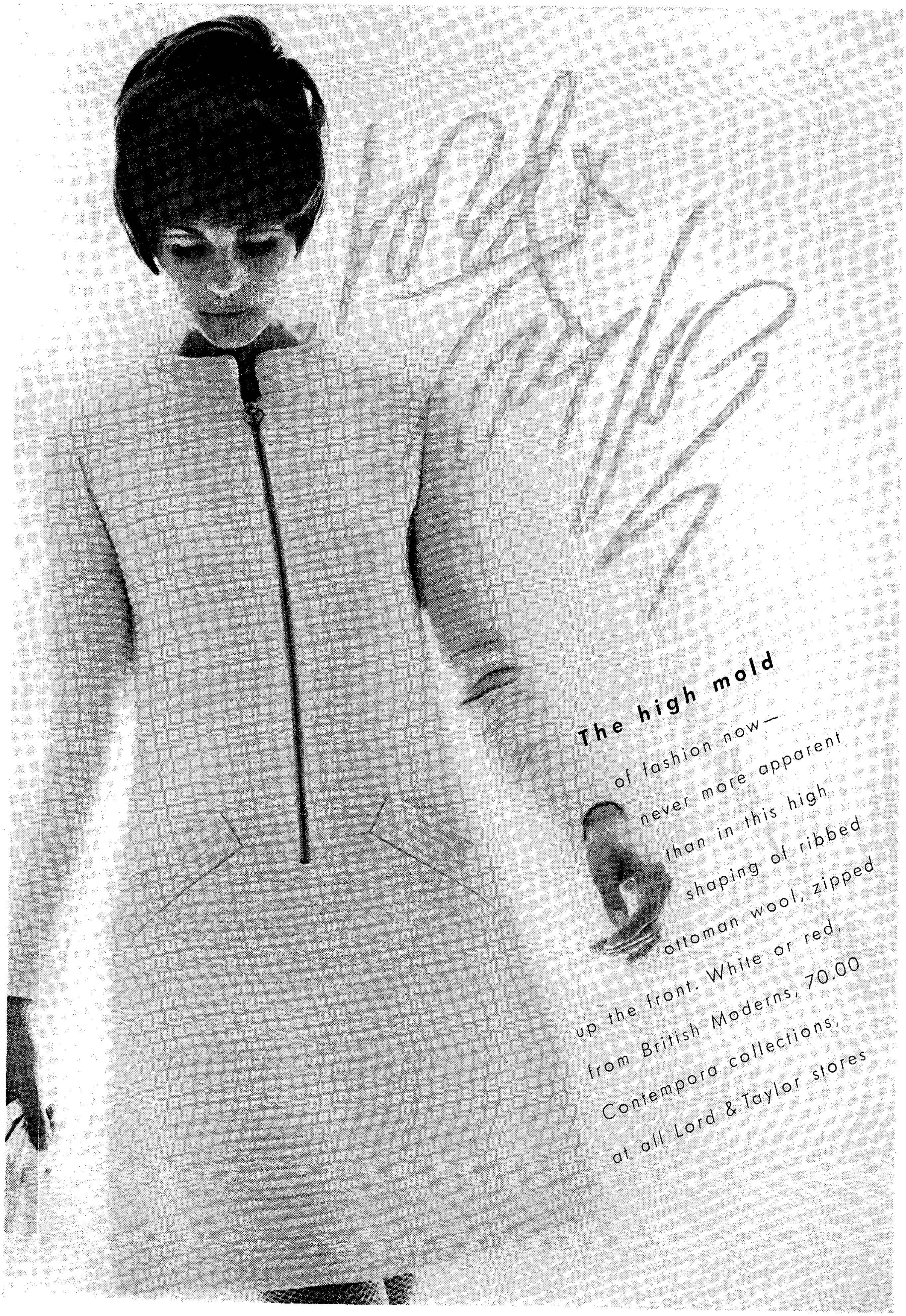

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Accident—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a distinguished melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Sept. 20.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's adaptation of his Broadway comedy makes an admirable movie. With Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, and Charles Boyer. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Sept. 20.)

The Bible—Glimpses of Genesis, painted in poster colors by John Huston. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Bonnie and Clyde—Arthur Penn's lucidly observant story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway plays Bonnie, ex-waitress; Warren Beatty is the debonair Clyde Barrow. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Climax—A delightful comedy about a model husband, lover, and father whose only failing is to spread his virtues too thin. Starring Ugo Tognozzi and directed with charm and spirit by Pietro Germi, who helped write the screenplay. In Italian. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Don't Look Back—Bob Dylan goes on a concert tour of England recorded by Donn Pennebaker's camera. Pennebaker's great gift as a film-maker is that he simply lets things happen. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

Enter Laughing—Comedy about show business in the thirties, directed by Carl Reiner from his own novel, with José Ferrer as a histrionic actor-manager and Elaine May as his lanky actress daughter. Miss May's originality and funniness make this trade film worth seeing. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through Sept. 17, last showing that day at 4:20.)

The Exterminating Angel—The great Luis Buñuel has made a clumsily acted but engrossing metaphorical comedy about a posh dinner party. The guests mysteriously can't leave, and revert to primal instincts in crumpled evening clothes. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Family Way—Dulled film of a good stage play about the brutish jocularity of the North-of-England working class toward young marrieds. Hayley Mills and John Mills. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Grand Prix—Yves Montand, Toshiro Mifune, Eva Marie Saint, and a lot of other high-spirited people in a continuously thrilling picture about racing cars. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

A Guide for the Married Man—An odd little comedy, brought to life by Walter Matthau, who can do no wrong. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Hawaii—A deadly script crushes Max von Sydow, Julie Andrews, gorgeous scenery, and history. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 19.)

A King's Story—A very touching account, most of it taken from old newsreels, of the first few decades of the lonely life of the Duke of Windsor. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 20.)

Made in Italy—A delightful assortment of picture-postcard views of the Italian landscape, thickly peopled. Directed by Nanni Loy and starring, among others, Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 19.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

A Man for All Seasons—Paul Scofield gives a sensationally good performance in this admirable adaptation of the Broadway play. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Privilege—A jagged vision of England in the grip of show-business idolatry and shady power games. Paul Jones is a pop singer; Jean Shrimpton, as his girl friend, fights for the last vestige of privacy in a world of P.R. men, agents, and flesh-trading hacks. Directed by Peter Watkins with an unmistakable passion for film-making. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through Sept. 16.)

The Taming of the Shrew—In which the director, Franco Zeffirelli, seeks to lend Shakespeare a helping hand. With Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Thief of Paris—The France of the Panama Canal scandal, Dreyfus, anti-Semitism, demimondaines, the rule of greedy prigs, seen through the eyes of a thief played by Jean-Paul Belmondo. Often scathingly funny. Directed by Louis Malle. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A funny but overlong satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Ulysses—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

You're a Big Boy Now—A funny, lyrical movie, made in New York and really about New York. Exuberantly directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 20.)

REVIVALS

The Balcony (1963)—From the savage comedy by Jean Genet, acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 15.)

Billy Budd (1962)—A rousing sea story, starring Peter Ustinov, Robert Ryan, and Terence Stamp. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 18.)

The Cousins (1959)—Directed by Claude Chabrol, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Gérard Blain. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 15-18.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 16-17.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1965)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jeanne Moreau. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 14.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni and Anouk Aimée. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 16.)

The Elusive Corporal (1963)—A Jean Renoir film, with Jean-Pierre Cassel and Claude Brasseur. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 19.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 19.)

King and Country (1966)—An account of a miscarriage of justice in the First World War. Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 19-20.)

The Leather Boys (1965)—Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton in a study of contemporary lower-middle-class English life. Directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl and an elusive lover. Directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 16.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 19.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

Muriel (1963)—Directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 15.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 14.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 15.)

The Organizer (1964)—Marcello Mastroianni as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 19.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 20, tentative.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 18.)

Poppy (1936)—W. C. Fields on the loose as Professor Eustace McGargle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 16-17.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 15.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle. Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 18.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. In Italian and Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 20.)

Tom Jones (1963)—The Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, and Edith Evans. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 19.)

Topkapi (1964)—A Jules Dassin thriller, with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, and Robert Morley. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

The Train (1965)—How the Nazis attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 18.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1965)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 20, tentative.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's examination of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 15-18.)

Film Libraries—See "Et Alia," page 12.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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				14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
HAWAII.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Sept. 17: "Emily," revival, James Garner, Julie Andrews.
From Sept. 18: "Point Blank," Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE FAMILY WAY.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Beach Red," Cornel Wilde, Rip Torn.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
TOPKAPI, revival; and **THE TRAIN**, revival.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson; and "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 19: **MADE IN ITALY** (in Italian); and "The Game Is Over," Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery.
From Sept. 20 (tentative): **THE PAWNBROKER**, revival; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 19: "Born Losers," Tom Laughlin; and "The Girl-Getters," revival, Oliver Reed.
From Sept. 20: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK**; and "Warning Shot," David Janssen, Ed Begley.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
DON'T LOOK BACK.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Sept. 16: **PRIVILEGE.**
From Sept. 17: "Games," Simone Signoret.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th: (EL 5-1663)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Sept. 17: "Emily," revival, James Garner, Julie Andrews.
From Sept. 18: "Point Blank," Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Sept. 17 (last showing that day at 4:20): **ENTER LAUGHING.**
From Sept. 17, at 8:30: "The Tiger Makes Out," Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Sept. 20: **ACCIDENT.**

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Sept. 19: **TOM JONES**, revival; and **MORGAN!**, revival.
From Sept. 20: **THE PAWNBROKER**, revival; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), Virna Lisi.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 19: "Born Losers," Tom Laughlin; and "Thunder Alley," Annette Funicello, Fabian.
From Sept. 20: "Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand," Marcello Mastroianni, Raquel Welch; and "The Tiger and the Pussycat," Ann-Margret, Vittorio Gassman.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
GRAND PRIX.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 14: **THE DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID** (in French), revival; and **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival.
Sept. 15-18: **THE COUSINS** (in French), revival; and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival.
From Sept. 19: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian), revival; and **THE ELUSIVE CORPORAL** (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 19: **ACCIDENT.**
From Sept. 20: **YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Hawks and the Sparrows" (in Italian), Totò.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
GRAND PRIX.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 19: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK**; and "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad," Rosalind Russell, Robert Morse.
From Sept. 20: **A KING'S STORY**; and "After You, Comrade," Jamie Uys.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 19: "Born Losers," Tom Laughlin; and "Thunder Alley," Annette Funicello, Fabian.
From Sept. 20: "Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand," Marcello Mastroianni, Raquel Welch; and "The Tiger and the Pussycat," Ann-Margret, Vittorio Gassman.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE CLIMAX (in Italian).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE THIEF OF PARIS (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 15: **THE SERVANT**, revival; and **MURIEL** (in French), revival.
Sept. 16-17: **POPPY**, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.
Sept. 18: **BILLY BUDD**, revival; and **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival.
Sept. 19-20: **KING AND COUNTRY**, revival; and "Before the Revolution" (in Italian), revival, Adriana Asti.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 19: **HAWAII.**
From Sept. 20: "Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand," Marcello Mastroianni, Raquel Welch; and "The Tiger and the Pussycat," Ann-Margret, Vittorio Gassman.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 14: **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (in French), revival; and "Martin Luther," revival, Niall Mac Ginnis.
Sept. 15: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**, revival; and **THE BALCONY**, revival.
Sept. 16: 8½ (in Italian), revival; and **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival.
Sept. 17: **MORGAN!**, revival; and **THE LEATHER BOYS**, revival.
Sept. 18: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**, revival.
Sept. 19: **GRAND ILLUSION** and **MAYERLING** (both in French and both revivals).
Sept. 20: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish), revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier.

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Adele Simpson

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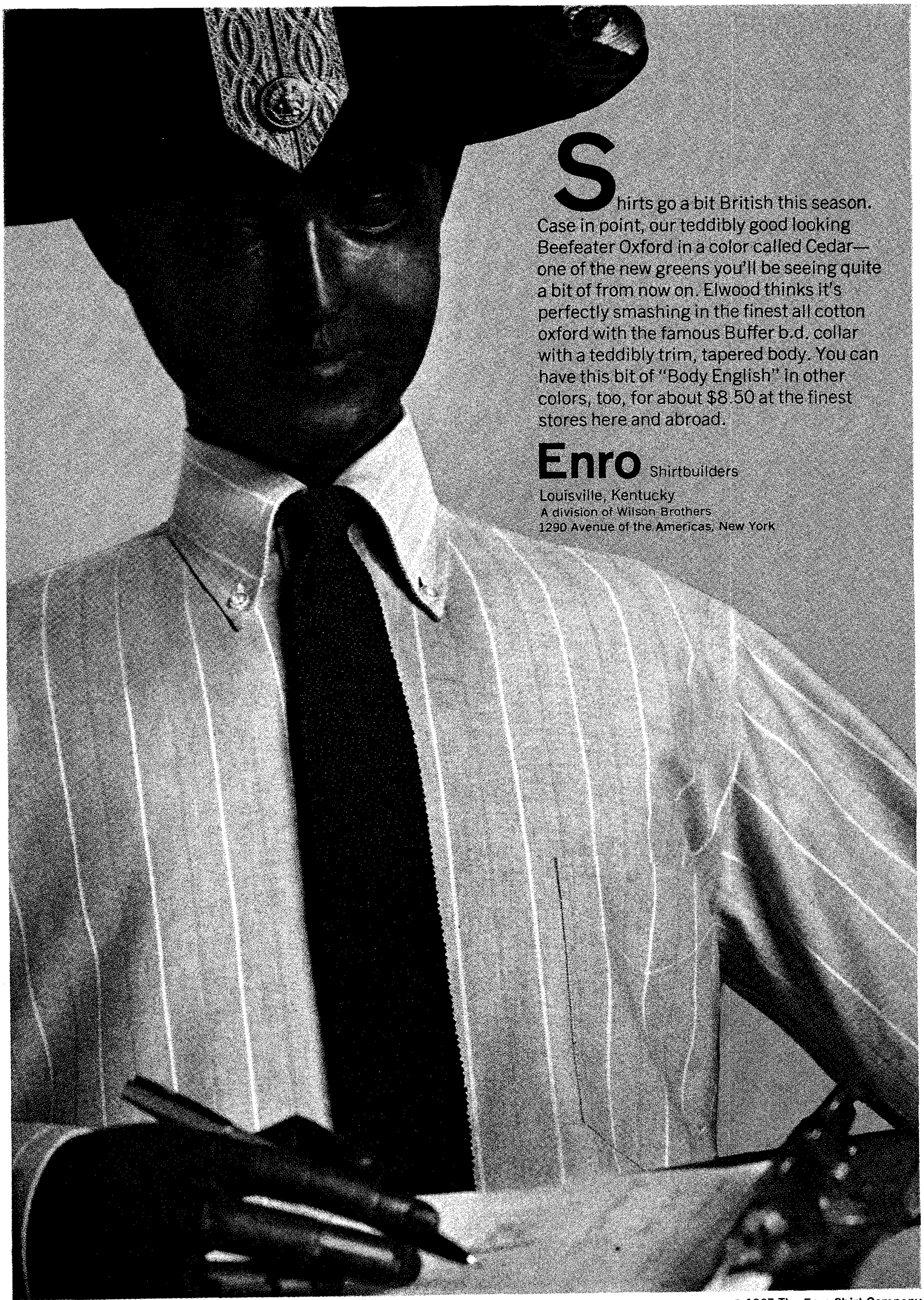

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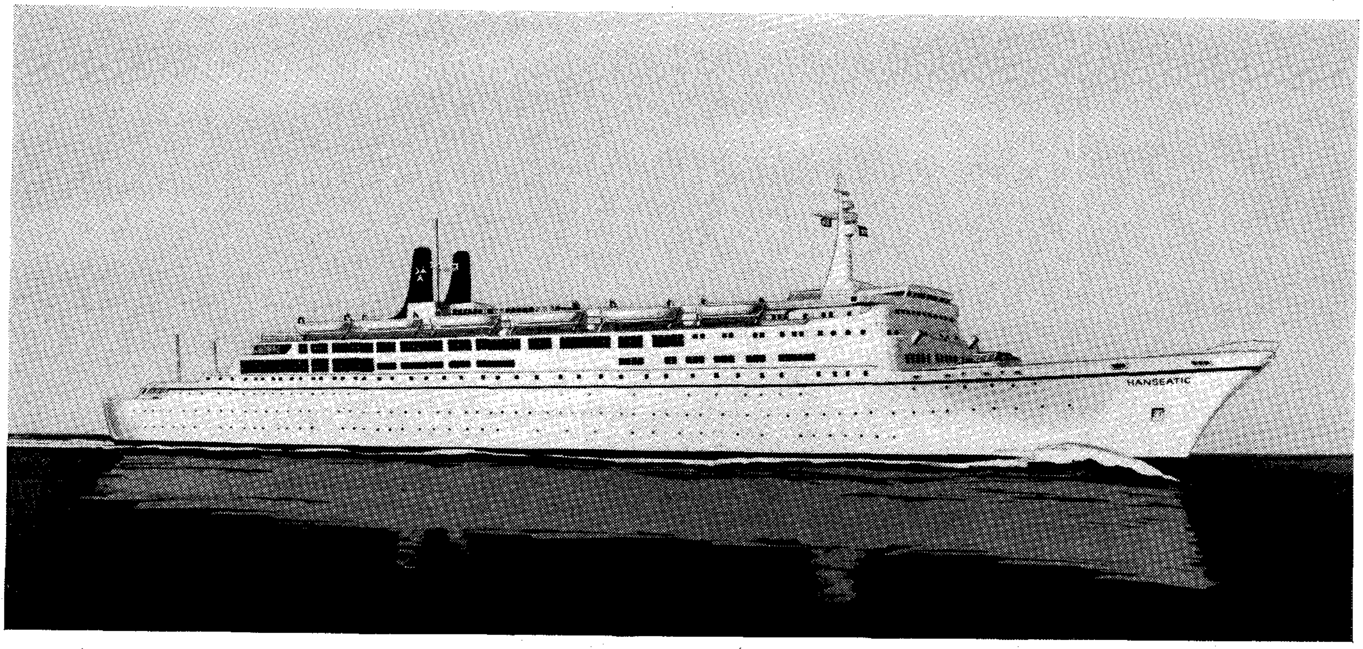

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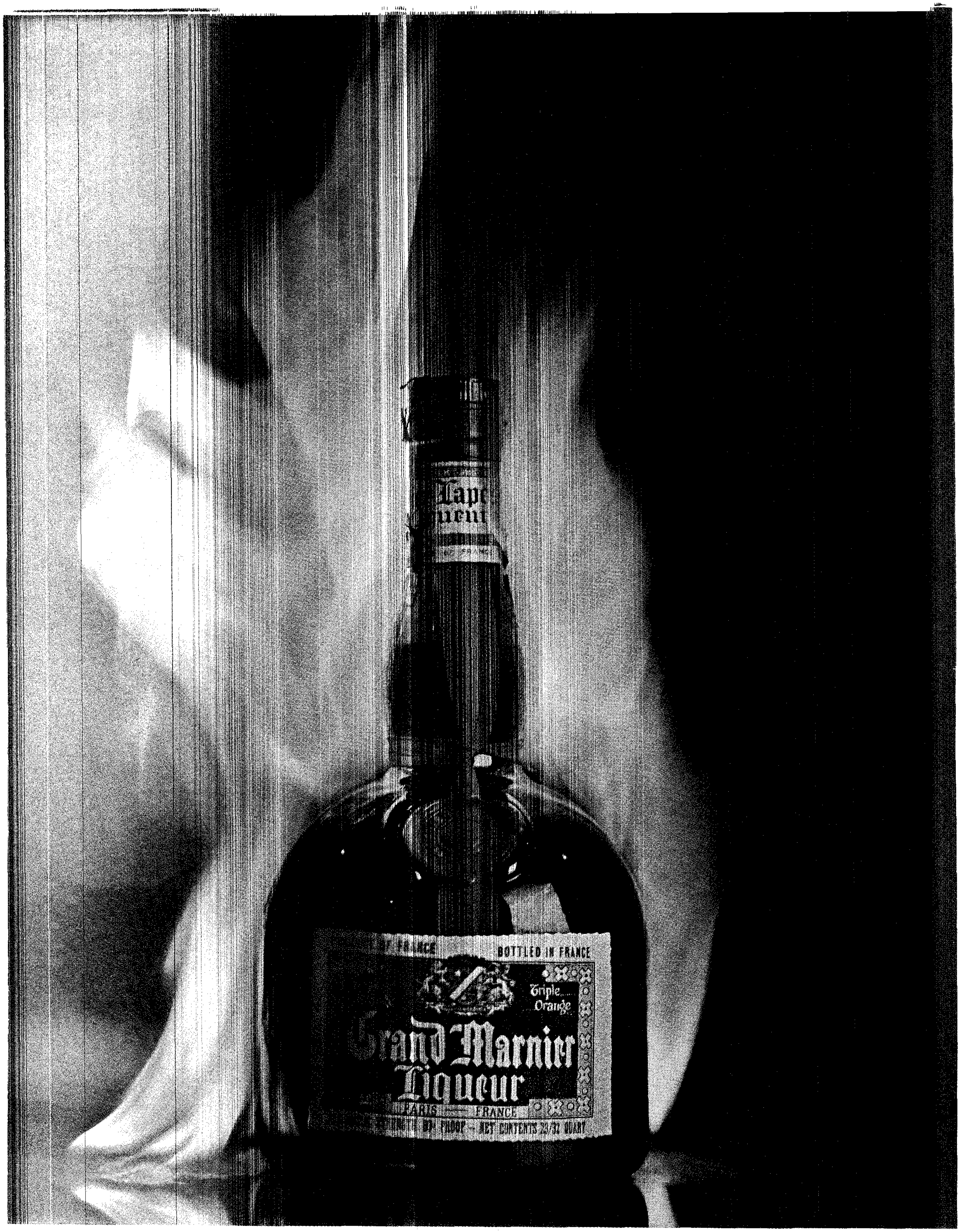
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It has only nine moving parts. It weighs less than eight pounds. And it can operate continuously for two years on a single tape. Why on earth do you suppose the great engineers of Borg-Warner ever built a machine like that?

TIME WAS when tape recorders were used only to record sounds. But times have changed. If you're a space-age scientist of today you're interested in a lot more than sounds. You want to record things like temperature levels 180 miles above the earth. Or what happens when the nose cone of a missile reenters the earth's atmosphere.

This kind of recording takes some mighty sophisticated machinery. And the great engineers of Borg-Warner's Controls Division happen to build quite a lot of it.

Take the tape recorder on the left. It's a *digital* recorder. Which means it records the information it receives in terms of symbols called "bits." These bits are coded to form numbers or letters.

The roll of tape on the recorder is 1500 feet long. It can pack a staggering amount of information—as many as 500 *million* bits.

To make sure that these recorders do their job, the engineers of Borg-Warner built in an electronic dejittering system. It assures that electronic bits of information sent back to the earth arrive at a constant rate. If they didn't, they wouldn't make sense after being decoded.

Usually, these recorders have to work under the most trying conditions. Like in the midst of explosive shock. Or under forces up to 6000 times the pull of gravity. Or spinning weightless at 18,000 mph in a satellite.

Recorders like these are used on all manned space-flights. They help astronauts stay on target during reentry. They monitor physical reactions every moment of the flight.

In weather satellites, recorders record pictures of cloud formations as they are taken by TV cameras, and send these pictures back to earth by radio.

Other satellites carry living plants into space. Tape recorders tell us what's happening to them.

The day is fast approaching when space-age recorders will be used by seismologists to help find oil. They may even be used to help track schools of fish in the ocean, give fishermen exact information on where to catch what.

Space-age tape recorders are only one of the many scientific breakthroughs taking place in Borg-Warner's industrial products group.

The engineers built almost all of the liquid oxygen pumps used to fuel rockets at Cape Kennedy.

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They developed the Accuspede™ drive—an electronic control that *precisely* regulates the speed of electric motors in synchronized settings. It helps grind crankshafts accurately. It also helps wind fiber glass and spin synthetic fibers. It even helps package sliced cheese.

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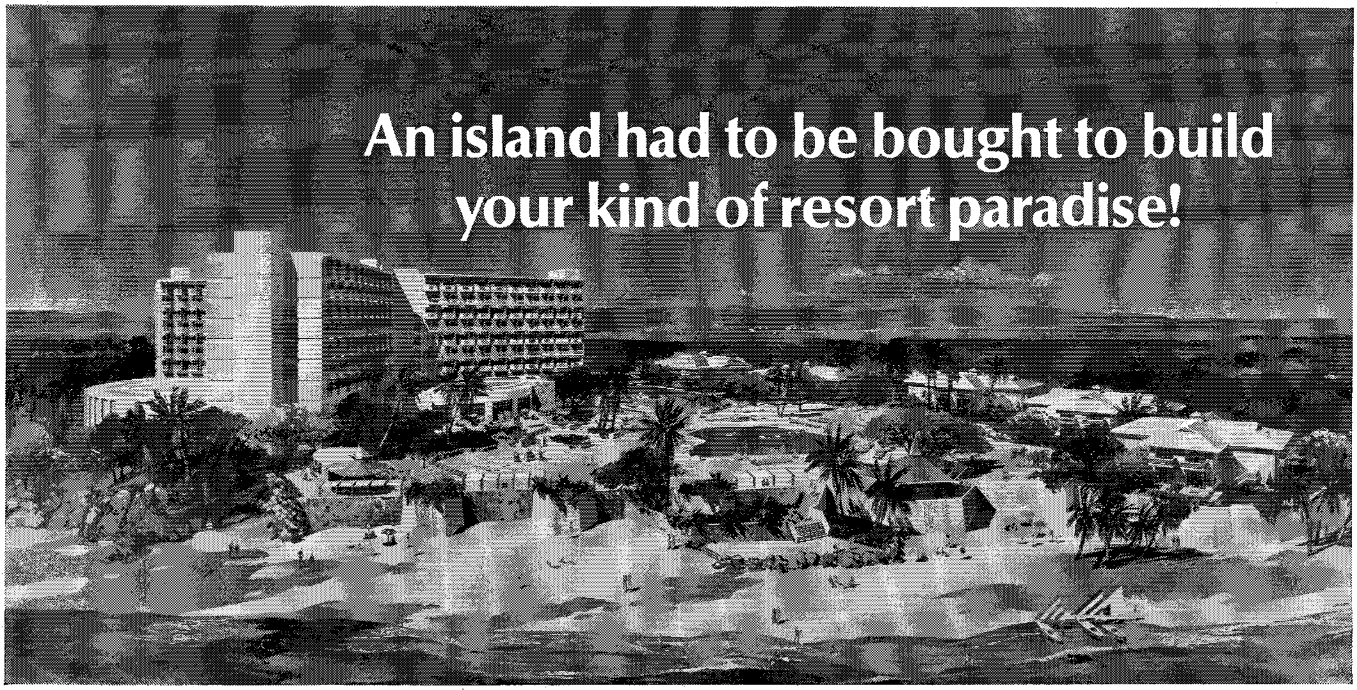
BORG WARNER®
The great engineers



An island had to be bought to build your kind of resort paradise!

Once accessible only to the curious sailor, Paradise Island has now been joined to Nassau's famous Bay Street by a newly constructed bridge for cars, bicycles and pedestrians. The propinquity of this secluded island to lively Nassau makes Paradise Island Hotel & Villas a unique and unrivaled resort.

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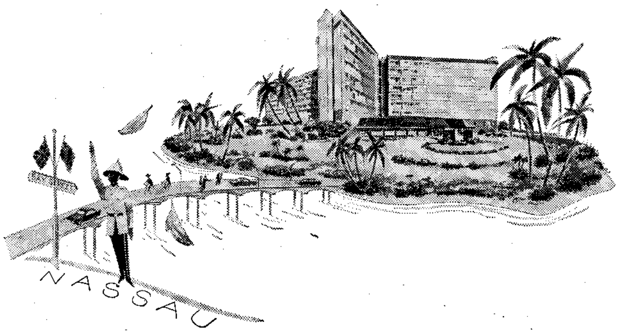
Its 500 spacious rooms are in the hotel itself and in five magnificent villas which surround the hotel in a jeweled setting. Each room is superbly furnished, delightfully air conditioned, and has a private balcony with a spectacular view.

Every day is a fun day: there are 3 championship tennis courts, water skiing, skin diving, sailing, fabulous fishing, and an 18-hole golf course nearby. You'll soak up the sunshine on the expansive white sandy beach, or at poolside where the **Thatched Hut** stands ready with refreshing liquors, cool beverages and tempting mini-meals. **The Gazebo Coffee House** is for adventures in daytime dining. **The Trade Winds Lounge and Bar** offer nighttime excitement with great music and dancing. The food and service are incomparable in the **Imperial Dining Room** or on the breeze-swept **Laguna Terrace.**

The magnificent **Casino,** adjacent to the hotel, is for gaming in an atmosphere of posh elegance. An exciting Night Club featuring **star-studded stage shows** makes this truly a resort paradise from morning 'til the wee hours.



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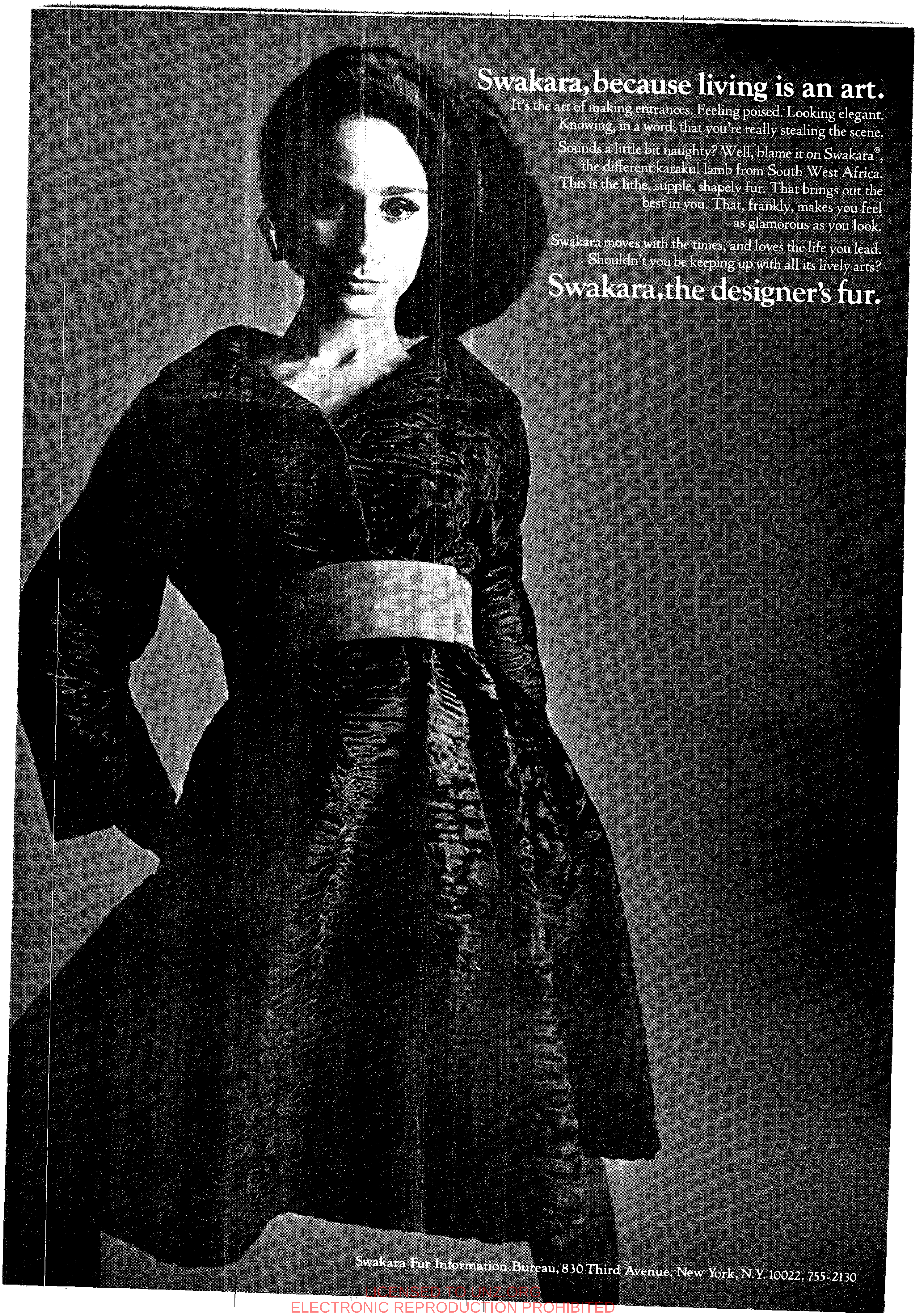

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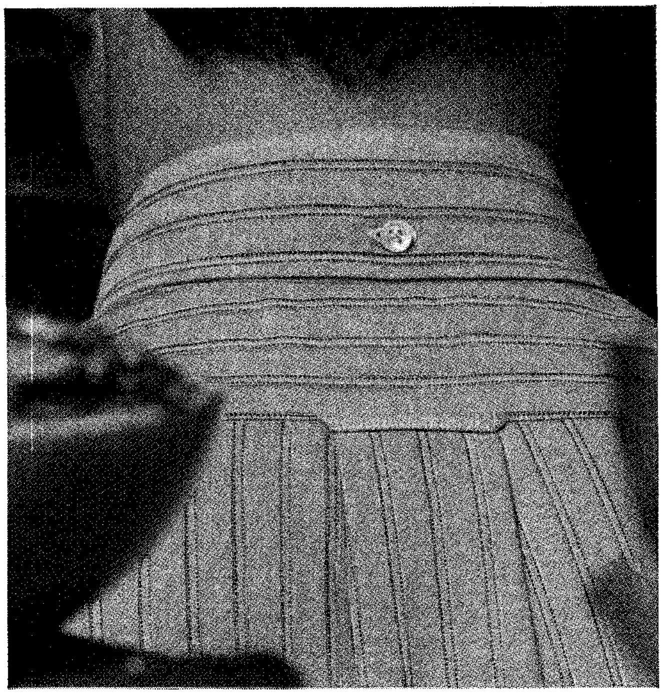

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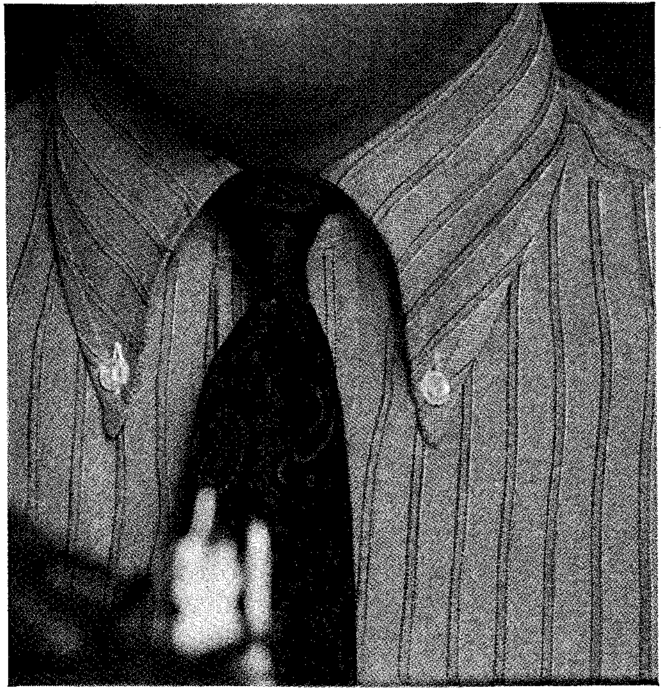

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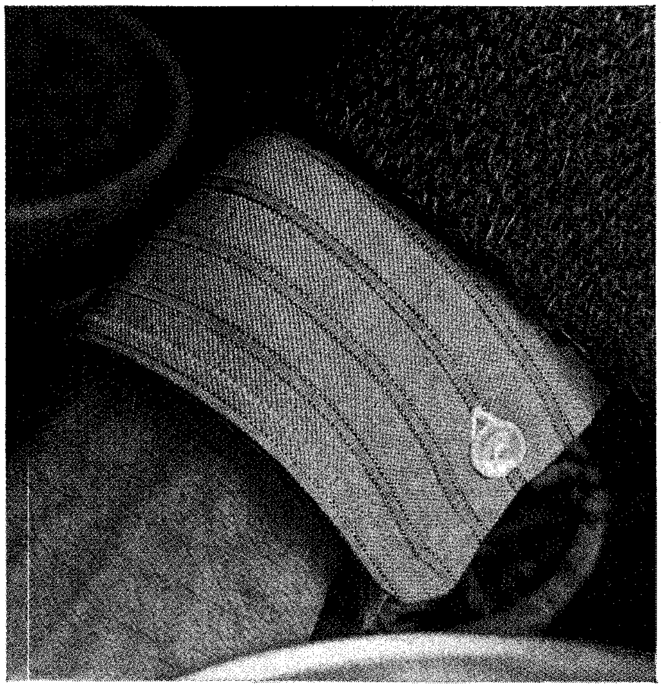

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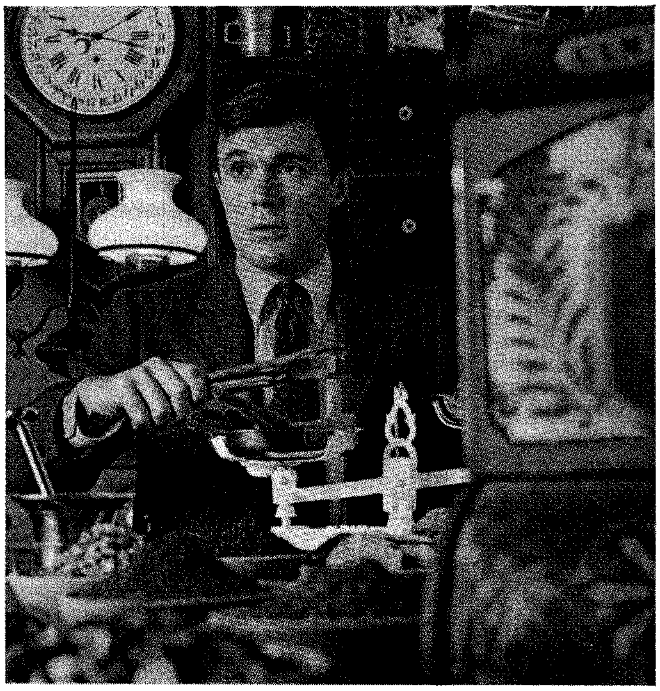

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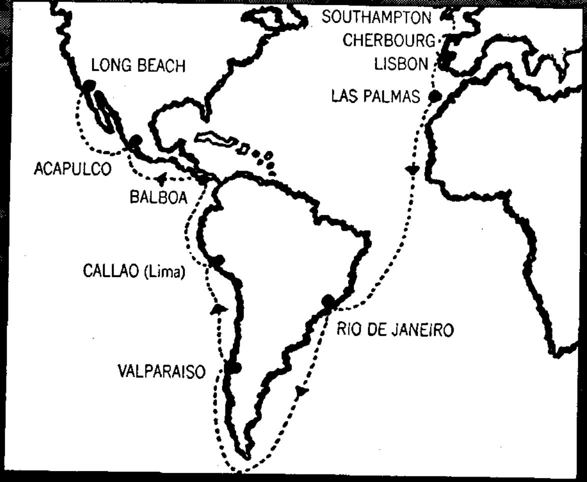
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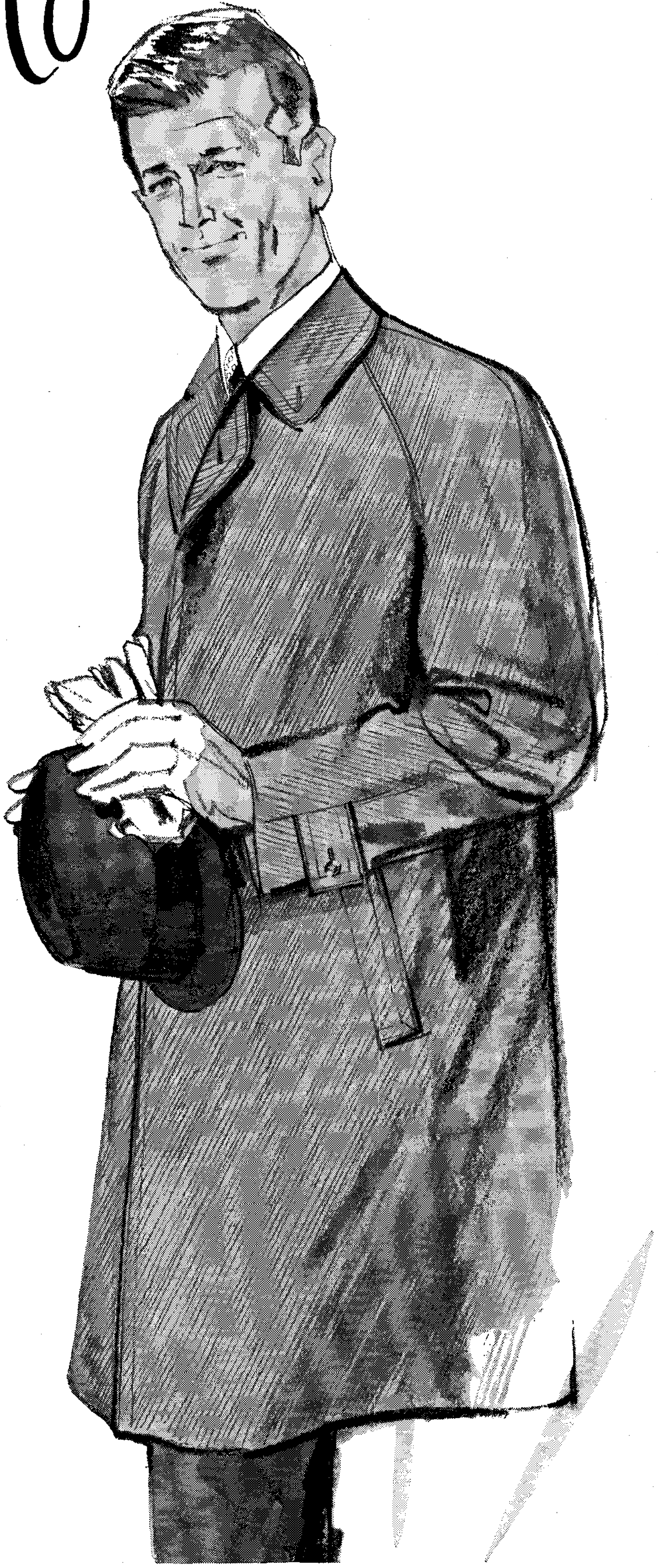

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THE NEW YORKER

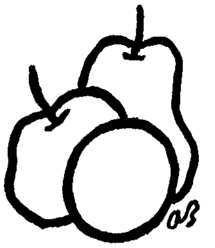
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PERHAPS because it is encased in the stolid monotone of Pentagon-committee language, Secretary McNamara's testimony before the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee on the bombing of North Vietnam has not been generally greeted as the astounding document it is. The Secretary himself has helped to dull reaction by omitting the obvious conclusions to be drawn from his analysis. As a result, the "debate between McNamara and the generals" has been understood to involve an argument over the wisdom of further escalation, whereas in fact the McNamara statement cuts the heart out of the military case for bombing North Vietnam at all. Since our stated national objectives do not include the overthrow or destruction of North Vietnam, the only military justification for the bombing is that it will shorten the war in the South, or, at least, reduce the war's cost, in life and money, and McNamara has virtually demonstrated that it does neither. Three claims are basic to the official rationale. The first is that the bombing slows down the infiltration of men and supplies into the South. Yet the Secretary points out that no level of bombing short of complete obliteration can keep the North Vietnamese from supplying and reinforcing their troops in the South, either at the current level or at a much higher one. The reason has been clear to almost every outside observer for a long time. North Vietnam does not manufacture weapons. It is not the source of supply. It is simply a rather sprawling way station for goods on their way from the Soviet Union and China. Tens of thousands of tons of matériel must be moved through North Vietnam each day simply to keep the country going. Yet, as McNamara indicates, only between one hundred and two hundred tons—a few dozen truckloads—a day, at the most, is needed to supply the conflict in the South. As long as North Vietnam gives top priority to this vital but tiny trickle, there is no way to halt it. To attempt to do so by bombing is a little like building Grand Coulee Dam to stop a leaky faucet. Moreover, the infiltration has been steadily increasing. When the bombing began, there were four hundred North Vietnamese regulars in the South; now there are more than forty thousand, and no evidence exists that there is any limit on further increases except the limit imposed by Hanoi's tactical judgment.

The second claim, or hope, is that bombing may break the will of the North Vietnamese and bring them to the conference table—or, even better, force them to give up. All the evidence, including the reports of detached observers, is that Hanoi is less inclined to enter into negotiation now than it was in early 1965. Bombing seems to have the same effect on Asians that it had on Anglo-Saxons; by making the victims angry, it stiffens their determination and unifies the national will. The Secretary admits as much when he states that we can never bomb "the other side" to its knees.

Having knocked down the two major supports for the bombing, the Secretary does assert that it is serving the third purpose: to make the war more costly and painful for the North Vietnamese. As an example, he produces the now classic figure of five hundred thousand North Vietnamese compelled to leave civilian occupations in order to repair bomb-torn roads, railroads, and so on. The bombing *is* costly (and to both sides). But, simply as a matter of logical analysis, this statement is meaningless unless one can show that the increased cost hampers North Vietnam's ability to make war, either immediately or over a long period. Every indication is that it doesn't. North Vietnam is basically a rural country, with only a few factories, many of which are now gone. An agricultural economy cannot be destroyed from the air. The increased Soviet aid alone since early 1965 is four or five times the estimated bombing damage. And food received from the various allies of North Vietnam more than makes up for any loss in production caused by the diversion of those five hundred thousand workers. A good case could be made for the contention that, except in terms of human life, North Vietnam is showing a profit. Even the most militant among us have failed to produce evidence of food shortages or other economic distress in the North. If every time your rent was raised your pay was increased even more, living would be more costly, but it would be hard to claim that a worsening financial situation required you to leave your home.



Almost every expert, military or nonmilitary, who is not personally involved in conducting the war has come up with the same analysis. Included are Generals Ridgway and Gavin, former Marine Commandant Shoup, and a large group of the country's most distinguished scientists who spent months studying the problem. For this logic now to be publicly adopted by the Secretary of Defense is a remarkable acknowledgment of its accuracy, since he favored the bombing initially and has supported nearly every step in its escalation—at least, until recently. Both the available recollections of insiders and the public record point to Secretary McNamara as one of the three men who must share the principal responsibility for transforming a political and economic conflict first into a military struggle and then into an American war. The others, of course, are Secretary Rusk and President Johnson. Now the Secretary of Defense, by indirection, has told the careful reader that, even putting moral considerations aside, the bombing is not worth its enormous cost in men and planes, its alienation of our allies, the incredulity or disgust it has aroused throughout the world, or its undeniable diminution of chances for a negotiated settlement. The bombing is militarily ineffective. It is unfortunate that McNamara, having just offered a powerful argument for not bombing any targets whatever, did not come out and say so but, instead, chose to assert that we should not bomb many more targets. However, in days when no distinction is made between fact and rhetoric, and both are being constantly reshaped to meet the political and propaganda needs of the moment, even a little bit of intellectual honesty about the war, mired though it may be in the familiar, deceptive confusion, still manages to shine with an unexpected, heartening light.

Evolution and Ideation

ZEROING *in on the twenty-fifth* annual World Science Fiction Convention, at the Statler Hilton, last week, we learned that a debate has been going on between the Old-Fashioned Futurists, who want science-fiction writers to keep on writing about the future as they always have, and the New Wave-icles, who are determined to drag the genre—kicking and screaming, if necessary—into the twenty-first century. The spiritual headquarters of the Old-Fashioned Futurists seemed to be the Hucksters Room, where science-fiction collectors, young and old, were haggling over rare early copies of *Amazing Stories* and *Captain Marvel Comics*, and casting a wary eye over such pseudo-incunabula as *Serial Quarterly*, a periodical devoted to reproducing the original newspaper ads and chapter synopses for classic movie serials like the 1939 "Buck Rogers," starring Larry (Buster) Crabbe.

Among the veteran collectors, who saw nothing ironic in this nostalgia for yesterday's visions of the future (as opposed to today's visions of the future), was Gerry de la Ree, who identified himself as a forty-three-year-old "completist." "That means I buy everything that comes out in the field, and never throw anything away," he told us. "I broke in on the old Big Little Books—regular teen stories in cardboard covers that sold for a dime—but I switched to science fiction in 1938. As I remember, it was either the September or the October issue of *Amazing*." Mr. de la Ree said that his collection filled half his basement and included, at last count, ten thousand magazines, eight thousand hardcover books, and six thousand paperbacks. We asked him if he had read them all, and he shook his head sadly. "Not anymore," he said. "My interest in reading science fiction has waned over the years. The type of stuff they're writing today doesn't appeal to me so much. But once you start collecting, you can't stop."

While fans like Mr. de la Ree worry about the direction that science fiction is taking these days, Robert Silverberg, president of the Science Fiction Writers of America, worries about fans like Mr. de la Ree. Mr. Silverberg is thirty-two years old, wears a neatly trimmed Vandyke, and has been a professional science-fiction writer for fifteen years. "When I began, as an undergraduate at Columbia, this was basically a pulp field," he said. "There were forty science-fiction magazines. Now there are six, and nearly all of those are losing circulation. Paperback novels are the big thing now." Since most of the old magazines catered exclusively to the tastes of hard-core fans, the trend toward paperbacks has given science-fiction writers a new sense of freedom. The era of bug-eyed monsters, clear-eyed scientists, and plot lines that lean heavily on scientific hardware is over. "The field is evolving, and some fans don't like the evolution," Silverberg said.

Frederik Pohl, who edits three major science-fiction magazines (*Galaxy*, *If*, and *International Science Fiction*), is a tall, rumpled man of forty-seven who might be mistaken for a professor of political science at a large Eastern university. Although he has written, collaborated on, or edited some sixty books, he describes himself as "basically a fan of science." For the last few years, he has been travelling around the country lecturing on "The Future" to such varied groups as the Life Insurance Agency Management Association, the International Association for Religious Freedom, and the Porcelain Enamel Institute of America. "My lectures are more cautionary than predictive," he told us. "Science fiction isn't much good at prediction, but it does teach you to extrapolate from present data—to project what *might* happen." Mr. Pohl went on to say that some writers are worried about the increasing difficulty of keeping up with the sciences, and about the rapid obsolescence of stories as scientific knowledge catches up with premises that once seemed endlessly exciting. (As an obvious example, all first-man-in-space stories are obsolete now.) "In self-defense, some writers are turning to fairy tales set in the far-distant future, or borrowing stylistic devices from mainstream authors like William Burroughs to give their work a veneer of the wonder-full—that is, to make it appear full of wonder," Mr. Pohl said. "But I happen to think it's the content, the *ideas* embodied in the story, that should be wonder-full. At its best, science fiction is a literature of *ideation*."

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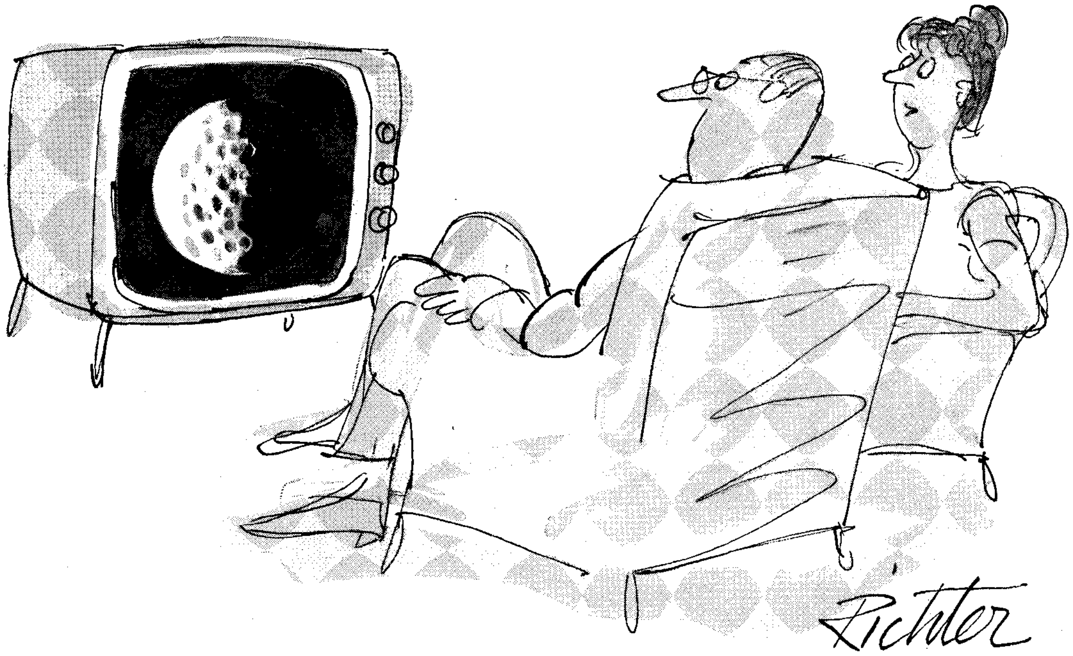
Harlan Ellison, the chief prophet of the New Wave, puts the emphasis elsewhere. "What I want to see is total freedom—the freedom to entertain philosophical premises that are *emotionally* disturbing," he told us. "But the fans don't want to read about real sex, real drugs, or really shocking ideas about society." Mr. Ellison is a non-stop controversialist who comes on like an angry Woody Allen. He is thirty-three, lives in Los Angeles, smokes a pipe, and writes for television and the movies. "This is a very peculiar field," he said. "It's inhabited by people who like to think they're living in the future but who dress out of the nineteen-forties, never read anything new, and listen to music that's hopelessly out of date. Let's face it, for years the fans kept the field together, but today they're just holding it back." Ellison, who was wearing a dark-blue sports jacket over a light-blue turtleneck jersey, gestured forcefully with his pipe. "The big literary influences on the new writers in the field are mainstream people like Burroughs, Nabokov, and Barthelme. But even more important are things like rock—everybody's grooving to the wild new sounds, to the imagery of rock lyrics, the fractured thinking, the poetry. Things like that get to people on an emotional level, not a cerebral level, and that's where we have to be. When science fiction was a bold new medium, in the forties, it was strong on imagination. Now, if we can take the experimental techniques of the mainstream and put them together with our imagination . . ." Ellison's eyes lit up with his vision of a truly groovy future.

Meanwhile, back in the Hucksters Room, a 1936 copy of *Astounding Stories*, with the original price of twenty cents still visible on its brittle, fading cover, was changing hands for two dollars and a half.



"Why, it looks just like the other side!"

• •

Cringe

WE recently received a nice letter from one of our readers, which read, in part:

> GENTLEMEN:
>
> As students of New York in all its infinite variety, have you ever considered the matter of those odd corporation names that are stencilled on the doors of fleet-owned taxicabs, usually just below the rear windows?
>
> Cabdrivers tell me that large fleet owners parcel out their cabs among numerous small corporations, in order to limit their financial liability if a cab is involved in an accident. The average corporation of this type "owns" two or three cabs.
>
> Evidently, the problem of finding original names for all these miniature corporations has strained the ingenuity of the owners, and recently I have started collecting unusual names as the cabs flash by. . . .

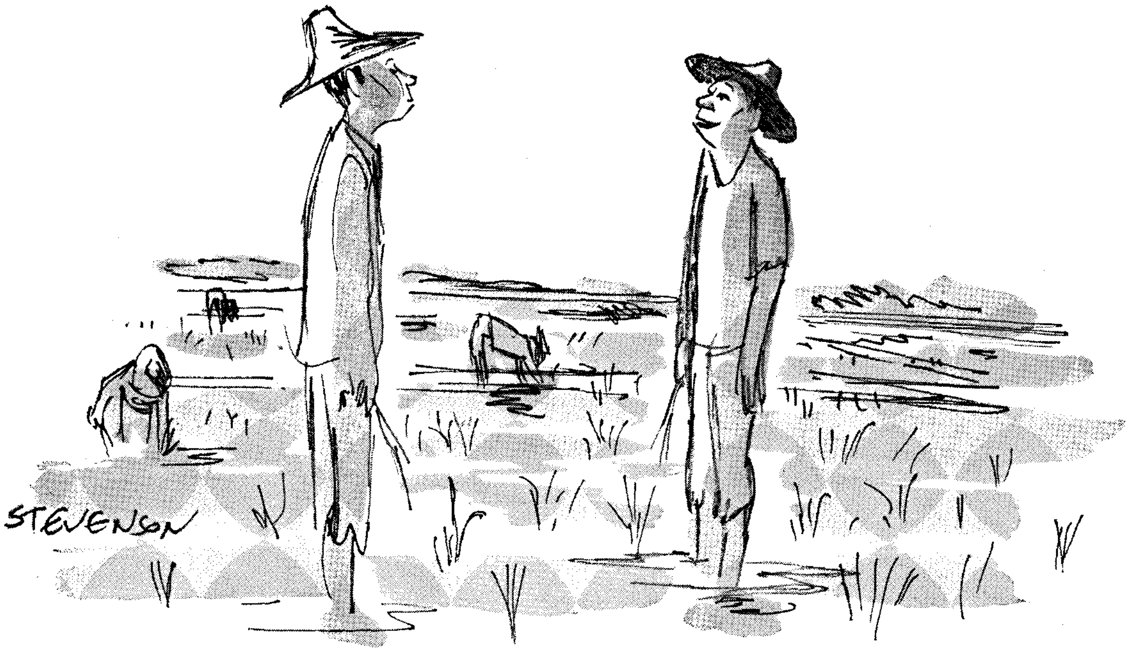
Prompted by our pleasure at being referred to as students of New York in all its infinite variety and by some of the cab-corporation names that the letter writer called to our attention (Gut Cab Corp., Acne Service Co., Chorus Cab), we've looked into the matter, and we've turned up, along with a great many conventional names, a few that are beguiling. As one might have predicted, a number of the small corporations have feminine names (Madelaine Cab Corp., Irma Service Corp., Evelyn Taxi, Rosalie Cab Corp.), and were mostly named for the wives or daughters of the fleet owners or their attorneys. Some corporations have masculine names (Melvin Cab Corp., Peter Taxi, Joel Cab Corp.), and several fleet owners preface their masculine and/or feminine corporation names with adjectives. (One owner uses Honest Amy, Honest Leo, and Honest Ned.) Some adjectives are chosen for their alliterative value (Easy Ed, Quiet Quinn, Kareful Karl).

One fleet owner has named some of his small corporations for foreign capitals (Hague, Rome, Paris, London, and Brussels Cab Corps.), and another, presumably obsessed by his repair bills, has called *his* corporations Bumper, Grille, Hood, Paint, and Spark Taxi, plus Axel Taxi. There is no Fender Taxi. We came across a fraternity of small cab corporations (Kappa, Rho, Sigma, Theta, Phi, and Omega Cab Corps.), a forest of them (Balsam, Beech, Cactus, Cedar, Chestnut, Cork, Evergreen, Hemlock), a zooful (Bear, Camel, Fox), an aviary (Dove, Falcon, Gull), and a garden (Daisy, Lilac, Marigold). One large fleet owner's nomenclature reminds us of somebody's attempts to fashion words out of the odd assortment of letters sometimes drawn in a game of Scrabble. These words are often disallowed because they're not in Webster's Unabridged, and many a fleet owner's corporate names are not in the dictionary, either (Dena, Dohm, Duzz, Feyt, Geft, Geid, Gelm, Jaad, Jott, Jowe). Others, which *are* in Webster II, include Fure (v.t., to bear. Obs. Scot.) and Goli (a musket ball; also, a pill). Naming evidently proved too burdensome a task for one fleet owner, for he simply gave his mini-corporations initials—AN, BN, GN, IN, JN, KN, LN, ON, PN, RN, SN, TN, WN, XN, YN, and JS. We like to conjecture that the fleet owner's surname starts with N and that he has a new son-in-law with the initials JS, who has been invited to join the family business.

One category of corporation names apparently has to do with the quality of service most riders would appreciate (Kind Taxi, Grin Service Co., Glad Taxi Corp., Sage Service, Solid Service Co., and Safe Ride Cab Corp.), or with some other appealing aspect of a particular taxi outfit (Luck Cab Corp.). But what are we to make of the fleet owner who has the Comfort Service Co. and also the Cringe Service Co.? Or of the one who has Clean Service Co. and Clear Service Co., and also Coarse Service Co.? And why the Dull Service Corp.? Some cabs seem intended for certain people—single people (Bachelor Service Corp.), rich people (Cash Cab), or swingers (Samba Taxi Co.). And some seem more suitable for some occasions than for others. For a lively night on the town, we like Brandy Service Corp. and Jigger Service Corp. For bluffing our way through traffic, we would probably enjoy travelling in Dare Service Corp. or Darn Service Corp., but if a policeman stopped the cab for a driving violation, we'd rather be riding with Angel Service Co. Our favorite cab names are Ant Cab Corp., Prune Taxi, and Gripe Service Corp.

Long-Winded Lady

WE have just had a message from our friend the long-winded lady. She writes: "I heard bad news tonight at Le Steak de Paris, where I had dinner. 'The building is coming down'—and the little restaurant is to be swept away, just like that, after more than twenty-six years of hardy life. Those words 'The building is coming down' occur so often in New York conversation, and they have such finality, and are so unanswerable, that once they have been said there is nothing more to say. There is no appealing the decisions of the ogre called Office Space that stalks the city and will not be appeased. Le Steak de Paris occupies the ground floor and the cellar of an old brown-



"You know who watched me vote? The Mayor of Pittsburgh."

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stone on West Forty-ninth Street, between Sixth Avenue and Seventh Avenue. Demolition has begun, but there are still several of the brownstones in a row—tall, thin nineteenth-century houses that stand as straight and plain as ever they did but seem to slant backward together, because they are so out of line with the rest of the street. It is a broken-down, mismatched, patched-up street, and for many years it has existed in the extraordinary vacuum created by the city planners, who cast whole areas into limbo for long periods—for decades, sometimes—before the demolition workers actually move in. At the moment, the dark shadow in New York is cast not by the past but by the future, and too many streets wear a dull air of 'What's the use?' This particular block of West Forty-ninth Street is dingy and finished-looking in the daytime, but at night it is merely shabby, and when the lights are on in the restaurants and bars and around the hotel entrances it becomes garish and secretive—more like the extension of a carnival than like a city street. Broadway, the street of dreams, has about as much connection with the ordinary life of the city as a travelling circus would have, but although the area's image is steadily being transformed into a grimmer and more orderly one—the office-space image—the glamour of Broadway persists, and spills over into the narrow side streets that lead to the big lights. All is makeshift on Forty-ninth Street, and even the old brownstones, so beautifully proportioned and presenting such a pure outline against the high, calm evening sky of summer, seem part of a stage set designed to illustrate the shaky and vanishing side of New York City. This is a tourist block, and they were nearly all tourists on the sidewalks tonight—out-of-towners in light-colored cottony dresses and suits, with jackets and sweaters over their arms. Diligent sightseers, they had been going around town all day, looking at the 'points of interest,' and now they plodded on toward their share of night life. Though the groups walking along were of all kinds, they were mostly couples, or parties of men and women walking together, or small parties of middle-aged women walking very close together. They formed little crowds along the street, peering through restaurant doorways and windows, wanting to see inside without quite wanting to go in. The pavement in front of Le Steak de Paris had just been swept clean, and the miniature box hedge at the window looked very fresh and green after last night's rain. No one was peering through the windows of Le Steak—it is too quiet there for visitors in search of excitement or novelty. There were a few people having dinner—very few—and two men, two solitaries, were drinking peacefully at the bar. I asked the owner, M. Guy L'Heureux, whether he had found a new home for his restaurant, and he sadly said, 'No, not in the city. It was very difficult. We were looking all the time, everywhere. There was nothing. We have decided to move to Miller Place, Long Island. We will learn English now. There will be no one to speak French to.' Inside, Le Steak has hardly changed in all the years I have been going there. The walls were once covered with printed-paper murals of rustic eighteenth-century scenes. Later, there was red-brick-patterned wallpaper. Now the paper imitates polished wooden planks—vertical planks—and there is a cigarette machine where the jukebox that played French records used to be. But nothing has really changed there. The menu is much the same as always—Crème Jeannette, Poulet Rôti, Shrimps Cocktail, Artichaut Froid, and so on. Even the atmosphere is the same, as though finality had stayed where it belongs—out of sight and far away. M. Guy and Jo, the waiter, and Francine, the waitress, were all calm and cheerful, as though they expected to be welcoming customers to Le Steak de Paris for a long time to come. There are restaurants in the other brownstones, but the tenants who used to live upstairs in the old houses have all moved away except one top-floor lady, who clings to her apartment, where she has lived for years, and still carefully tends potted plants on her windowsills. The plants make a fragile show of green, a living frieze against the old walls. When I left Le Steak, about nine-thirty, I walked toward Seventh Avenue, which becomes Broadway at almost exactly the point where it meets Forty-ninth Street. I moved along slowly, with the slow, hesitating crowd. With all the hesitation, and all the slowness, there was no revelry. There never is, on West Forty-ninth Street. It is a tentative, transient, noisy street, very ill-at-ease, and, to a stranger's eye, shifty, as though gaiety were unknown or strictly forbidden. Traffic is westbound in that block, so we all went along together, cars and people moving toward Broadway in a solid mass, almost as though we were on a pilgrimage. We passed the bouncy discothèque place next to Le Steak, and we passed Chinese restaurants and a Japanese restaurant and the record shop and the delicatessen and the hairdressing salon that stays open far into the night, and the Plymouth Hotel Coffee Shop, which never closes, and at last we reached the big parking garage. There's a pizza-hero place next to the entrance, and next to that, in what was once the doorway to the upper floors of the garage building, a gypsy has her parlor, a tiny place. Four stone steps lead up to her private door, which stood open tonight, though the gypsy was not to be seen. She had retreated to a back room, perhaps. But a vase of artificial flowers stood invitingly on a round table, and there was a small piece of carpeting on the tile floor. Next to the gypsy's parlor is an adults-only movie house that advertises itself with a frenzied blast of lights and signs. Tonight, the shows were 'The Promiscuous Sex' and 'Strip Poker Queens Wild.' The theatre marquee is so dazzling that the letters of the titles always seem to jump into the air, blinding people half a block away, and it is surprising, when you finally reach the theatre, to find a fairly clear space on the sidewalk in front of it, because hardly anybody lingers there. Tonight, at the edge of the clear space, to the side of the theatre and at the foot of the gypsy's steps, five big young girls were standing around—not together, not in a group, but just standing around. The crowd was so thick up to that point that I didn't see the girls until I reached them. Nobody around me saw them, either, and although we were moving along and they were standing still, before we knew it they were *upon us*. It was like that, as though they had pounced, just as the lights seem to pounce, causing shame, or distress, or embarrassment, or curiosity, or derision, or excitement, or disgust, according to the nature of the person who sees them. This was one of those times of surprise when we cannot tell the difference between memory and instinct, between reminders and threats, and all was confusion, except that it was obviously important to avoid the eyes of those girls, because they were the eyes of satisfied furies, or of unsatisfied prison wardresses. The five never moved. They stood still, and the crowd broke up and detoured unsteadily around them. They were quite tall, and about twenty years of age each, with straight, heavy hair dyed different shades of bronze and yellow and platinum, and they all wore tiny, frothy demi-mini shifts, which barely covered their behinds and seemed designed to show even more leg than they had. They were not slender girls. They looked well-fed, and their legs were solid and strong and female, like pillars of flesh. One pair of legs was bare, a powdery-pink color. The four other pairs were encased in neon-colored fishnet stockings—two pairs in neon green, one pair in neon mauve, and one pair in neon white that shone with a pearly lustre. The girls were probably not unusually tall, but their legs made them look colossal. They were a powerful group of young women, and people hurried past them, glancing at them with the furtive attention most of us give to the solemnly erotic photographs in the big glass-covered case that stands outside the movie house. In front of me there was a diminutive old lady, with thickly crimped hair dyed to a rich dark red, who kept turning to stare back at the girls. She wore an imitation-leopard pillbox hat, and she was grinning, almost laughing. She spoke to a woman walking next to her. 'Did you see those bums?' she said to the woman. The woman sprang away from her without answering her, and the old lady turned back and saw me. 'Did you see those bums?' she said delightedly to me. 'Did you *see* those *bums*?' She looked about ninety years old. It was my turn to hurry on ahead, in order to get away from her, and I almost caught up with the first woman to be addressed, who had joined two other women, as quietly dressed, in suits and hats and gloves, as she was herself. The three women reached the corner and disappeared up Seventh Avenue, going as fast as they could—home to their hotel, I think. I had a short wait on the corner for a taxi. I didn't like to turn around for another look at Forty-ninth Street, for fear of finding the imitation-leopard pillbox bobbing about behind me. But there was no need to fear any further word from her to me. When I did turn around, she had gone back along the street to where the girls were. I had a glimpse of her pillbox, and I am sure she was asking her question of other surprised people. A taxi came along, and I got into it and started home. Three or four summers ago, at about six o'clock in the evening, I saw a girl walking alone along Forty-ninth Street. She wore a red dress, and her walk was a ladylike travesty of Marilyn Monroe's walk, and she was swinging her handbag. All heads turned to stare at her as she sauntered boldly along in broad daylight, and she seemed very daring, but any one of the girls I saw tonight would make short work of her. Those girls looked as though they had been assembled, legs and all, in an automobile factory. They made Forty-ninth Street look very old-fashioned—faded, in fact, and harmless. They didn't go with the street at all. They were ahead of themselves by a year or two. They will go better with the new buildings."

THE SURE THING MUTUAL INVESTMENT CO.
ADVISORY DIV.
NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE TRANSACTIONS

A POLITICAL FICTION

"IT'S going to be a great year for Republicans," said Daley Unruh. "They've got all the issues."

The small, worn office masked the fact that its resident is one of the most powerful men in the Democratic Party. He is the latest, and probably the last, of that flagrantly colorful line of political bosses who could deliver a county, a city, and even an entire state to a favored candidate. If changing times and growing affluence have weakened Daley Unruh's ability to insure election, he still holds an iron grip on the Democratic Party in his state. And no candidate for a Democratic nomination, from mayor to President, ever fails to pay him deferential court. Informed about issues, and with instinctively liberal beliefs, he is, fundamentally, a technician of politics. To him, a good politician is not an educator, philosopher, or statesman but a man who wins elections, although he is ready, even anxious, to admire the wise use of power by the man who knows how to get it. He has spent his life mastering that art. And he judges every potential candidate by the relentless standard of his ability to command money for his campaign and votes from the people. When, on occasion, a particularly naïve and self-indulgent candidate protests that his conscience demands a destructively unpopular stand, Daley Unruh has a brief, all-inclusive response: "You can't do it if you don't win it." He rarely gives public interviews, and it was only through the intervention of the largest single contributor to the Democratic Party that I was able to persuade him to talk about the 1968 election.

"Yes," Daley Unruh continued. "If they play it right, they're going to end up in the White House."

"How can you say that?" I protested. "Isn't it almost impossible to beat an incumbent President?"

"That's the problem with most politicians," he answered. "They're like generals—always fighting the last war. There are no unbreakable rules in this game. Jack Kennedy couldn't win because he was too young and a Catholic. They even said his wife wouldn't be a good first lady—too glamorous. A few years ago, everyone was sure it was almost impossible for a senator to be nominated; now the Senate's the best place to be. Today, being a mayor is supposed to be a political dead end, but just watch Lindsay. The rules are only a summary of what's happened before. The trick is in trying to see what's going to happen next. Now, an incumbent President has a lot of advantages. He gets the front pages whenever he wants. He can do things to help himself, from starting a war to proposing a poverty program. But the mass media can make his challenger a national figure in a month, and if things aren't going well—and they're not right now—he has to take the blame. After all, if Ike had run against Harry Truman in 1948, instead of Dewey, it's almost certain that he would have won. Of course, the Republicans don't have another Eisenhower."

"Do you think the Vietnam war might defeat Johnson?" I asked.

"That hurts," he replied, "but not enough to beat him by itself. It's something else, something more personal. You see, people just don't like him. You can go around the country and you just don't meet anyone who's enthusiastic about Johnson. In his worst days, Truman had a hard core of real supporters. Roosevelt had haters, but lots of lovers. But even people who are going to support Johnson aren't happy about him. There's this vague sense of suspicion and distrust, which is very deeply rooted. People tend to vote against someone rather than for someone, and I think they could really turn on the President. He still does pretty well in the polls, but that's because he's not running against anyone. Those other fellows are just names. When they have a candidate who is on the front pages every day and on television, then it'll be a question of who do you like best and who do you trust the most. Johnson will have a tough time in that kind of competition. In fact, as of now, if the Republicans run a good campaign, I'd say he doesn't have much of a chance."

"Of course," I said, "the Republicans will have to show how they propose to end the war."

"Not at all," he said. "That's the mistake they're all making. That's what I mean by throwing it away. Take Romney. He reads in all the papers that he has to have a policy for Vietnam, and the next thing you know he's way out on a limb with some foolish proposal. After all, the minute you come up with specific ideas you immediately alienate a lot of people. If you want to escalate, you lose the doves. If you want to stop bombing, you lose the hawks. Worst of all, it puts you on the defensive. We Democrats are a lot smarter about fighting the issues than the Republicans. Look what we did to Goldwater on that atomic thing. He had to spend all his time assuring people he

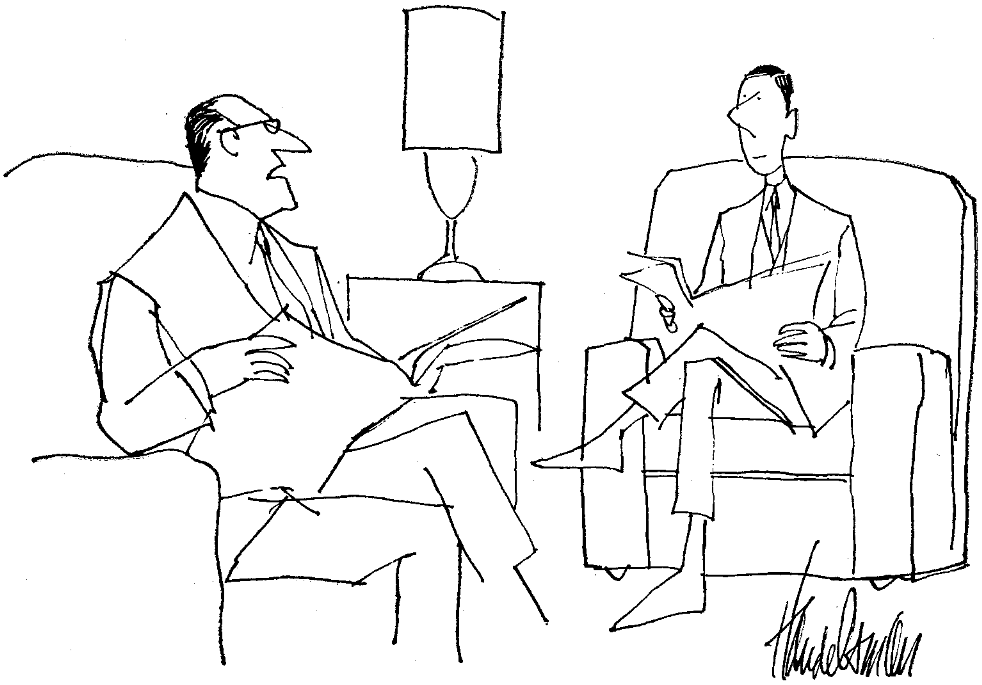
wasn't going to blow up the world. A Republican candidate with a specific program for Vietnam is going to end up having to defend it at every whistle-stop and press conference. He can never prove it'll work, because he can't speak for the Vietcong. We can have a dozen generals imply that he's being naïve and doesn't understand the war. Not only that, but Johnson can cut the ground out from under him. If he says he'll stop the bombing, we can stop it before the election and say, 'See? It doesn't help.' If he wants to escalate, we can try that. It's one of the advantages of being an incumbent. So the issue will become who's got the better program, him or Johnson? He'll end up protesting and explaining himself when his only hope is to attack."

"What should he say?" I asked respectfully.

"It's simple," he said. "All he needs is the truth. He should just say, 'We are in a war that is killing Americans by the tens of thousands, costing twenty-five billion a year, and making it impossible for us to take care of our own problems. It's gone on for six years and there is no end in sight. Now, I have no magic formula for ending this war. There aren't any magic formulas. After all, no one can guarantee how the enemy will respond to anything we do. However, this Administration has had five years to resolve the war in Vietnam, and all they've produced is a bigger and more bloody struggle. There is no indication they can do any better in the next four years. I can't guarantee peace, but I can guarantee you that I will give every ounce of wisdom and energy I possess to ending this war quickly and with honor. I offer you hope and a fresh start against a record of proven failure.' You see, that way it's him against Johnson; it's who's the better man? It's a lot firmer ground than matching his program against Johnson's program."

"Is that all he has to say?" I asked dubiously.

"That's all," Daley Unruh replied. "Essentially. Of course, the editorial writers and columnists won't like it, although more will come around than you think. After all, it is the truth. There aren't any magic formulas. And, anyway, editorials don't win elections. Very few people pay any attention to newspaper opinions, and most of those who do have already turned against Johnson. Of course, the candidate should indicate he is against more escalation that doesn't get anywhere. Just that kind of simple, vague assurance is probably enough to split the Democratic Party. And they've got to split the Democrats to win. That's why we all hope they'll nominate a real hawk, someone who'll scare people. Another thing. A lot can happen in the next year that could make any position you take now look pretty foolish—any specific position, that is. The only thing that could invalidate what I suggest would be if the war was over, and then it wouldn't matter."



"Son, isn't it about time for you to start rejecting my values?"

"So you *do* think Vietnam will be the big issue," I observed.

"Sure, it's important," he said. "But it would be foolish to concentrate on it too much. The biggest issue is Johnson himself. You can't come right out and say the President is untrustworthy or incompetent. That just gives him sympathy. Now, in the old days you could do it, but we're all gentlemen today. You just look like a hoodlum yourself when you insult someone on television. You don't call names directly. You do it indirectly, through the issues. You don't discuss the issues for their own sake—after all, who knows anything about them, anyway?—but they're a way to get at the man."

"Isn't that awfully cynical?" I objected.

"Not at all," he said. "You can't expect the average guy to know what to do about our cities or NATO or civil rights. But he does have a pretty good feeling for the way things are going. And on the whole he wants to move in the right direction and do the decent thing and what's best for the country. That's what elected Kennedy. He also gets a pretty good feeling for a man's character—television helps a lot—and that's the most important thing in a President. Once a man's elected, all you can count on is his character and general sense of purpose. Specific programs are out of date in a month. That way, people in general are a lot smarter than you guys who write about politics. You're too involved in technicalities."

"All right," I said, "how do you get at Johnson through the issues?"

"Attack," he said. "That's the secret. Attack your opponent's weaknesses. Don't play to his strength. Look. Just get out there and tell people what's happening to the United States. You can say, 'Here we are, the most powerful nation in the world and once the most respected. Now the President of the United States can't visit Latin America or Asia or Africa for fear of violent demonstrations. Hell, he can't even go to Paris. The European alliance is falling apart. NATO is dying. Hardly a single one of our traditional allies supports our policies or sympathizes with our objectives. We are losing influence and prestige in every part of the world. It's never been lower. We're involved in an endless, costly war that no one knows how to end. Our cities are filled with violence and revolution. We are failing to meet almost all our domestic problems, from poverty to education. Taxes are going up. Young people, the hope of the future, are turning away from the ideal

THE MESSENGERS

Arriving late sometimes, and never
Quite expected, still they come,
Bringing a folded meaning home
Between the lines, inside the letter.

As a scarecrow in the harvest
Turns an innocent field to grief,
These tattered hints are dumb and deaf
But bring the matter to a crisis.

They are the Messengers who run
Onstage to us who try to doubt them,
Fetching our fate to hand; without them
What would Sophocles have done?
—Muriel Spark

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of public service. Five years ago, the biggest things in colleges were the Peace Corps and civil rights. Now it's smoking marijuana. America is adrift and purposeless—filled with aimless discontent. The country destined to be the hope of the world hardly knows what it stands for anymore. But it's not too late. The greatness and idealism and potential for progress are still there. All we need is the leadership.' " He paused. "Hell, it's the Kennedy campaign all over again, only with five times the force."

"Do you believe all that?" I asked.

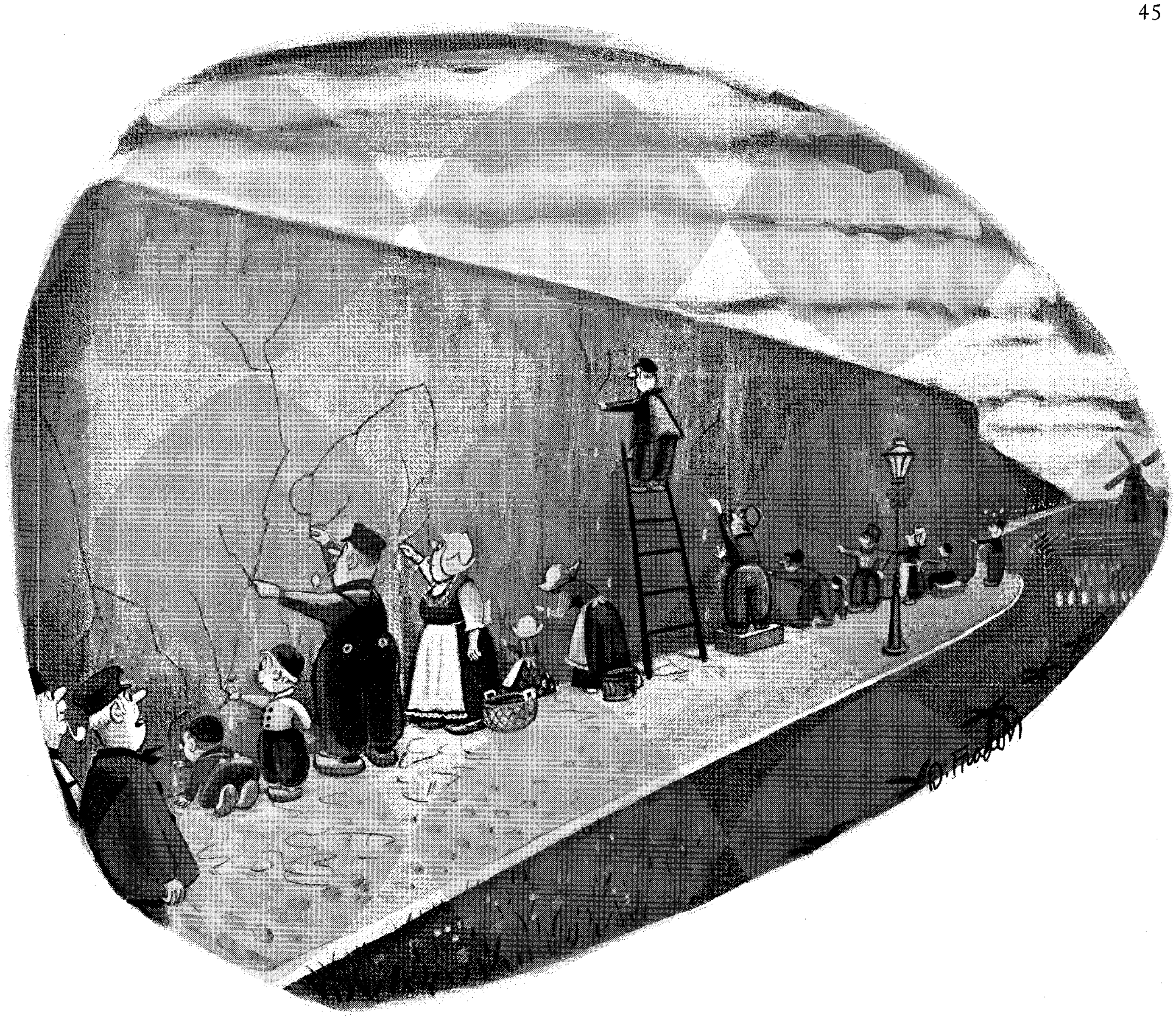
"That's not the question," he answered abruptly, and for the first time a note of irritation came into his voice. "The voters will believe it if the man who says it sounds as if *he* does. Of course, that's just an outline. You have to elaborate all of the points, systematically and factually. And you should indicate some of the things you are going to do. Not in order to come up with a detailed or comprehensive program—which is meaningless, anyway—but just enough to give people some confidence that you really understand the problems and have some ideas."

"Do you think the Republicans will do that?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "That's why I think they may throw it away. It's strange about Republicans. I suppose they're so used to defending themselves that they really don't know how to be on the offensive. It's even deeper than that. Republicans, especially moderate Republicans, tend to be a little overbred, like Scranton. I guess that by the time you get to be a big Republican you've spent so much time trying to be a member of some club or other, have everyone like you and think you're safe, that you've lost an edge, become timid and restrained. It's all a question of instincts. Suppose you say something unpleasant about someone and he says something unpleasant back. Some guys want to go over and shake hands, and some take another punch. That's the difference between winners and losers. Now, the kind of campaign I'm talking about will be tough and mean—not dirty, nothing about personal life and no name-calling, but tough. A lot of guys will write that you're overstating your case, exaggerating, hitting below the belt. You've got to ignore them. You've got to be able to tell the difference between a mistake that gets you in real trouble and the automatic, unimportant reflexes of newspaper editors. The important thing is to stand for something and not to be bland. Ike was a little bland, although he also ran against a war. But he was unique, and anyway he wasn't exactly running against a gut fighter. It's what got Romney into trouble. People weren't disturbed that he didn't have an answer for Vietnam. It was all that hesitation and wavering. It's not what they want in a leader. He would have been a lot better off if he'd said he was not yet a candidate but the Governor of Michigan and concerned with state issues. He would speak about Vietnam when he thought it was appropriate to do so. After two days of being disgruntled, they would have left him alone and he wouldn't have looked like a guy who didn't know his own mind. Of course, the guys on the right, like Reagan and Nixon, they've got a little steel. But they've got the wrong formula for this election. They might win, of course. If things keep on the way they're going, anyone will beat Johnson. But if we Democrats have a little luck we can lick a real conservative. It's a question again of playing to your opponent's weakness. A guy who seems safe on economic issues, if he's not a wild man on other things, like Goldwater, is going to keep all the regular Republican vote. Those businessmen will run right back. Any Democrat who counts on support from businessmen and conservatives is making a real mistake. Sure, with a guy like Goldwater, a real radical, a sort of fanatic who might upset the whole system, they're going to desert. When you're a conservative, especially an enlightened conservative, you like things the way they are plus maybe a little more profit. That's what you're comfortable with, and you like being comfortable. But given a regular Republican, the conservatives will go straight into his pocket. That's home. We don't need them, anyway. But if we play up to them we might lose the people we really need. I don't mean we ought to scare them—nothing radical. It's enough if they end up feeling they'd prefer the Republican but if Johnson wins it's not so bad. And then, if the Republican is sensible on Vietnam and wants to do something about things like civil rights and education, why, he'll split the Democratic Party. If there ever was a party ready to be split it's ours. With Wallace to neutralize the South—or even if he doesn't—the election will be won in the big states. And that's the formula for winning them. It's so obvious, you'd have to be a fool not to see it. Luckily for us, the Republican Party has been known to be foolish. It's almost a habit."

"Who can do it?" I asked. "Which Republican would be the strongest candidate?"

"There are a lot of possibilities," he said. "Nixon and Reagan would be weakest, and they're the ones we want to run against. We'll try and build them up in the next several months. Nixon would be the best for us. People are suspicious of him, too, and that would tend to neutralize Johnson's biggest weakness. Also, he's been around too long and he just can't excite people anymore. Reagan would scare the liberals, and a lot of others. He'd act like a moderate, of course, but the impression is there; and these fellows greatly overestimate what a public-relations firm can do in a national election. It's not like running against Pat Brown. We'd throw his old statements



"We need a new dike."

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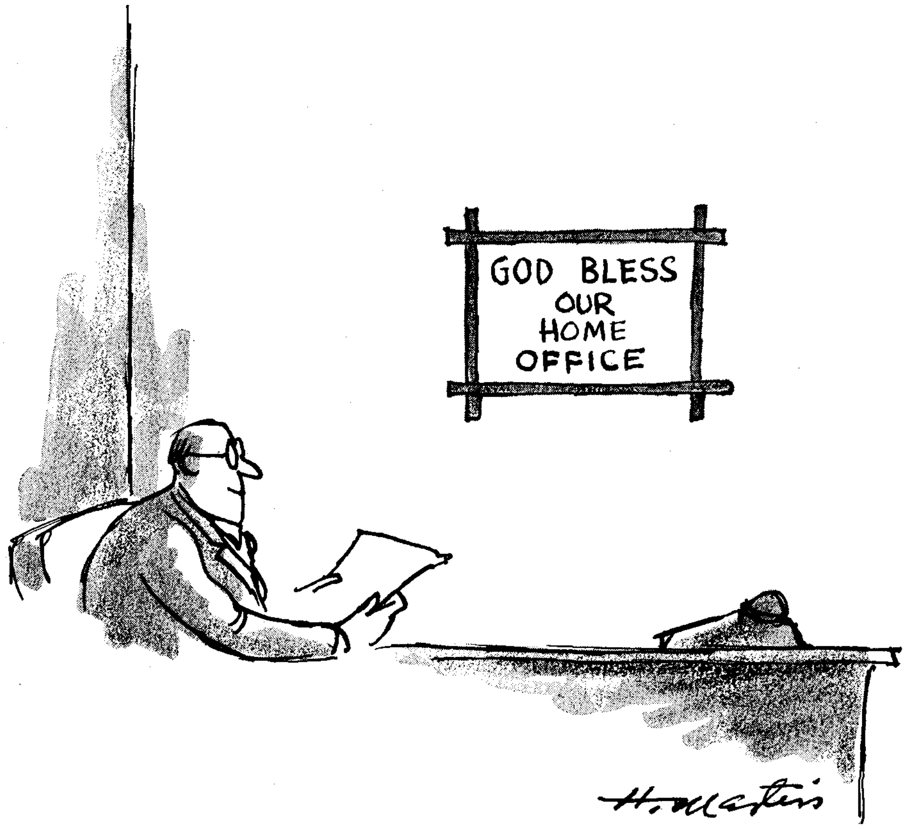
and attitudes at him every day. We might even be able to make his position the issue, rather than Johnson's record. As for Rocky, he wants it so bad he can taste it, but he's in a tough spot. He can't go after it."

"I suppose," I interrupted, "that's because he'd be regarded as a spoiler, splitting the moderate vote between him and Romney, and helping the conservatives."

"That's part of it, but not the most important part," he said. "Anybody who's trying to get nominated wants to spoil everyone else's chances. That's what it's about. It's also something a little more subtle. Rocky's already tried a couple of times and didn't make it. Now, the line between being serious and foolish is an awful thin one in politics. But once you cross it you never come back. It can take a long time, like Stassen, or you can do it in a month, like Scranton. Nixon's come close, but he's been lucky, and also people are afraid of him, so they find it hard to laugh. Anyway, he's done a lot of silly talking, but he hasn't made any big, foolish errors. He's looked dumb and mean, but not futile. Looking futile, that's death. Now if Rocky suddenly started campaigning again, with all those pictures, eating hot dogs and shaking hands, it would look like an old movie. People might just start to laugh: 'It's *him* again.' Also, if he did get out in front, it would bring all his enemies out of the woodwork, and he's got a lot of them. If they had a few months, they could probably shoot him down. So he's got to lie low and hope no one else sews it up in the primaries. Then the Convention might go to him. The trouble with that strategy is that any half-decent candidate can take the primaries, and even if he doesn't, those conservatives hate Rocky, so they'll probably go to someone else, like Percy. I think Rocky's at his peak right now. Once campaigning begins and the other fellows are on the front pages every day, he'll start to fade. And the weaker Johnson looks, the more Rockefeller's chances go down. He might get lucky, of course, and he'd be an awfully strong candidate. Now," he continued, warming to his subject, "any one of the others could pull it off. Romney could, and probably will, if he runs a smart campaign. He's been weak so far, but it's early. Some of the others would probably be even stronger, like Percy. And if someone like Hatfield or Lindsay could get the nomination, they'd be the toughest of all. Probably unbeatable. You see a guy like Lindsay—I don't know how bright he is, but he's tough. That's why it's hard to believe he's a Republican, but I guess those fellows in the New York organization screwed things up so badly a bright young guy had to be a Re-


GOD BLESS OUR HOME OFFICE
H. Martin

publican to get ahead. Lucky for them. Bad for us."

"But they can't be nominated," I objected.

"I'm not so sure," he replied. "Now, I'm no expert on Republican Party politics, but it seems to me the old rules are gone there, too. It's awfully nice to run around getting endorsements from governors and businessmen. That's the way it's always been done. But it doesn't mean what it used to. Kennedy showed us that, and Goldwater proved it to the Republicans. This nomination is really up for grabs. Any man who goes in and sweeps most of the primaries is going to make it. Remember, even Goldwater probably couldn't have been nominated if he didn't win in California. Now, these fellows like Percy or Hatfield aren't too well known in the important primary states like New Hampshire and Wisconsin. But neither is Romney. Lindsay may be better known than any of them. In fact, it's probably an asset not to be too well known this time. People are looking for a fresh face. They don't want the same old tired figures. Also, it's important not to have taken too many clear positions, so that different kinds of people can reasonably hope you'll be their kind of President. That helped Kennedy. Why, two of the Republicans that ran best against an incumbent President in this century—and their two best men—were Charles Evans Hughes and Wendell Willkie. And neither one had ever been in national politics before. Now, if someone like that would just take the plunge, he might pull it off. He could just announce, 'I know I have little chance to be nominated, but this is a time when a man has to be indifferent to considerations of his political future. The issues of 1968 are the most important this country has ever faced. They involve the future welfare of America. I intend to bring those issues to the people, debate them, and do everything I can, as a citizen as well as a candidate, to reverse the present disastrous drift.' It's a gamble. But people are looking for a hero. They want a man who really stands for something, who shows he has some courage and sense, and who acts as if he believes in them. Of course, it also takes money and organization, but mostly it takes a candidate. I think someone like that would find help and support in the most unexpected places. And one of the advantages of not being an obvious candidate, a front-runner, is that even if you lose, if you make a decent showing you're way up front for the next one. Or even a Vice-Presidential candidate this time. Look at Kefauver. And all of these fellows have a lot more on the ball, and are a lot more acceptable than he was."

"Do you think any of them will do it?" I asked.

"I doubt it," he said. "After all, they're surrounded by people who tell them it's too much of a gamble, they're not known, and so on. They read the newspapers and see that no one takes them seriously, or that they're not even mentioned as a possibility. They don't understand how easy it is to change that; after all, all you fellows do is reflect other people's ambitions. Let them begin to make some serious, thoughtful speeches on national problems, talk to columnists, write some articles, and soon everyone would begin to take them seriously. It takes some skill, and a good staff. It also takes a certain amount of guts. All politicians have to be cautious most of the time, but once in a while you have to take a big chance. Knowing when that time has come is what separates the great ones from the others. I tell you, the big prize is hanging right up there ready to be grabbed by the first man who fights his way to it. It can't just be given out by the big boys, like in the old days. Especially this year. The kind of edge that men like Nixon and Romney have over the others is so small it can be overcome in a few months. And when you get to New Hampshire and Wisconsin and Oregon, you'll find no one is really established in people's minds as the person they want for President. They'll vote for the candidate who looks best to them on the basis of what they see and read from next January 1st till Election Day. And no convention is going to deny anyone who takes those primaries."

Daley Unruh stopped, sat silent for a moment, and then smiled. "Well, I hope you won't use any of this. After all, I'm not in business to help the Republicans win elections. Maybe we better get on with the formal interview."

"Fine," I said. "Well, Mr. Unruh, how would you assess the chances for the Democratic Party in 1968?"

"We'll have a tough fight," he replied, "but I am confident of President Johnson's reëlection. People know that he's doing the best job any man could do, and no one has ever made a greater effort to improve the welfare of this country. He has resisted Communist expansion abroad and proposed a domestic program of unparalleled sweep and effectiveness. The people will reward that performance at the polls."

—BAILEY LAIRD

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The ship will be assigned to operate with the Pacific Fleet to assist existing communications services or to substitute for nonexistent ones.—*Arizona Republic.*

Spooky job.

FAREWELL TO THE DACHA

TIRED of sieving carrots and washing diapers, Masha bolted to Moscow with little Anton at the end of an August that looked like the end of summer. She admitted that carrots would have to be sieved and diapers washed in Moscow, too, with pram-pushing added, but dreams of conviviality, of the telephone, of hot and cold water overruled all other considerations; as for fresh air for Anton, what was the good of fresh air when it rained all day? Vadim, Masha's student husband (their joint ages, including Anton, barely came to forty years), was only too coöperative; he was thankful to give up commuting. And Katenka had gone with them to be in good time for the beginning of school. But I, still believing in the forecast for September—"mild and sunny"—only went back to Moscow for a few days to pick up some warm clothes, just in case hopes turned out to be dupes.

I had gone to the dacha in May, firmly resolved to finish revising my "Twenty-nine Literary Females," but propinquity of the most charming order had been the thief of my time. I was perpetually torn by the need for solitude and the need for stimulus, which are not to be had in the close neighborhood of one's own family. Masha herself had come to Stepanovka determined never to encroach upon my morning hours, but she passed my gate every morning on her way for the milk, and how could I resist running out to have a look at Antoshka and wheel him up the path to the house? By the time she was back with the milk, the kettle would be boiling, and it was I, in an access of grandmotherly despotism that my family has not been trained to withstand, who insisted that Masha sit down to table, with Antoshka beside her, lengthwise, on the seat of the old rocker.

Indeed, nothing could have been more sweet and natural; the souls that do not mingle over new-laid eggs, tomatoes and lettuce from the garden, homemade strawberry jam and an all too delicious baton of fresh white bread never will mingle. And after breakfast Masha might as well pick up Antoshka and sit in the rocker herself to feed him while I washed the dishes. The dishes had to be washed, didn't they? (We both knew that I would have left them indefinitely if I had been alone.) And so it would often be twelve o'clock before I got out the blue file and took the lid off my toilworn Hermes, only to discover that virtue had gone out of me, only to push aside the tools of production and make room for the box of anagrams.

After a week in Moscow with nothing whatever to show for it but blissful hours in the Lenin Library, browsing—or perhaps I ought to say *wallowing*—in the pages of a vintage "Dictionary of National Biography," checking on Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Trimmer, I threw some books and the oddest jumble of English newspapers and American magazines you can imagine (the criterion being have I read them long enough ago to have forgotten them?) into a suitcase, some warm socks and a thick sweater on top, and left for the dacha in an icy shower. My friend Em came with me, and all through the nirvana of the hour's journey *she* tried to finish her volume of Pepys so as to leave it with me, and *I* tried to fill in the blanks somebody had left in the London *Times* crossword. I have a curious sense of communication with this man I have never met; he wonderfully knows that 6 Down, *Numerical start to a Horatian ode* (7), is *Integer*, and that 13 Across, *The lizard with the knockout finish* (5), is *Gecko*, but doesn't know that 22 Across, *The girl for James* (5), is obviously *Joyce*, and therefore fails to solve 22 Down, *A painter returns to his ship* (5), which can only be *Jason* (though why, I don't know)! Nor has he guessed that what *Saul does and David didn't* (6) is *Bellow*. We almost passed Stepanovka in our absorption, and were the last passengers to scramble out of the train onto the long platform.

The sidewalks were soggy, and we trudged down the middle of Kommunisticheski Prospekt, but when we turned into Pushkinski our shoes were almost sucked off in the deep sticky ruts. I never complain of this, because it is what keeps the road quiet.

Long before we arrived, we could hear Tyapa's shrill fierce barks. He was barking, we knew, not because he recognized our footsteps but because barking at passersby is at once a duty and a distraction in his monotonous life. When we got near enough for him to know our voices, he was thrown into momentary confusion, not being able to switch from ferocity to joyous welcome quickly enough. The situation was further complicated by the sudden apparition of a man with a sack over his shoulder, and Tyapa, though wild with joy at our approach, felt a compulsion to rout the stranger before padding up the pathway to stand at our feet, heavy head close to the ground, veering from me to Em, tail swinging slowly in time to the enormous feelings swelling inside him. When we opened the house door, he slipped in first and stood in the middle of the room, again with that hanging head and tail, looking with obvious anxiety from me to the bed and back again. He could not have told us more clearly that he had been sleeping on my bed. At our shocked exclamations, as if they were a signal anxiously awaited, he slunk to his pad under the kneehole desk, the place he has chosen for himself as the most private and secret in the room, and curled up, one eye fixed on our movements, the tip of his tail twitching.

An incriminating layer of black hairs, sand, and pellets of damp soil showed that Tyapa had crept under the quilt and nuzzled between the sheets while I was away. "Why did they let her into the room?" Em wanted to know. (Em always calls Tyapa "her.") "She could easily have slept on the porch."

"He howled so excruciatingly they couldn't stand it. Nobody dreamed he would dare to get on my bed."

"*In*," corrected Em, and began energetically stripping the mattress and putting on clean sheets.

Tyapa stayed under the desk till he saw us sit down to tea, and then crawled out to press his side against my shin. Over his meek head we discussed the ethics of treating to delicacies from our own plates a dog so lost to decency as to have got into his mistress's bed.

"Look how sad his eyes are," I said. "You can see he's sorry. He's begging us to forgive him."

"She's begging for a piece of cheese, I think," said Em, but pleasantly, not wishing to hurt Tyapa's feelings too much. "And you know what—I think she was only trying to get near you. She felt too desperately abandoned."

The thought was an amnesty in itself, and I fed Tyapa scraps of cheese and ham with a good conscience; when I was in Moscow my landlady locked him out, with his pannikin of oatmeal, before rushing off to catch the morning train, and refilled the pannikin from her own supper table in the evening. Two meals a day is supposed to be all right for dogs, but Em and I feel that life under such conditions must be a desert. "Poor doggy," I said. "All alone these cold, wet days, waiting, waiting for somebody to come back and play with him."

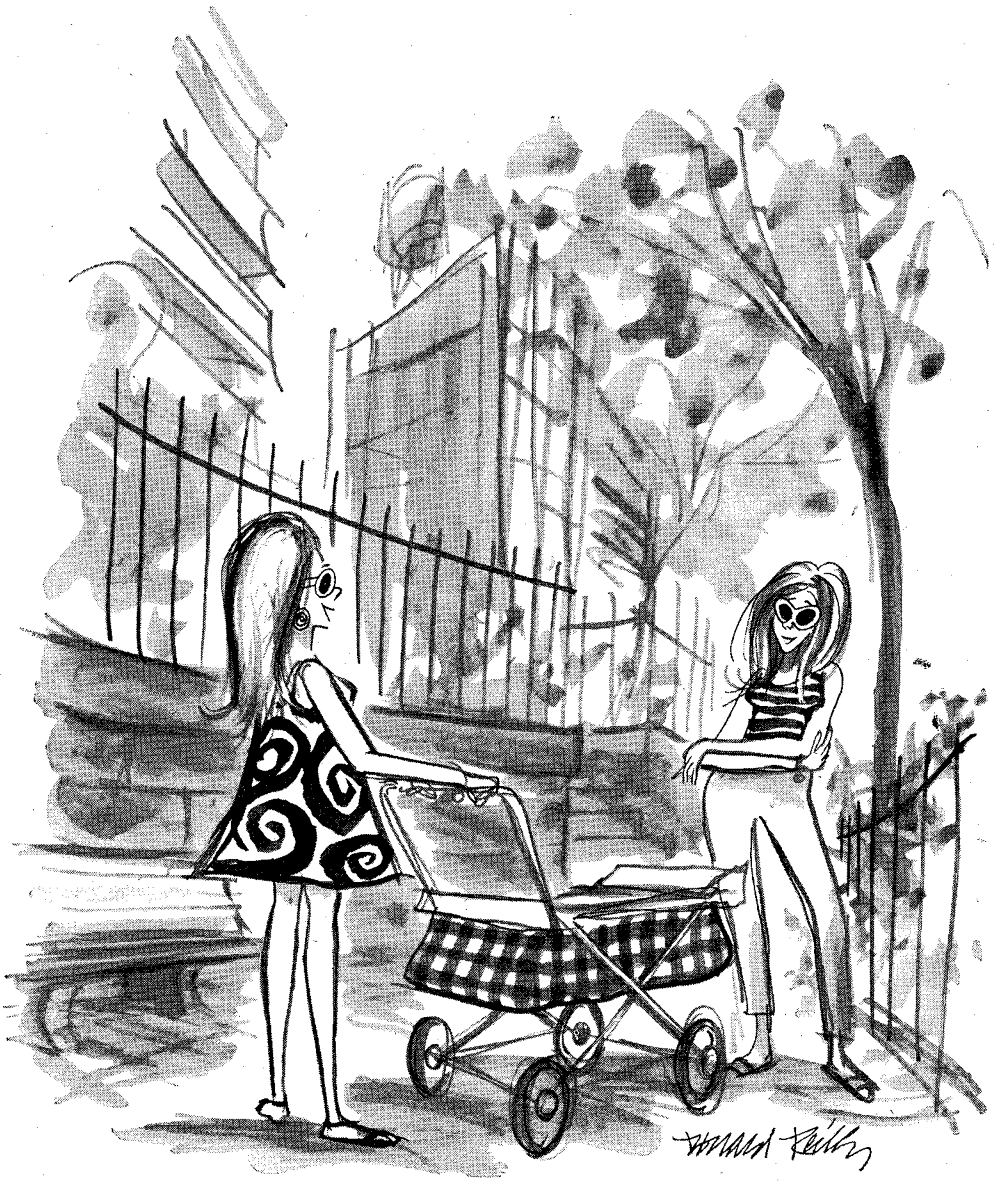
"But every now and then a man with a handcart or an old woman coming back from the market to bark at," said Em. "And I bet she got under the fence sometimes to meet other dogs or chase a cat. She probably only waddled back in the evening to see if anyone had come."

Em looks at the bed complacently—so smooth, the snowy sheet turned back over the almond-green eiderdown that she had brought with her from America how many, many years ago. She picks up the old-fashioned travelling clock that has kept perfect time in so many latitudes, and winds it. Winding a clock and making a bed are among the many chores I most hate, and now Em is washing up on the porch with an unnecessary expenditure of care and precious minutes that could be so much more profitably employed playing Lexicon. Just a cigarette on the porch, and she will indulge me with a game of Riddance and then one of Twister before she is off. Or would it not be more rational for her to sit and finish the last chapter of Pepys? It would, of course, but I vote for Riddance, for Twister.

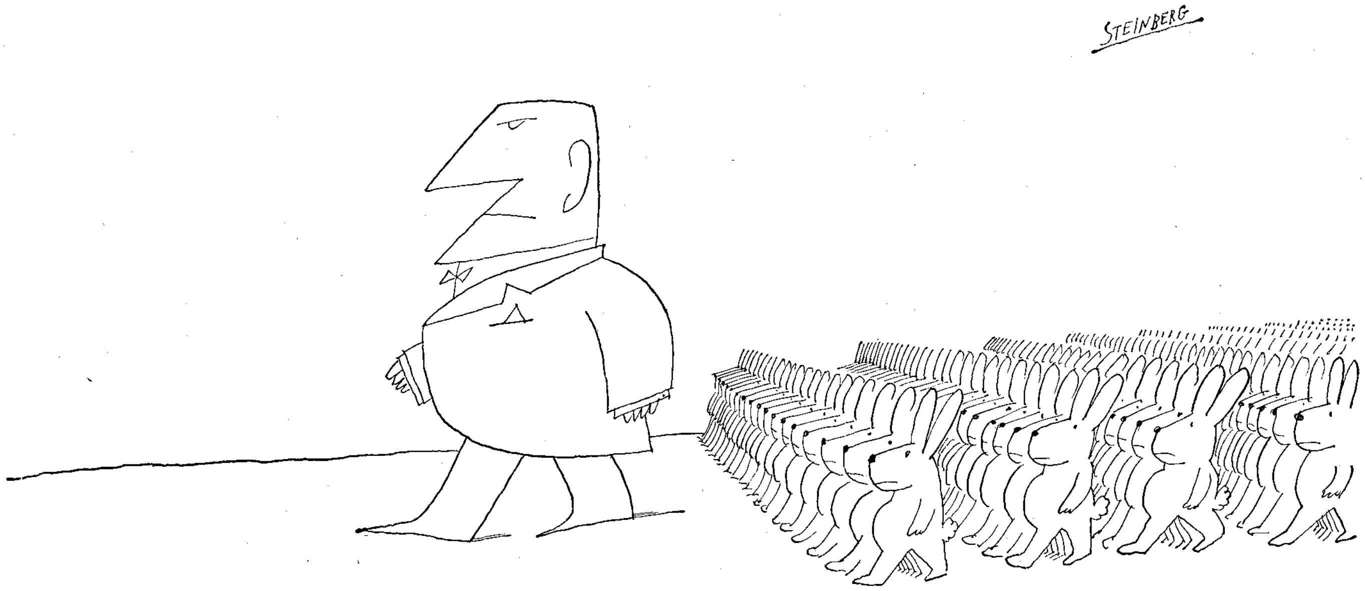
After Tyapa and I have seen Em off at the gate, we turn back to the house. Tyapa has that "You're here and I'm here, so what do *we* care?" expression in his eyes, and I no doubt look the way an old woman looks who only wants to take a pill and get into bed with a hot-water bag.

THE bottle of kefir, the pottery bowl to eat it from, the favorite spoon (Mother Bear size) have been ready overnight on the kitchen table. No dishes shall be washed, no bed made, no armor buckled, and Tyapa must make do with the remains of his last night's supper till I have sat down to the typewriter beside the blue file, the optimistically numbered sheets of paper, and accomplished my morning stint. I feel no shrinking from the task; it has become the sole justification for my existence, and I have become very fond of my twenty-nine females. My two favorites are Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Inchbald—Mrs. Thrale because she had the courage to escape from the tentacles of Dr. Johnson after her husband died, and marry an Italian opera singer against the horrified protests of her family and friends, and still had energy left to write a book of English synonyms; and Mrs. Inchbald for writing "Lovers' Vows," the play that kicked up such a brouhaha at Mansfield Park. I even love old Mrs. Delany—Swift called her his Constant Nymph—who made still-lifes of paper flowers that were a great deal more like real ones than oil paintings were.

An hour or two later, an inner voice sounds a warning I know better than to ignore. "Stop," it says, "or else . . ." I stop in the middle of a sentence. The file may only be thicker by two miserable pages, but I close it. There is no Masha to go for the milk, and Tyapa and I step out of the garden together. All the summer guests but me have gone, and many dachas have their windows boarded up, a dismal sight. Those owners who live here all the year round are busy in their back gardens, stacking hay for a cow, fetching the storm windows from a shed, or pegging out a prodigious wash. The streets have been quieter than usual this summer, because the Writers' Rest Home was emptied of writers to make room for a group of writers' children from Tashkent, made homeless by a chain of earthquakes. No lean old men and stout elderly women met on the sidewalks to stop and exchange friendly reproaches: "Why don't you ever come to see us?" The rest-home bore had taken his leonine head to the Crimean coast, and the old gentleman with the patriarchal beard and curling locks, a historical old gentleman, once a secretary of Tolstoy's, had gone to a sanatorium on the Baltic Sea and no longer roamed the streets reproving females who prefer to wear slacks in the country. (What would Tolstoy himself have thought of us, I wonder.) The children have gone back to Tashkent, their homes rebuilt. I miss them. I used to enjoy watching them through the railings of the rest home, dancing the Twist to a stately



"I thought motherhood would be a drag, but it's turned out to be a gas."



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rhythm, as if it were one of their own national dances.

The sun came out and stayed a few hours, to please the child and paint the rose. But all the children were in school and the few sodden roses left over from the summer were too far gone for painting to do them any good. Only the brave morning-glory wound its hearts and trumpets round posts and palings, or cascaded triumphantly from the tops of defeated currant bushes. I can't remember ever having seen *Convolvulus arvensis* so late.

The next day, I heard our tribal call outside the gate and thought it was daughter Natasha, though she never comes so early. Tyapa, who had been lying on the step since breakfast, had heard it, too, and was barking joyfully, and seconds later I looked through the window into a faunlike face peering from a thicket of dark curls, a face I had dreamed of the night before. Katenka! "How come you got away from school so early?"

Katenka smiles knowingly, but offers no explanation. "I felt like coming to see you, so I came instead of Mama." Now she is in the room beside me, unhitching her rucksack. "She gave me a darling little cauliflower, and a pullet, and a bag of grapes, and a lovely bit of smelly cheese for you."

"Little Red Riding Hood!"

"Yes, and I met the wolf. Caesar was off his chain as I passed the Smirnovs'."

"Weren't you terrified?"

"*Niskolko.* I mean, not a bit. They're only *strashniye* in their own yards. He wagged his tail at me and tried to lick my hand. He has beautiful eyes."

I told Katenka I had dreamed about her, but not that she had been quite bald in my dream. The moment we see Katenka, we begin asking her when she's going to get her hair cut, and I didn't want to tease her when she had felt like coming to see me. Besides, I don't really want Katenka to get her hair cut—only to draw it away from her forehead and cheeks, only not to hide behind it.

Katenka, who had been reading a magazine article on telepathy, considered my having dreamed about her and her impulse to visit me proof of the theory. How else could they be accounted for?

Coincidence, I said unsympathetically, and translated the new word into Russian: *sovpadenye.*

"Why can you believe in co-in . . . in *sovpadenye*, and not in telepathy?"

Katenka would like to hear me say I believed in *something*, but I am as anxious to avoid an argument on insufficient premises as she is to pursue it, and I throw myself (and Katenka) into preparations for dinner.

We dined in perfect amicability off the wings of the chicken, sautéed potatoes, and baked apples with a dab of sour cream, and then Katenka had to hurry back to cover her absence by showing up at the last lesson (having skipped the one before apparently didn't matter; it was only English anyhow). I opened my Bartlett and pointed out to her the line "Like angel visits, few and far between," which Katenka liked so much that she stopped to copy it out on a piece of paper. "I'll learn it from heart in the train."

I wouldn't spoil Katenka's pleasure by pointing out a grammar mistake, and only kept her for another moment, to ask her if Natasha expected to be down soon. To my unnecessary—at any rate, useless—question "Did you take a return ticket?" Katenka replies in full flight. But what I hear is only "Ye—!," which could be either "Yes" or "*Nyet.*" Ought I to teach them to say "Yep," to avoid confusion?

On Wednesday, Em came down again to make the bed, to wind the clock, to put on the kettle and go for two pails of water while it was boiling. Then, as always on Em's visits, there was just time for the inestimable comfort of tea and toast in congenial company, for one game of Riddance and two of Twister before she had to rush for the train, leaving a new (a fairly new) T.L.S. for me, for Tyapa a quite new, meaty bone.

And on Friday evening, at the very moment when a violent shower had made it too dark to go on reading at the window and I was closing my volume of Pepys on the words "And so home, bringing with me night and foul weather," Tyapa gave one joyful, sawed-off bark, and Natasha's shaggy head appeared in the transom.

She came into the room, switched on the light, and put down her briefcase all in one moment, like single notes played as a chord. "Did you think I was never coming?"

"No, no, I knew you would, and the disappointment at the end of one day was compensated by the hope at the beginning of the next."

"Cousin Percy," murmured Natasha, who knew how well the discipline imposed by unrequited love at the age of seven had served me.

I showed her the sentence from Pepys.

"I've brought you something else, as well as night and foul weather," and out of the briefcase came "Mid-

"Burpee wasn't kidding."

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dlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda"! "I wonder what Jane Austen would have made of Dorothea," said Natasha, unconsciously picking up "Middlemarch" and opening it.

I took it out of her hand and opened it at another place, without looking into the pages, and put it down; it was like starting out of a trance when I remembered her last words and answered them. "Oh, just a prig! She couldn't have handled a progressive woman."

"Still, we'd give the whole of George Eliot for 'Mansfield Park' or 'Persuasion,' wouldn't we?"

"All except 'Adam Bede.' "

"I thought you hated 'Adam Bede.' "

"I do, I do, I meant 'The Mill on the Floss.' "

Natasha groped in the bottom of the briefcase. "I bet you don't get through any of these," she said, coming up with "The Award Avant-Garde Reader," and she started from her seat to go out on the porch, where I could hear her emptying water into the kettle and clattering out into the night with the pails. The kettle is on the electric ring, I know, and it is time to spread the checked cloth and get the tea things out. The top of the desk is fully occupied by the typewriter and the work in progress, and I have to toss books and papers off the table onto the bed. Good honest smells of fresh bread and sliced ham enter the room, and for the first time since Natasha and I began opening and shutting books Tyapa is stirred.

Natasha never allows a sense of urgency to spoil the pleasures of the tea table, and she brings out her little stock of family news as if it were not getting darker and later every minute. Anton, it appears, has developed a remarkable crawling technique, the in-laws have never seen anything like it; Vadim, having (a) been half promised a book on geophysics to translate and (b) resisted the temptation to buy a new pair of skis, is feeling both rich and virtuous; Katenka has cut her hair, and it looks bushier than ever. But every word spoken sends us rattling back to literature. Speaking of Antoshka reminds us of a baby who crawled so beautifully that her aunt was quite envious—none of *her* children had crawled like that—and all because, though Tolstoy doesn't say it in so many words, Anna Karenina had an English nurse! And is there not something a little too like Mr. Micawber in Vadim's easy optimism, something a little too much like the money Richard Carstone made by *not* taking a cab in the money Vadim had *not* spent on the new skis? Even Katenka's shorn locks remind us of Maggie Tulliver—but when has not Katenka reminded us of Maggie Tulliver?

I, too, have a budget full of talking, but it is all of people in books. (Natasha's husband says Natasha and I are forever gossiping about eighteenth-century governesses and nineteenth-century clergymen's daughters.) Natasha will like to hear, I know, that Miss Talbot was upset from a canoe into the Thames, near Twickenham, with Horace Walpole. Poor girl, it really seems to be the only thing that ever happened to her; she didn't even finish any of her books, and that officious Mrs. Elizabeth Carter "edited" them and got all the cash and most of the credit after Miss Talbot's death.

When it is time for Natasha to begin to think that they'll be beginning to be nervous at home, she gets up and looks round the small room, the ravaged supper table, the cluttered bed, the chaotic-looking (but not really chaotic) desk.

"Leave everything!" I urge. "As soon as you've gone, order will be restored by one touch of my magic wand."

"I'll just . . ." says Natasha, stooping down to collect a few odds and ends of string and paper. Before she quite goes, she casts a doubtful look at the top of my desk; somehow it reminds her of the last chapter of "Alice." It looks to her as if all the papers will suddenly fly up into the air any minute.

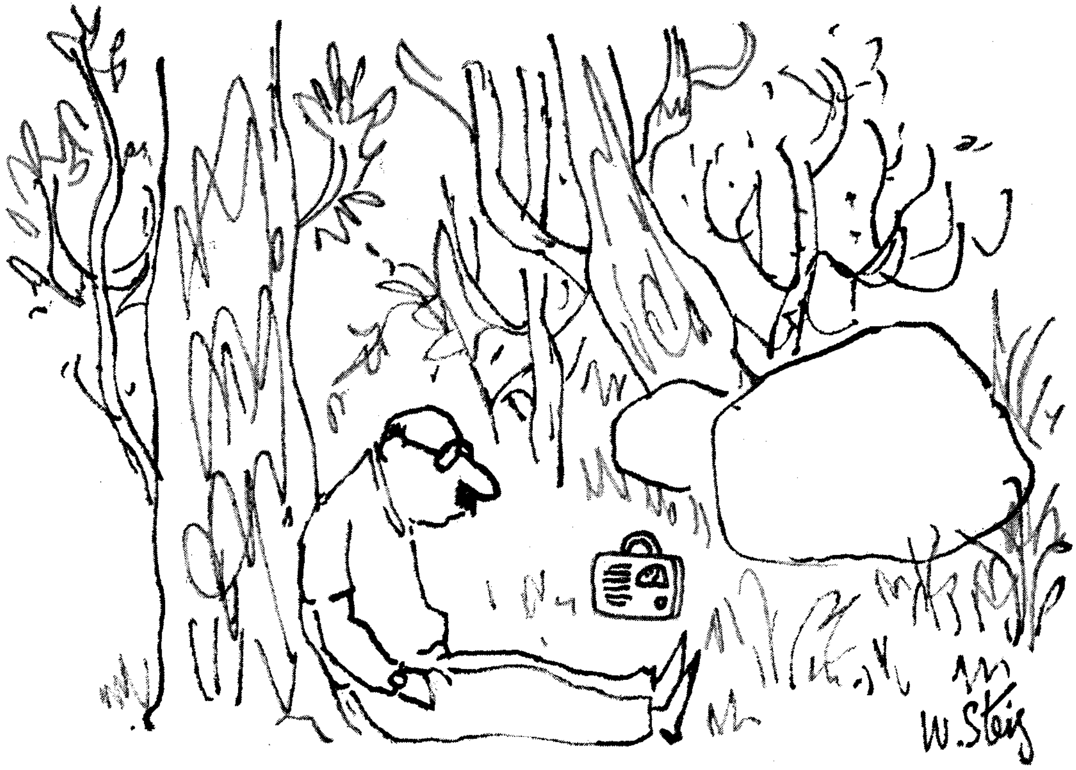
"They wait till I'm asleep," I tell her, "and one page will be gone forever by tomorrow morning."

LIKE most people, I am always ready to put aside an old book in favor of a new one; Em has been surprised to see me lay down "Roxana" and fall upon a stray number of the *Reader's Digest*, which she had expected to see me throw down the chute on sight. But it was not mere frivolity that made me pass over "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda," put Pepys on the desk, and lay the "Avant-Garde Reader" on the bed table—I really do feel a curiosity about these new young writers; I am ashamed of my imperceptiveness in their regard. But Natasha had been right; I got stuck in almost every story. How the avant-garde seems to date to the old, how easily one succumbs to the well-known illusion of *déjà lu!* I read "Ulysses" in the twenties, when I first came to Moscow, and had nobody, not a soul, I could talk to about it. And it shattered me. I believed it was the End of the Novel and that there would never be anything to read or to write anymore. Then I found I could read "Remembrance of Things Past," which I had several times tried to before. Between them, Joyce and Proust sent me rattling back to the eighteenth century, for which I can never be grateful enough. But one story ended with a sentence that touched and braced me at the same time: "Lord, you were irrefragably with me when I tried." I got out of my warm bed to look up "irrefragably" before going through the story carefully a second time, in case I had missed anything. But that seemed to be all.

My neighbors think I am lonely, but I never am. In fact, this thinly peopled solitude is just what suits me. Ah, but the nights! Aren't I nervous all alone in an empty house? ("I would die!" says one; another is sure she wouldn't be able to sleep a wink.) Of course, I do prefer to have my landlady and her husband next door. When the rain has kept them in town for several nights, I do not sleep so well. Fear is always lying in wait for the solitary, ready at any moment to advance out of the shadows. How easily a bush becomes a bear! But nothing will ever be worse than waiting for the tiger escaped from the menagerie to reach the top step of the nursery stairs. Pepys once woke up at three o'clock and saw by the light of the moon "my pillow which I had flung from me overnight, standing upright at the foot of the bed." At first, not bethinking himself what it might be, he was "a little afeared, but sleep overcame all." Tyapa, who is supposed to be my protector, sometimes scares me out of my wits by creeping out from under the desk and passing on rattling claws to the door between my room and the unoccupied part of the house, sitting awhile snuffling at the crack with intermittent low growls, till he rattles back to his pad with a sigh of what sounds like disappointment. I know it was only a rat in the wainscotting, or a cat under the raised floor of the house, but what, ask my nerves, if it were that more dreadful animal, man?

Once, lying awake in the small hours, I heard the unmistakable sound of a footstep in the pathway. A footstep cannot be confused with any other sound. You know it at once for what it is; it has the weight of a body on it—almost, night seems to suggest, the weight of a soul. Tyapa barked so shrilly that it was no use trying to listen for the other foot to come down. I deliberated letting him out of the house to pursue the prowler, but while I was meditating on murder and sudden death, wondering if they might not be less painful in the long run, easier on all concerned, than the oxygen tent and intravenous tube, sleep overcame all, and the next morning I had forgotten about it till I went out of the house and found Tyapa sniffing round a beautifully clear impression of a boot in the soft mud of the path, which he soon gave up to follow an invisible trail over the high grass to the wicket gate. Whoever it was must have just slipped once from the grass onto the pathway—the time I heard his single footfall. Anyway, the good Tyapa had frightened him off.

Even in the daytime there are occasional nibbles of fear. A maple presses one pale leaf against the windowpane, like a face trying to see in, and whenever this happens I feel for a moment that I am being watched. And one day I went to the market, locking up the house conscientiously, only to find when I came back that I had left the low casement window wide open. Nothing seemed amiss, and yet surely I had not left my bedroom slippers one



"You have a friend at Chase Manhattan."

A LIFE IN ALABASTER STREET

His mad nurse pops pink bubble gum and chews
On in deep beats—a metronome—to news
And rock on her transistor past all hours.
Far cars near, squealing, bent on merciless
Night errands, and redistance their dark powers
Up Brattle Street. Insane boys cackle by,
Incising their graffiti on the sky
In unknown tongues and accents; wives next door
Beshrew lapsarian husbands, in the wrong
From the first fall of marriage. Down the long
Sword-arch of elms, a party shatters out
In tittering components to the street.
Miles off, putrescent cities of the plain
Ignore the generous closing hours of pain
And violate the air with a cold green
Glow: worms and serpents. Dr. Wilmerdene
Moves, millimetrically, his light head
And faint eyes to the time beside the bed
In his frame house in Alabaster Street,
Encouraged by false dawn. A.B., A.M.,
Ph.D., Litt.D. (hon., from U. of M.—
What a commencement *that* was), Wilmerdene
Decides to live till morning, meet one more
Sun in his father's window in his street
Beset and stormed by madmen, who will not
Take him alive, however.
Phoebus, rise!
Precurred by sea-born Venus, regularize
A regulate life begun in unsurprise
And ended in confounding. But not quite.
Sun, rise and touch his shutting eyes with light.
—L. E. Sissman

• •

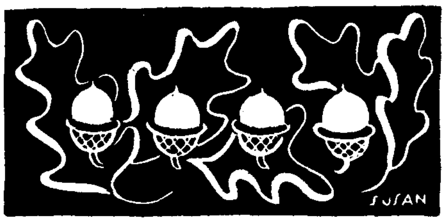
within the other on a stool in the porch, or the drawer of the desk half open! And hadn't the mohair scarf been hanging over the footrail of the bed when I went out? Even when the scarf turned out to be in the wardrobe and there seemed nothing missing from the drawer, the remembrance of those displaced slippers, the empty place on the rail where I was so used to being welcomed by the blue scarf left me uneasy. Tyapa had seemed infected by my anxiety, sniffing here and sniffing there as if he smelled a stranger. Still, a little loneliness, an occasional scare, is better than wasting one's substance on trivialities. It *is* bracing to let oneself into an empty house, to know there will be nobody to talk to when one is inside. And the blue file grows and grows, despite the daily process of snipping and pruning. Perhaps because of it. Like a tree.

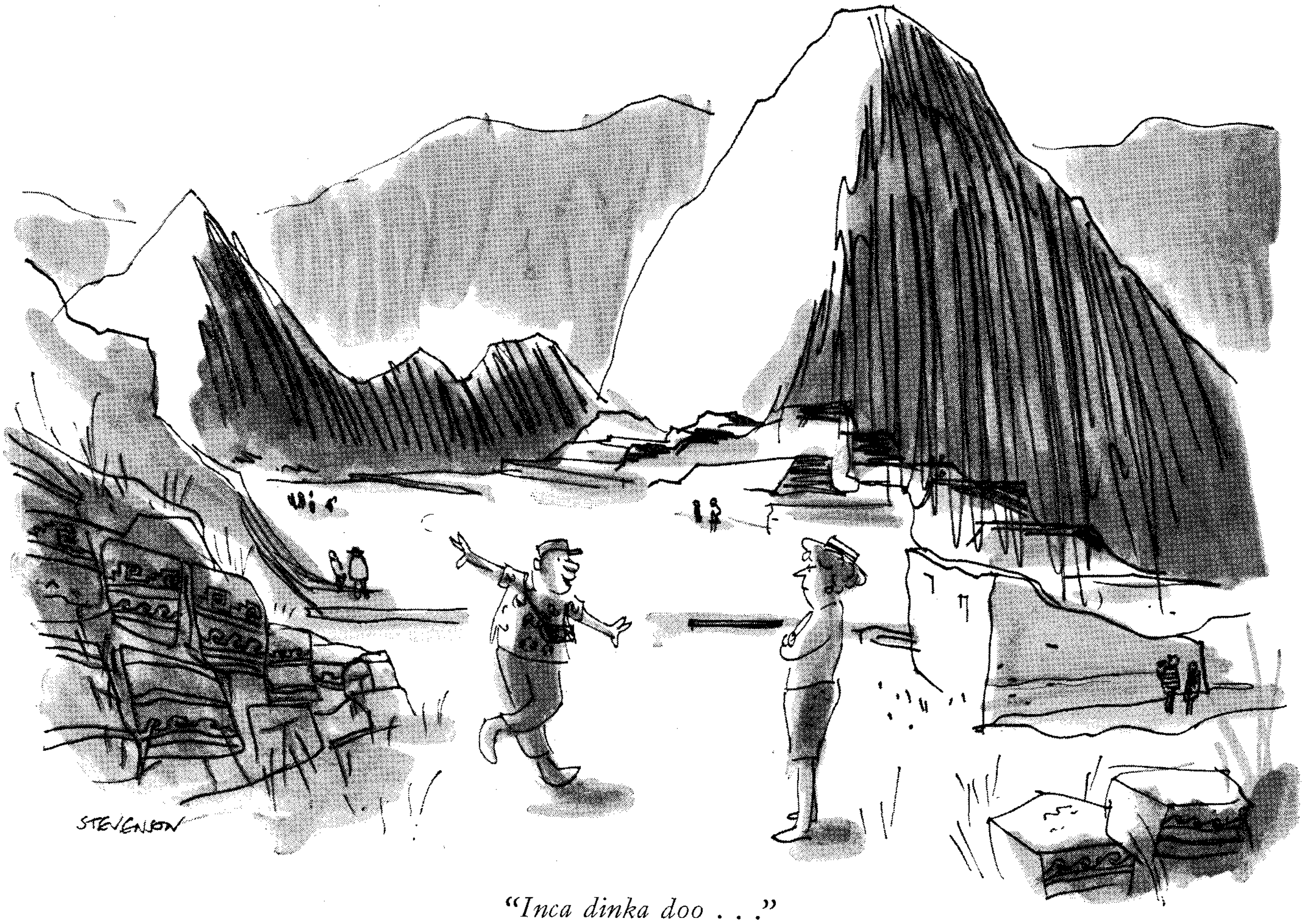
The sun itself wakes me on Saturday, filling me with a happiness that is benevolent as well as instinctive. I am happy for my landlady and her husband—or perhaps I am only happy that I won't have to feel sorry for them if their Sunday is spoiled by bad weather. I think this must be what it is, because all day I watch the sky with that sort of anxiety we know very well concerns nobody else but oneself. And my relief when they arrive in sunshine is really almost absurd—I refuse to take any credit for it.

Here they come, with their raincoats over their arms and their heavy shopping bags. Tyapa rushes madly to meet them, barking frantically, pretending not to know them but quickly lapsing into ingratiating poses almost under their feet. I, on the contrary, go quickly into my room and shut the door. I wait a few minutes after I hear her movements through the thin wall, to give her a chance to call a greeting, or, as she sometimes does, to unlock the door on her side and poke her head into the opening. Today she does neither—you never know with Larissa Andreyevna—and I don't want to seem eager to greet her, especially as I'm not a bit, really. Still, I can't resist calling out, "That you, Larissa Andreyevna?" as if merely checking on an unidentified noise.

They are a fine-looking couple, my landlady and her husband, youngish, by which I mean around fifty. She, blue-eyed, fair-haired, with a fresh complexion, good teeth, and fine limbs, not a touch of middle-aged thickness anywhere. A knack of dressing that stops just short of style. If only I could carry her image when she is out of sight. It makes me quite ashamed that I never recognize her if I meet her outside her own terrain. Even in the garden she can make a stranger of herself by simply binding a colored kerchief over her hair or getting into slacks. Her face is a palimpsest that seems only just to have been wiped off to receive fresh marks, the imperfect blank through which the faces of innumerable other women show. Not that I ever take her for anybody else; I just don't know her.

Her husband, on the other hand, is always himself, whether the discreet civil servant in dark clothes or the suburban proprietor in faded blue jeans—always urbane and mellow, always Sergei Mihailovich. His large melancholy face and domed head might seem top-heavy on a less massive frame. His eyes are pouched like a mastiff's, but their glance is so compelling that it is some time before you notice the thick dark nose and sunken mouth. When addressed, he stops whatever he is doing and turns his whole countenance upon you with an air of indescribable benevolence, even a touch of gallantry if it is a woman—above all, of sympathy, whoever it is. He cocks one eyebrow at me over his hands, folded on the haft of his spade, and I feel at last I have been understood. Em's severe expression melts away beneath that glance; I have seen her look positively arch in response to it. Sergei Mihailovich himself never speaks unless he is spoken to, and not always then. Is it a pail of kitchen stuff you are not sure where to empty? Sergei Mihailovich will straighten himself at your approach, direct that ineffable glance at your face, and jerk a seignorial thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the compost. If there is a nail sticking out of the sole of my shoe, Sergei Mihailovich will lay down trowel or hoe without a word and will bear the shoe to the tool shed, give three sharp taps with a hammer while I stand leaning against the trunk of a cherry tree on one foot, and return it with a gesture that is, upon my word, chivalrous. Has a fuse blown? Does a can





"Inca dinka doo . . ."

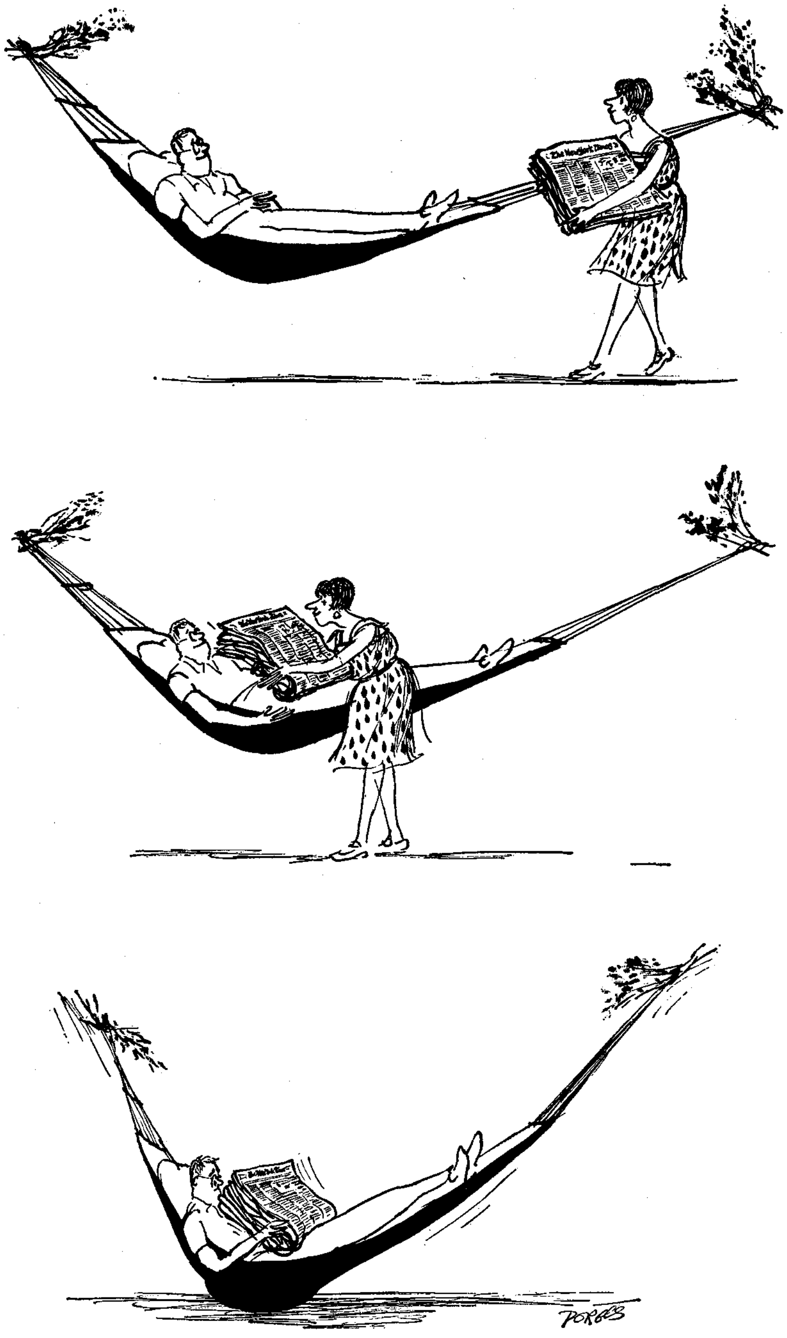
• •

need opening? I appeal to Sergei Mihailovich, comfortably sure that the pleasure will be his. If the tables are turned and it is I who offer a neighborly service, Sergei Mihailovich will not waste words on superfluous expressions of gratitude. Once, I popped my head out of the window to shout to him that I could hear something boiling very hard on their kero-gas, and he only bent his nobly shaped head toward me as he strode past my window. Sometimes he *has* to answer a direct question, and then the Russian language favors his taciturnity by providing one-word replies less brusque than a bare yes or no. To the inquiry "Has the postman been?" "Been" gives complete satisfaction; if you ask a gardener, "May I have a pound of strawberries?," "May" is civil assent. And nobody exploits this convenience so skillfully as Sergei Mihailovich. Only once did he show himself at a loss, and that was when I called him from tying up tomatoes to come and inspect Anton in his pram. He came up with his usual alacrity, glanced swiftly at the imperturbable infantile mask, nodded, smiled, since something was obviously expected of him, and hurried back to his tomatoes with obvious relief.

Larissa Andreyevna can be voluble when the spirit moves her, and she always knows the password. I have lived in her house for ten consecutive summers, in close propinquity for two days every week and for a whole month every year when she gets her vacation, I am as familiar with the whir of her sewing machine as she must be with the clack of my typewriter, she knows when I wash and when I don't wash because I have to borrow her tub, and I know she dyes her hair because she does it in the yard. Yet we both shrink instinctively from intimacy, seldom borrowing so much as a cup or a postage stamp, or asking one another the most trifling favor. We meet, greet, chat about the weather or the flower beds; in her month of vacation there have been hour-long talks when we have divulged to one another the tale of our births, deaths, and marriages, but Larissa Andreyevna's curiosity, though immense, is easily satisfied by a table of contents, and I am still longing to know what is behind her smiles and manifold masks.

Sunday wasn't the kind of morning when daylight streams into the house the moment you open the door. The air was like a wall, and if it was not actually raining it had obviously only just stopped and would begin again very soon. But the indefatigable pair are working hard among the fruit trees and flower beds, heaping earth round the roots of an arthritic apple tree from which, last week, they had meticulously swept their natural covering of fallen leaves. Why, I wonder. Larissa Andreyevna, at her best in drab slacks and a turtleneck sweater, is digging up strawberry plants and resetting them in sparse, doleful rows. She looks up to greet me with a loud patronizing "*Good* morning!," flashing at me two rows of strong teeth as white and intimidating as Mr. Carker's own. I respond with a feeble imitation of her accents, but I keep my teeth to myself. Sergei Mihailovich is winding cord round a bandaged sapling. Him I have a compulsion to greet, so I say something about the sun's having been unable to keep its promise, just to collect his slow, kind smile, his kind, deep look. "Unable," says Sergei Mihailovich, all mellow benevolence. He waits till I have quite passed him to return to his winding.

The privy stands up tall like a sentry box between the mound of compost and



a deep pool scooped out of the soil twenty-five years ago by a German bomb; the pool never seems to dry up and never scums over, and the proprietors use it as a most convenient reservoir for watering their strawberries and tomatoes. The compost is now covered with the sweepings of the garden and dead leaves, all the horrid contents of kitchen buckets out of sight; ubiquitous morning-glory has rooted itself on the ridge at the far end and begun to climb up the privy wall.

Tyapa has a go at a rat's tail hanging out of the compost; he has been trying to reach it every morning for the past week, but cannot get a foothold—the very lightness of the piled leaves defeats him. Husband and wife have moved tactfully to the other side of the garden, because the knob has fallen off the bolt on the door and you can't quite close it. The garden looks sadder and shabbier without their busy presences; the few asters and dahlias, which droop like floor mops over a tangle of undergrowth, are mournful rather than cheerful, and no birds sing. There is nothing to sing about. "Alone," "forlorn" seemed the very words for the garden and for me. But when, with fingers as stiff as its hinges, I pulled at the door, the candy-striped countenances of three morning-glories nodded at me from the dark interior, turning its darkness into light.

On my way back to the house, I stopped for a moment to listen to a few wild notes flung on the damp air. An unwise thrush, I thought pityingly; why wasn't it in Pakistan long ago? The notes were repeated, loud, unmodulated—only a boy whistling in the road.

But my heart leaped up a little, and all through the day I kept remembering the morning-glories. I knew they would have dropped and dwindled by the next day—the flower of the convolvulus has no morrow—but I had counted *nine pointed buds on the* spray; with a few rays of sunshine to filter through the badly aligned planks, they would last out my last days at the dacha. Every time I came upon my landlady or her husband, I wondered if they had noticed the bright visitors, but nothing was said till, no longer able to contain myself, I asked Sergei Mihailovich, who was snipping at a few twigs and sprouts on a cherry tree he had overlooked in the morning, if he had seen them.

He straightened himself as usual and looked into my eyes. "Seen."

And the next time I went down the garden path, I opened the privy door on darkness and desolation. I put my fingers into a chink between the boards and brought away an inch of pale green stem, which had evidently been neatly clipped off on either side. Only then I remembered how the clicking had fallen silent when I passed Sergei Mihailovich, and knew that it was I who had betrayed the convolvulus to those hungry blades. Oh, the female tongue, ever ready to tell its love! Love that never told should be.

I didn't see either of them again till Sergei Mihailovich came out of the house in the evening, dressed for town, leaving the door open for his wife, who was still inside. "Sergei Mihailovich," I said, "why did you destroy the convolvulus? It was company for me." In my agitation I used the English name (the Russians adapt the Latin name and call the plant "the winder"), but he understood me, being a gardener. Again the courteous bend of the head, the faint smile, the quizzically cocked eyebrow, the deep, deep look. The whole bag of tricks. But it didn't work any longer. I felt as I suppose Jonah felt when the Lord first prepared a gourd for a shadow for his *head but the next morning sent a worm* to smite the gourd so that it withered, after which he calmly asked Jonah, "Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd?" Like Jonah I could have answered, "I do well to be angry, even unto death."

Larissa Andreyevna, coming out of the house, repeated reproachfully, bolting and barring the door behind her, "It was company for her." And smiled at me warmly. The first time ever.

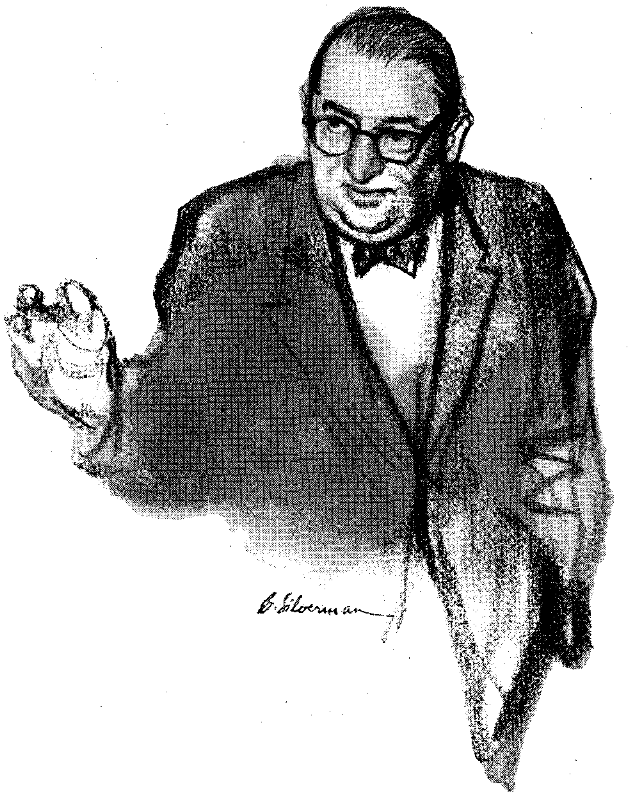
"Why did he do it?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Ask him. *Dosvidanya*, Ivy Walterovna!"

—Ivy Litvinov

PROFILES

THE VERY RICH HOURS OF JOE LEVINE



JANUARY: The signing, when it came at last, was a marvel of solemn and ritualistic gesture. First Joseph E. Levine signed, and then Marcello Mastroianni and his associates, each one sitting down at the long, ornately carved Renaissance table in the Presidential Suite of Rome's Excelsior Hotel, each one flanked by lawyers—there must have been thirty lawyers present, most of them sleek young men dressed Roman style, in dark suits, white shirts with long collar points, and silvery ties; at one stage during the tense and delicate negotiations, Levine had looked around in some bewilderment at all the lawyers and said to Leonard Lightstone, his top executive, his right arm, "For God's sake, Lennie, which ones are ours?"—and afterward each copy of the agreement had to be countersigned by witnesses, and notarized, and stamped, and sealed, just as though it were legally binding. Actually, of course, there were so many loopholes and escape hatches that the document had about the same significance as one of those verbal agreements that Sam Goldwyn used to say were not worth the paper they were printed on. "We are here to sign what we laughingly call an agreement to make an agreement," Levine had said earlier in the day.

When the final signature had been affixed, there was a burst of applause and cheering, and then, on cue, the room began to fill with newcomers—waiters bearing trays of Dom Pérignon and hors d'oeuvres, producers, writers, agents, hangers-on, total strangers. Federico Fellini was there, wrapping Levine in a bear hug and simultaneously shaking hands with Lightstone. Monica Vitti was there. All the trade reporters were there. Everybody in Rome, it seemed, had suddenly shown up to help celebrate the signing of this three-picture deal between Levine and Mastroianni, the twin saviors (some said executioners) of the Italian film industry.

Mastroianni, his dark hair plastered flat and parted in the middle for his current role as Rudolph Valentino in the play "Ciao, Rudy," stood by the French doors at the far end of the room, talking quietly with Eduardo de Filippo, who was going to direct the first of the three pictures. In spite of his hair, Mastroianni had contrived to look positively British; he wore a heavy brown tweed suit with a matching vest, which made him perhaps the only man present, aside from Levine, who was not suffering from the room's damp chill. De Filippo looked numb with cold. A thin, rather gaunt man with a gray mustache, dressed sombrely in dark gray, he had either forgotten or been unaware of Levine's well-known vendetta against steam heat. Levine knew him to be a genius, of course—one of Italy's best-known playwrights and stage directors—and the film he was going to direct had been adapted from his own stage comedy hit "Le Voci di Dentro" ("The Voices Within," which was to be given the somewhat more arresting new title of "Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand"), but de Filippo was essentially a stage director, and he had had relatively little experience with films. For that matter, the people running Master Films, Mastroianni's newly formed producing company, were perhaps not quite as experienced as Levine would have liked. And then this new magazine-cover girl—the one who had turned up at the last moment and demanded top billing even though she had never even been seen in a film before. Raquel Welch. Lightstone thought that it might be good for the picture to have Mastroianni paired with a new name, but still . . . Levine moved over to the balcony for some fresh air.

There was a momentary lowering of voices as he crossed the room. Levine, five feet four inches tall, two hundred pounds and then some, invariably clothed in black, commands attention in any company. He threw open the French doors, and Mastroianni and de Filippo turned to see where the new draft was coming from. "Hey, Marcello!" Levine said, raising one arm high in salutation. Mastroianni returned the salute gaily, giving it an Italianate flourish. Levine stepped out onto the balcony and, with his arm still raised, made as though to address a great multitude. "*Popolo!*" he said. "*Mio popolo!*" His hoarse and rather high-pitched voice was lost in the din of Rome's rush-hour traffic.

The balcony overlooked a broad expanse of the Via Veneto. Levine could see the café tables at Doney's—crowded as always at that hour, despite the wintry air and the leaden, dripping sky—where he used to make all his deals in the bad old days. It was only eight years ago that he had signed the "Hercules" deal with Titanus—the deal that had started what everyone now referred to as Joe Levine's meteoric rise. Eight fat years, after fifty-two lean ones. It had been an uphill struggle all the way. Up from Billerica Street, in the slums of Boston, where he had spent his miserable childhood hustling pennies to help support his once-widowed and once-abandoned mother—selling papers, shining shoes, carrying people's luggage, anything—quitting school for good at the age of fourteen to work full time in a dress factory; up from Le Vine's, the basement dress shop that he and two of his brothers had started, where they got their stock on consignment and thought up a new selling gimmick every week; up from driving an ambulance and manufacturing statues of Daddy Grace,

"I thought pheasants didn't begin until October."

• •

the Negro evangelist; up from the Café Wonderbar, in the Back Bay section of Boston, which he had left when he married Rosalie Harrison, the pretty blond vocalist with Rudy Vallée's band, because Rosalie said she wouldn't marry a man in the restaurant business; up from being a small-time theatre owner and film distributor in New England; up, up, up to that epochal moment in Rome when he bought the United States and Canadian distribution rights to "Hercules" for a hundred and twenty thousand dollars after it had been turned down by all the major film companies, and then proceeded to promote it into a six-million-dollar bonanza. The "Hercules" promotion was a certified show-business legend. At a time of crisis in the film industry, when the heads of the great Hollywood studios sat cowering in their vasty offices, paralyzed with fear of television and what it had already done to the box office, one man—one hungry independent—had gambled a million five hundred thousand dollars (good Boston dollars, borrowed from the Pilgrim Trust) to promote a film and had proved to everyone that the picture business was not dead after all. He had even spent two hundred and fifty thousand of these dollars for announcements on television itself, with some of the best action shots of the film splashed right across the home screen. The rest had gone for newspaper advertising, personal appearances, retail tie-ins, and all the other classic hard-sell methods, plus a huge outlay for prints, so that, after a forty-thousand-dollar "explodation" banquet for twelve hundred exhibitors and journalists at the Waldorf-Astoria, he had been able to open the picture simultaneously at six hundred and twenty-four movie houses across the country—a saturation booking on a scale never before attempted by anybody for anything. It had paid off, but then how could it have failed? The picture had everything—violent action, blood, sex, and Steve Reeves, whose abundant and well-oiled musculature appealed not only to certain women but to certain men as well. (Bill Doll, the master publicist who worked with Levine on the "Hercules" promotion, had scouted the beefcake magazines that newsdealers sometimes carry hidden away beneath the counter, and had placed "Hercules" ads in thirty-six of them.) "Hercules" had made six million dollars from theatre and television rentals, and it had put Joseph E. Levine into the international big time. Ever since then, it had been up from "Hercules."

Since 1958, Levine had had a hand

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In lavish new cases...luscious new colors.

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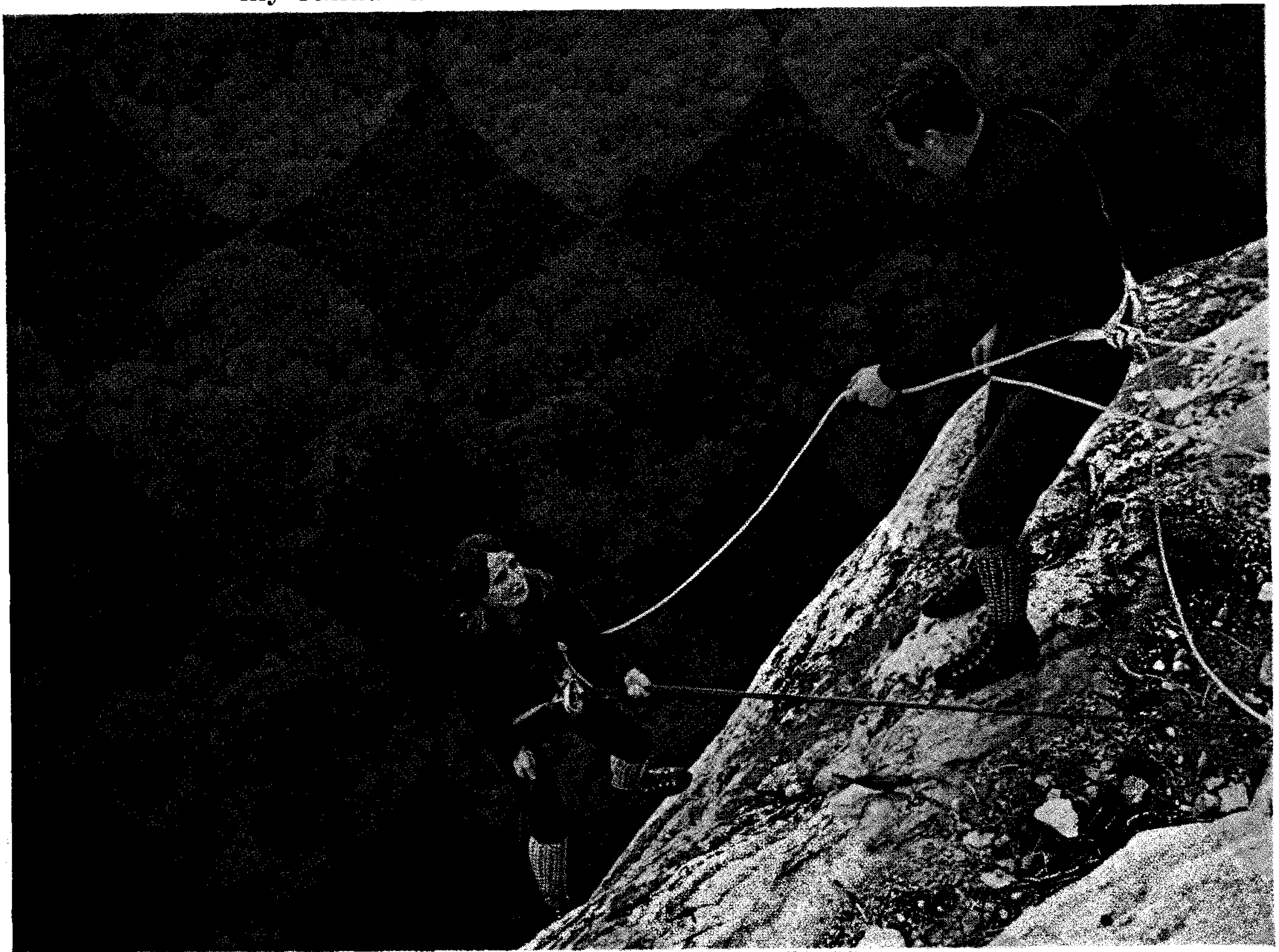
DESERT INN
and Country Club, Las Vegas, Nevada

in a hundred and fifty Italian pictures in all, among them "Two Women," "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow," "Divorce—Italian Style," "Marriage—Italian Style," "8½," "The Easy Life," and, most recently, "The 10th Victim." Admittedly, he had had relatively little to do with the actual production of some of these pictures, since in several cases his company, Embassy Pictures Corporation, simply bought the United States and Canadian distribution rights to the already completed film. Embassy owns no production equipment—not so much as a movie camera—and Levine plans to keep it that way. But Levine had negotiated the distribution deals and had promoted the pictures, and Levine's promotion tactics, it was generally agreed, had had a lot to do with the success of the films. Take, for example, De Sica's "Two Women." Levine came to Rome in the winter of 1960, and Carlo Ponti, the Italian producer, invited him to have a look at some rushes of his latest film, which De Sica was directing. At first, Levine hesitated—he was angry with Ponti over some deal that had gone sour. But he remembered what his old friend Ben Kalmenson, president of Warner Brothers, had once said to him—that "in this business you can't afford to hate anybody"—and so he went, after all, to look at the rushes with Ponti. He saw a three-minute scene in which Sophia Loren and Eleanora Brown, playing her daughter, were raped in a church by Moroccan troops, and right then and there he told Ponti that Sophia Loren was going to win the Academy Award for her performance. He bought the United States distribution rights and returned to New York with an eight-by-ten photograph showing Miss Loren, her dress ripped, kneeling in the dirt and weeping with rage and grief, and he made that the basis of a promotion campaign that culminated in a two-page ad in the New York *Times*—the first time anybody had taken a two-page ad in a newspaper for an art film. Levine, everybody agreed, had *nursed* that picture. All the time it was doing capacity business at the art houses in the big cities, he waged a subsidiary campaign for Miss Loren within the film industry, seeing to it that the picture was screened in every city where a member of the Academy Award jury lived, placing promotional copy in the trade press, building up by gradual degrees to the great moment when Sophia did in fact win the 1961 Academy Award for Best Actress (the first time this award had been given for a performance in a foreign-language

Do I really have to do
this sort of thing to earn
my Canadian Club?

Yes.



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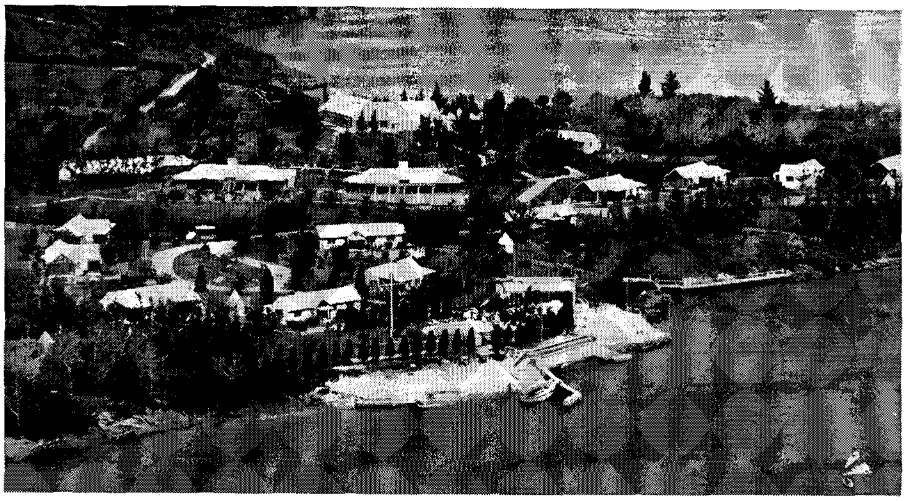
film), whereupon Levine released the picture for saturation booking on the commercial circuit and made a tidy fortune for all concerned. The success of "Two Women" revolutionized the art-film business. Until then, art films had been thought to have a small, coterie audience, and art-film theatres were known in the trade as "sure seaters," because you could always be sure of getting a seat at any performance. "Two Women" proved that art films could appeal to the mass audience as well, and the large-scale importation of foreign features by United States exhibitors really dates from Levine's "Two Women" campaign.

Levine breathed deeply on his balcony, inhaling and embracing Rome. The Rome he embraced was a somewhat limited one, consisting essentially of the Excelsior Hotel, the Via Veneto as far as Samo's, an expensive shoe store where he bought all his shoes (maybe tomorrow there would be a chance to drop by Samo's), and the Cinecittà Studios, in the hills south of town, but the embrace was heartfelt and ardent for all that, and it was reciprocated. Levine held the Order of Merit of the Republic of Italy in the grade of Cavaliere Ufficiale, awarded to him in 1960 for his services to the Italian film industry, and just the other day he had heard that he was going to be made a Commendatore in the same order. The Joe Levine who used to do his business at the tables at Doney's had become a famous figure in this city—a man whose arrivals were always announced in advance in the Rome *Daily American* (one year he had come to Rome thirteen times), a man who was recognized by every bellhop and waiter and elevator man in the Excelsior, a man whose leavetakings were observed by dozens of hotel employees, who lined up in the lobby to receive his unfailing largesse. And now here he was, in January, 1966, signing up the biggest male star in Italy for three major pictures, and next week he hoped to close a similar deal with Vittorio De Sica, and even that was only a part of his whole international operation. When you added in the deals made or pending in London, in Paris, in New York, and in Hollywood, you came up with something like sixty-one Embassy pictures in some stage of production or discussion. Not all of them would get made, of course, but still, sixty-one pictures . . .

It was going to be a very big year.

FEBRUARY: Shortly before three o'clock on the afternoon of the fifteenth, Mr. Joseph E. Levine was pass-



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Are these five special Bermuda resorts really more congenial? Yes. Like friendly private clubs.

There are certain Bermuda resorts that have a special something, quite unique among resorts anywhere in the world.

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ing through the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel, in Los Angeles. With him were Mr. Earl Wilson, the columnist, and Mr. Mike Hall, the column crasher. People in Mr. Hall's profession, which is to provide the gossip columnists with information about clients, are usually referred to as "planters," but Mr. Hall, a short, nattily dressed man in his early forties, prefers the term "crasher," and has it inscribed on his business card. The three men had just come from a press luncheon in the hotel dining room at which Levine had announced a recently concluded agreement with the Messrs. Vittorio De Sica, Arthur Cohn, and Cesare Zavattini for the production of three motion pictures in Europe—each picture to be directed by De Sica, written by Zavattini, and produced by Cohn. (Cohn, a Swiss independent producer whose best-known previous film was an award-winning documentary called "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," would be the working producer, as distinguished from Levine's title of executive producer.) The first, called "Woman Times Seven," would start filming in Paris in the fall. As Levine and Wilson and Hall were crossing the lobby of the hotel, they were stopped in mid-stride by a woman of mature years, well dressed and suitably hatted, who carried in her gloved hand a small spiral notebook. "Mr. Levine," she said, smiling tentatively and holding out her notebook, "would you mind . . . ?"

For the briefest of moments, a look of blank incomprehension clouded Levine's deeply suntanned features. This had never happened to him before. Then, with a grunt, he accepted the notebook, signed his name in it, and moved on. Outside the hotel, while the doorman signalled for his car, Levine, with a rather sheepish half smile, looked from one of his companions to the other. "Did you set that up, Earl?" he asked.

Wilson, who rarely smiles, or even half smiles, shook his head.

"That was on the level, Joe," Mike Hall said gravely.

"It wasn't a plant?" Levine demanded.

Both men shook their heads.

"The picture business gets stranger every day," Levine said.

MARCH: Stranger in many ways, particularly financial. In March, for instance, Levine money seemed to be flowing in every direction.

Item: Levine sold his 25,100 shares of stock in Paramount Pictures (at the time, Paramount was selling at around

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Here's what the Hasselblad System consists of. Firstly, the 500C, the standard camera in the system^{A}. It accepts all seven lenses available for the Hasselblad, and is a single lens reflex viewing camera. The 500C always shows you exactly how your final picture will turn out on the ground glass screen, in the same way a view camera does. This allows you to concentrate on the setting up and composition of your picture, no matter what lens or accessories you are using on the camera.

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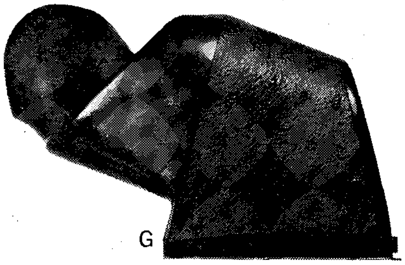


The superb optics of the lens assures perfect distortion-free horizontal and vertical delineation, with sharpness of image from corner to corner of the negative area, even at full aperture. Depth of field at an aperture of f/22 is from 26 inches to infinity.

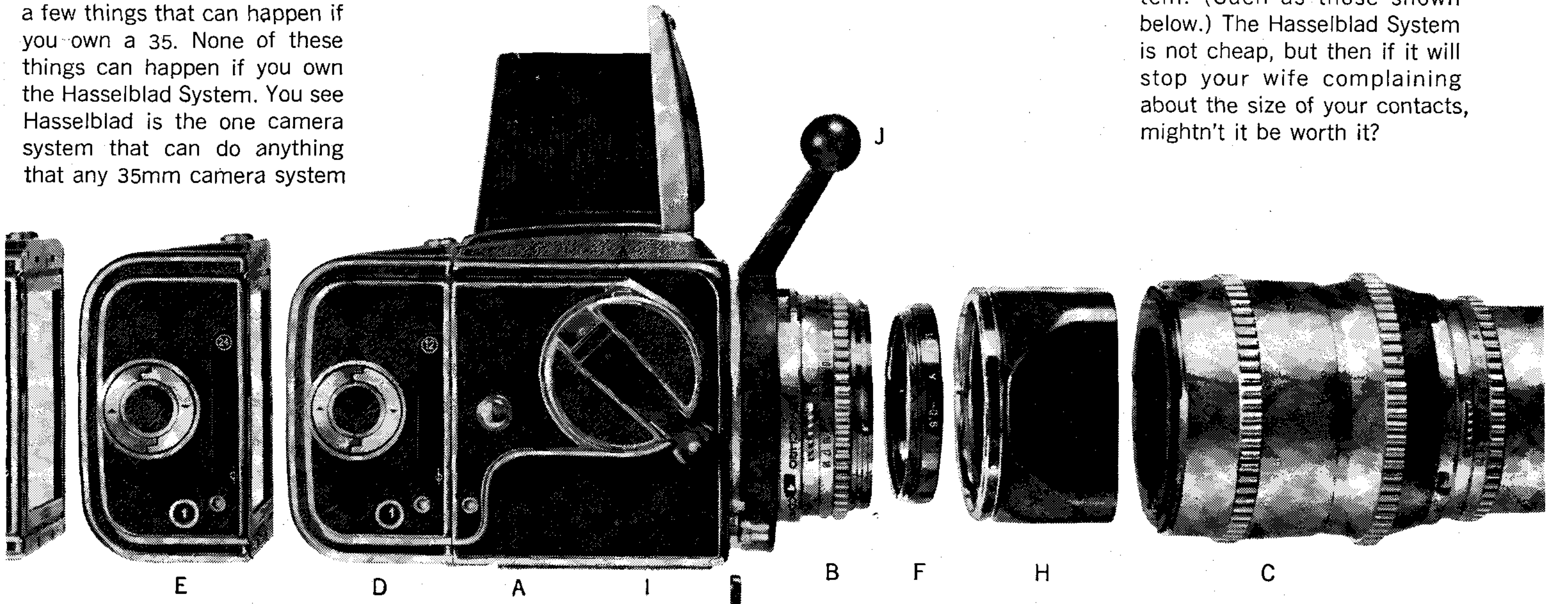
The newest camera in the Hasselblad System is the electrically driven Hasselblad 500EL. This camera automatically advances the film and cocks the shutter, allowing a rapid series of exposures to be made, either by use of the camera release or long release cords, timer or remote radio control. The 500EL accepts all the lenses and most accessories available for the 500C. Obviously one of the advantages of this camera is that the photographer is freed from the actual mechanics of picture taking and can, therefore, devote himself completely to the subject.

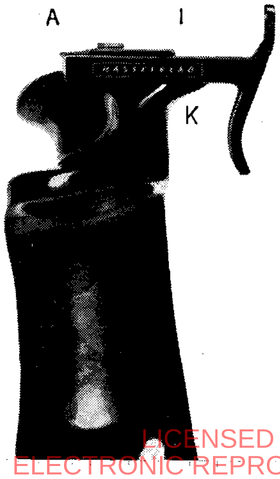
The use of the 500EL with the Hasselblad 70mm film magazine, (up to 70 exposures on cassette loaded 70mm film) allows the photographer, working on a job where a large number of exposures are required, to handle his work load much more quickly and efficiently.

Five different instantly interchangeable film magazines are available. These magazines allow the photographer to make 12 or 16 exposures on 120 film^{D}, 24 exposures on 220 film^{E} and 70 exposures on 70mm film. The magazines also allow the choice of 3 formats, (2¼ square, 2¼ X 1⅝, 1⅝ X 1⅝). This allows not only for speed of operation, but the convenience of being able to change either film type or format in mid-roll.

Completing the system is a huge range of accessories that includes extension tubes and bellows extensions for close up work, filters^{F}, transparency copy holders, cut film backs, eye level prism finders^{G}, sports view finders, sun shades^{H}, rapid winding crank^{I}, quick focusing handles^{J}, grips^{K}, underwater housings, ring lights, tripod quick coupling, microscope attachments and carrying cases.

We are not suggesting that you need the entire system all at once. But we do believe that the quality of your photography, and the pleasure that you get out of it, can be increased many times over when you own a small part of the Hasselblad System. (Such as those shown below.) The Hasselblad System is not cheap, but then if it will stop your wife complaining about the size of your contacts, mightn't it be worth it?





There are seven Carl Zeiss lenses in the Hasselblad System, 40, 50, 80^{B}, 120, 150, 250^{C} and 500mm. Each lens has a built in Synchro Compur shutter, with automatic stopping down at the moment of exposure and manual preview for depth of field checks. Every lens has both M and X synchronization allowing the use of flash and strobe at all speeds up to 1/500th of a second.

This description of the Hasselblad System has been necessarily brief. If you would like a Hasselblad catalogue or further literature or if you have a specific technical inquiry, write to Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Rd., Linden, N.J. 07036

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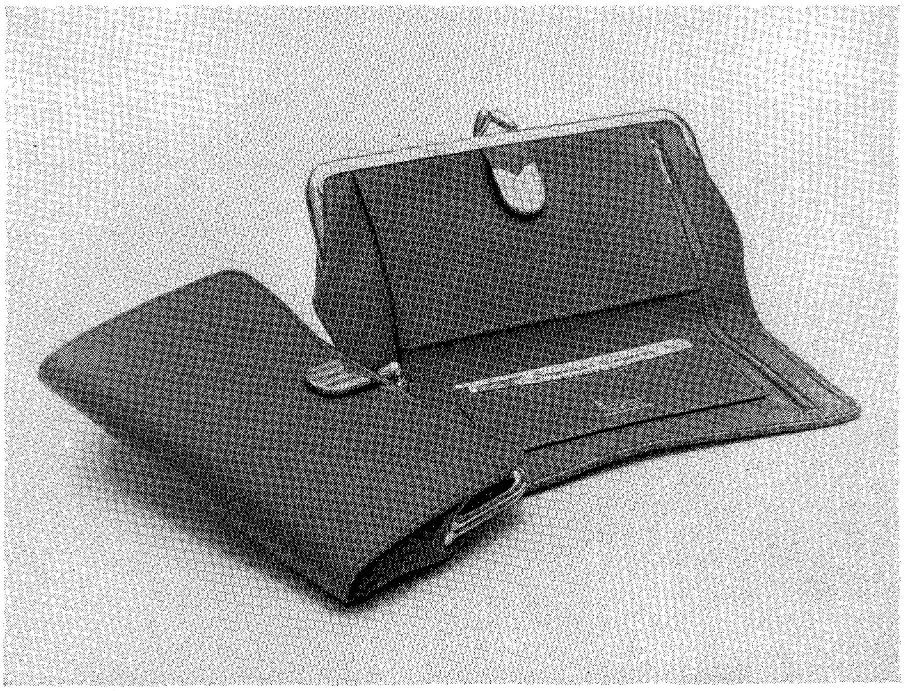

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seventy dollars a share), thus scotching rumors of an imminent Embassy-Paramount merger. The persistent merger talk stemmed from a remarkable 1965 contract under which Embassy was to make fifteen pictures for Paramount, in addition to eight already made under a previous contract, with Paramount underwriting all costs, paying Levine a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar producer's fee on each film, and sharing all profits equally with him after having recouped its expenses. In selling out his Paramount stock—and soon afterward his 45,100 shares of M-G-M as well, at somewhere around fifty dollars a share—Levine let it be known that he was clearing the decks preparatory to going public with his own company in the fall. (He has not done so yet, mainly because the stock-market auguries were not propitious. Embassy remains a wholly Levine-owned firm, but new rumors abound—the latest being that Levine plans to get out of the distributing business entirely and just make pictures.)

Item: Levine announced that he was charging no fee at all for distributing the United States Information Agency documentary about President Kennedy, "Years of Lightning, Day of Drums," for which he was then planning the première, at the Lincoln Art Theatre, in New York, on April 10th. ("I originally planned to stage a thousand-dollar-a-head opening gala, but I changed my mind. I realized that this is a people's movie, and so I've decided to invite the people. All seats will be sold at box-office prices on a first-come-first-served basis.") Profits from the film's showing on the commercial circuit would go to the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Levine said that Embassy would recoup its direct advertising expenses, the cost of the prints, and also the hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar production costs that it advanced to the U.S.I.A., but he hotly denied that his firm would make any profit from the film. "We're going to lose money on this picture," he said. "There are absolutely no angles. And the better we do with it, the more we'll lose, because of the added distribution costs. But so what? It's one of the greatest motion-picture experiences of my lifetime—maybe *the* greatest."

Item: Although Levine took a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar beating as co-producer of David Susskind's ill-fated musical "Kelly" in 1965 (it closed after one performance on Broadway, for a total loss to its backers of five hundred thousand dollars—"the

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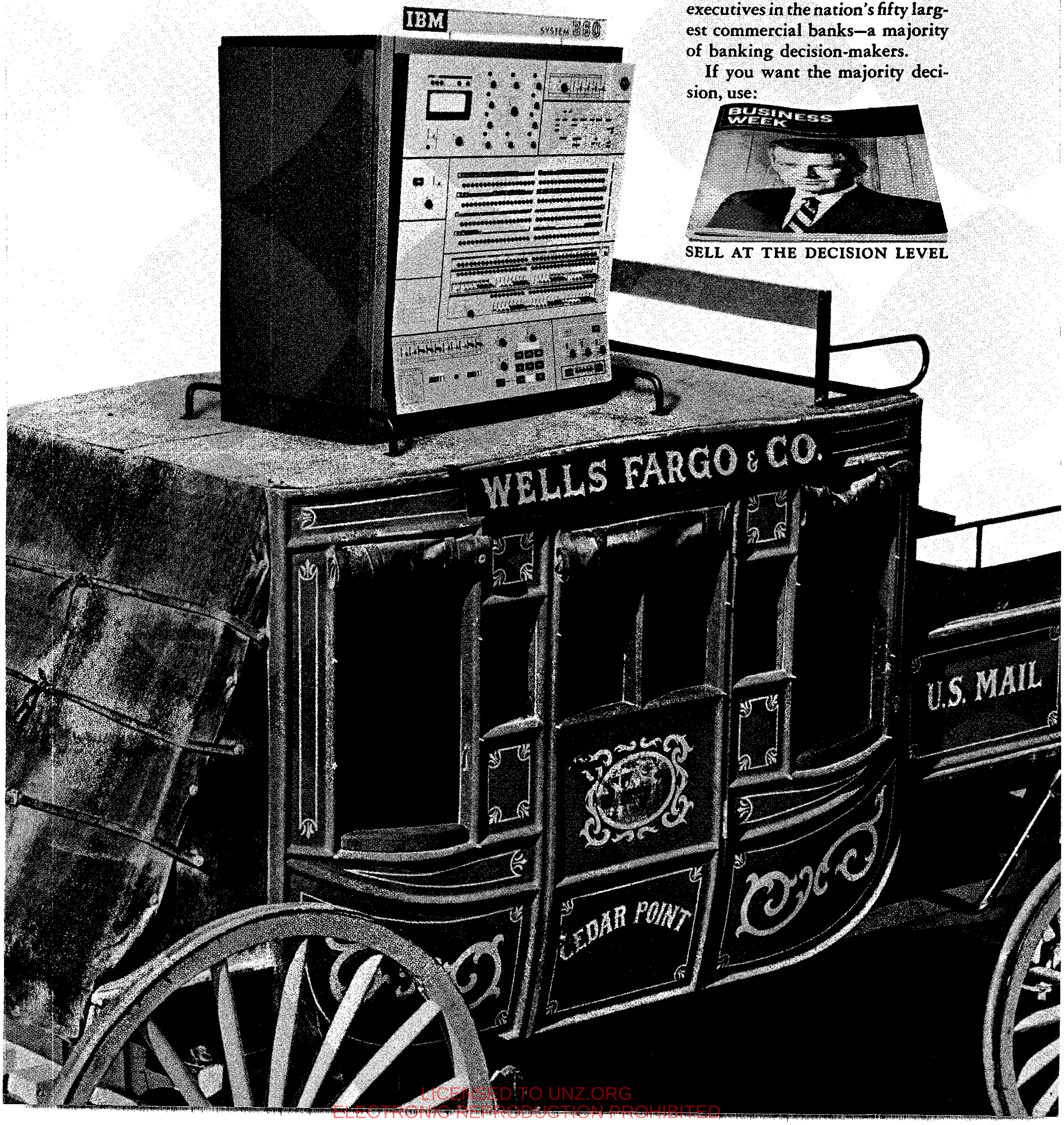

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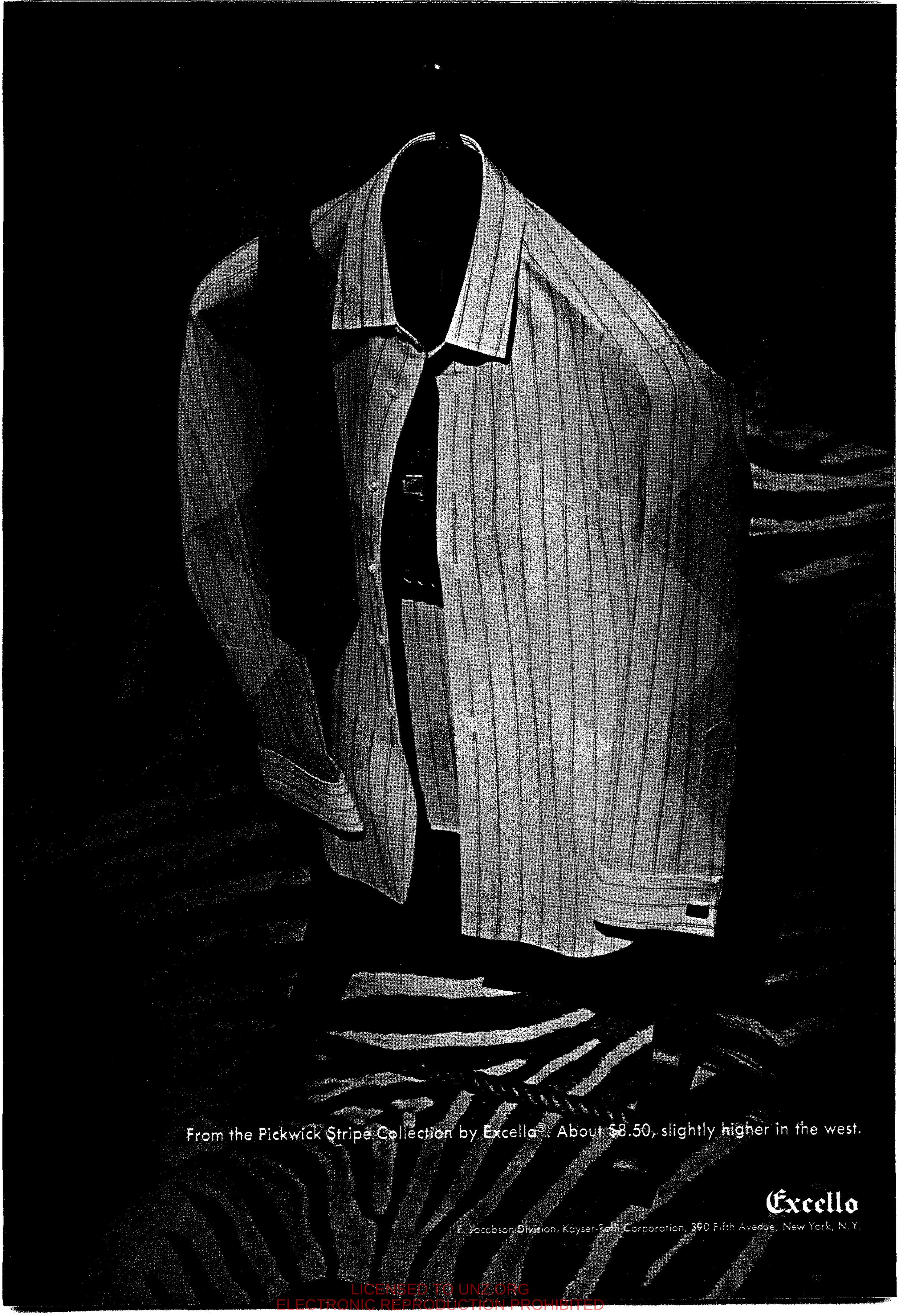

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most expensive one-night stand in theatre history," Levine described it), he returned undismayed to the Broadway scene this month, via the Establishment Theatre Company, in which he holds a fifty-per-cent interest, along with Ivor David Balding and Peter Cook. The Establishment put up the money for the Broadway production of "The Office," a comedy by Maria Irene Fornes. Elaine May starred in it, and Jerome Robbins directed it and also served as co-producer. It closed during previews and cost Levine a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Item: At a dinner for the Duke of Edinburgh at the Hotel Pierre on March 17th, Levine raised fifty thousand dollars for Variety Clubs International, a charity organization on whose behalf Prince Philip toured the United States in 1966. Fifty dinner guests contributed a thousand dollars each for the privilege of attending. Levine, asked whether he had had difficulty lining up fifty sufficiently well-heeled guests, conceded that it had taken some doing. "The trouble was that the people not only had to give a thousand bucks apiece, they also had to look nice," he said.

APRIL: Seated bolt upright on a small gilt chair in the Oliver Messel Suite of the Dorchester Hotel in London, Levine had the look of a dissolute Buddha. Immobile, his small, slippered feet planted squarely in front of him, his bulk encased in an electric-blue silk dressing gown, he gazed steadily and impassively at Nat Cohen, the managing director of Anglo-Amalgamated Film Distributing, Ltd. Cohen, a rather distinguished-looking Briton with a military manner and an assertive mustache, sat on a long sofa outlining his production plans for "The Diamond Smugglers," a prospective Embassy–Anglo-Amalgamated co-production taken from a work of nonfiction by the late Ian Fleming. One might have thought, seeing Levine's unshaven jowls and his heavy-lidded expression, that perhaps he was not taking in everything that Cohen was saying to him this April afternoon, but one would have been wrong. Although he had been up since seven o'clock and in conference with a succession of callers almost steadily since ten-thirty, Levine was not missing a word. He had been awakened at seven by a long-distance telephone call from Leonard Lightstone in New York. It was 1 A.M. then in New York, and Lightstone was calling to say that Julie Christie had just won the Academy Award for Best Ac-

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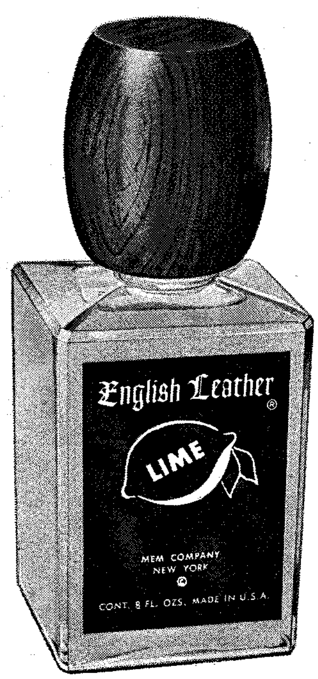

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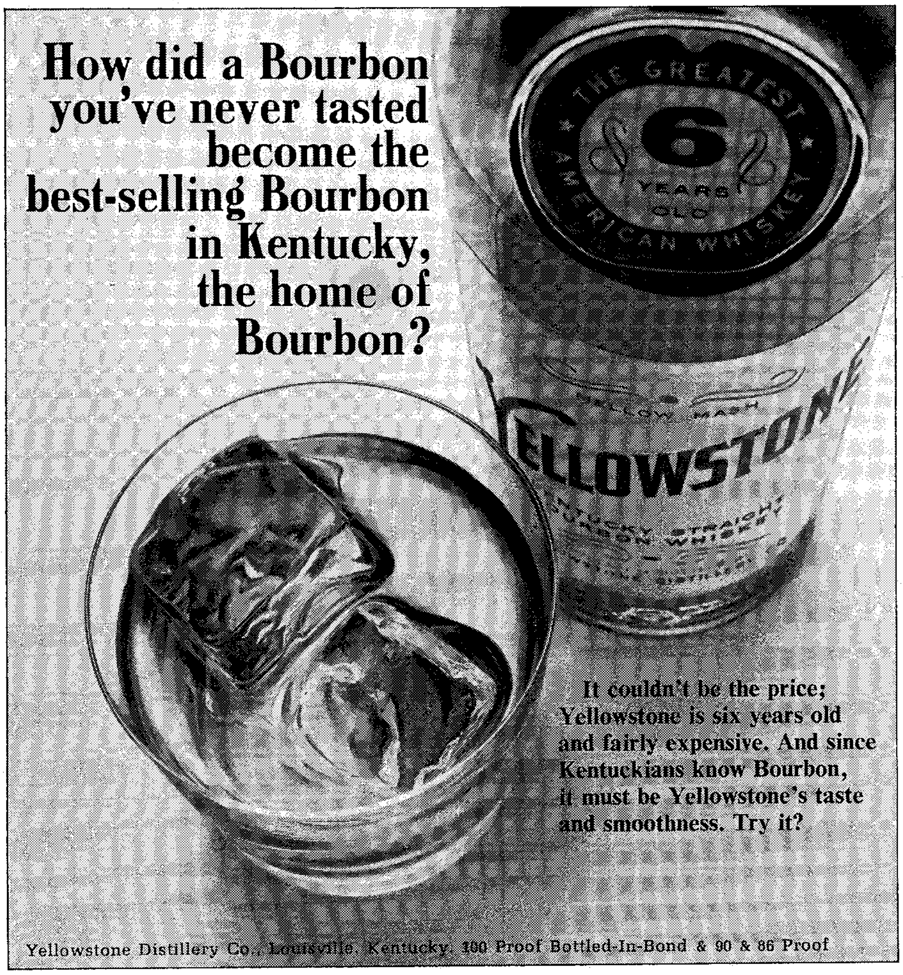
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tress for her performance in "Darling," the film produced in England by Nat Cohen and Joseph Janni, and distributed in the United States by Levine. "Darling" had also won the awards for Best Original Screenplay and Best Black-and-White Costume Design, and Levine and Cohen had spent the first few minutes of their meeting exchanging congratulations. Passing on to current business, Cohen had informed Levine that the script for "The Diamond Smugglers," on which four different writers had so far labored, was still not satisfactory. According to David Deutsch, who was to be the working producer on "The Diamond Smugglers," and who had come to the Dorchester conference with Cohen, they could start shooting on the picture just as soon as they got the revised script.

"When will that be?" Levine asked.

"It's promised by the end of this week," Cohen said.

Levine cleared his throat. "We don't know a damn thing until we see that," he grumbled.

Cohen said they would rush a copy to Levine in New York so that he could read it over the weekend. "Getting back to the production itself," Cohen added, "I'm a bit concerned about Stanley—not as an actor but as a box-office attraction." Cohen was referring to Stanley Baker, a Welsh actor-producer who had played the lead in Levine's 1964 film "Zulu" and who was being considered for the lead in "The Diamond Smugglers."

"If you're counting on him to draw people into the theatres, don't," Levine said. "But remember this—the Bond films won't be sold to TV for five years at least. In three years, we could be the first on television with Fleming. It could be a very big thing."

"For that, though, this picture has to be especially good," Deutsch put in.

"Not necessarily," Levine said. "It doesn't really matter for TV whether it is or not. That's been proved."

Cohen was unconvinced. "Well," he said, "what I think we need is a new face. Stanley's a good actor, but he's been in pictures for ten years and he hasn't made it yet."

"How long was Connery in pictures before he made it?" Levine asked.

"I'm scared stiff of an old face," Cohen said. "All these Nivens and Masons."

"Who is this Flint fellow?" Deutsch inquired.

Levine looked blank. Kenneth Hargreaves, the Embassy representative in London, spoke up from a corner of the room, where he had positioned himself

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to intercept telephone calls. "James Coburn," Hargreaves said. "He was fairly well known on American television before the Flint film."

"I think we should hold off a bit on Stanley," Cohen said. "I think Stanley is a wonderful guy and all that, and we all know his capacities. He's a good, workmanlike actor. If we get a really good script, he could be fine, but—"

"That's the whole point," Levine cut in. "You can't decide anything until you've seen the script. If we don't like it, we'll start over—get a fresh writer, the works."

"I think that's eminently sensible," Deutsch said. "I know the scriptwriters said that if Stanley were to play the part it would involve considerable rewriting—which, of course, could be done."

"Were they writing it for anybody in particular?" Levine asked.

"No—they had a type in mind."

"The Sean Connery type?"

"Not exactly. More lithe."

"More what?"

"Lithe. Catlike. Not so rock-solid."

"Maybe Nureyev should play it," Levine said. "He's certainly catlike." (Levine had just seen a screening of "Romeo and Juliet," the ballet film starring Rudolf Nureyev and Margot Fonteyn and the Royal Ballet, which Embassy was to distribute in the United States.)

The discussion ended in agreement that nothing could be decided until the new script was finished. Levine said that he would probably be in London again within a few weeks but that, if not, Leonard Lightstone would certainly be on hand to hammer out the contracts.

When Cohen and Deutsch had left, Levine gave vent to his irritation. "That was an hour's waste of time," he announced. "Read the script! You can't tell a damn thing without that. They want to talk about budgets and casting and everything, and they haven't even seen the new script. It's that damn English habit of conversation. Things are a lot slower here because of it." He got up and went to open the glass doors to the terrace. The usual downpour was taking place outside. "I must say the weather here is delightful," he said sourly. "One more day and we'll cut our throats."

Twenty minutes later, Levine was back on the gilt chair, gazing without expression at a series of watercolor sketches that had been propped up against the ornate furniture in the sitting room. The sketches showed spaceships in flight, electronic control rooms,

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and weird chambers peopled by men and women in tight-fitting garments. They were the set and costume designs for a film called "The Terrornauts," one of two low-budget science-fiction features being made in London by Max J. Rosenberg for Embassy release. The idea was to give them a quick exposure in a few theatres and then sell them immediately to television. Rosenberg, a frail, middle-aged American producer with a sad comedian's face, stood by the fireplace making comments while William Constable, the rather flamboyantly dressed English art director for "The Terrornauts," spread out his color sketches.

"How much will these two pictures cost?" Levine suddenly demanded.

"The two together will cost two hundred thousand pounds," Rosenberg replied. "It's a very low budget, and we'll shoot both of them in fourteen weeks."

"What about casting?"

"A few ideas. I don't think either one is right for O'Toole." This got a laugh. Levine had been negotiating earlier in the day with Peter O'Toole's agent regarding a high-budget costume drama called "The Story of Will Adam."

"I'm leaving everything up to you, Max," Levine said. "I'll just close my eyes and pray."

"Listen, Joe," Rosenberg said. "If every exploitation picture succeeded, you'd be the richest man in the world. You know that."

"Sure I know it. We invented this business, didn't we?"

"Of course. What's more, we foresaw the bankruptcy of the studio system *and* the coming of the independent producer."

"Fix yourself a drink, Max," Levine said, waving his hand in the direction of a bar cabinet in a corner. Rosenberg said he had just come out of the hospital and was in no shape for drinking. Levine said he was in no shape for drinking, either—not after last night. He had started out the evening by being excruciatingly bored at his own party—a dinner for fifteen hundred people at the Grosvenor House, sponsored and paid for by Joe Levine for the benefit of Variety Clubs International, which was holding its annual convention in London; during it the lady on his right had turned to him and said, "Tell me, Mr. Levine, what is it exactly that you do?" At the first opportunity, as soon as the dancing began, the Levines had slipped away from the party—Levine and Mrs. Levine and Richard, their twenty-year-old son, and Helen Feibelmann, Levine's secretary, who had flown over with them, and Mike Hall, the column crasher, and Stanley Baker and his wife. They had gone to the Colony gambling club, on Berkeley Square, where George Raft was the official host, and where Levine, an enthusiastic and frequently lucky punter, managed to drop seventeen hundred dollars at the crap table. After that, they had done a little eating and drinking in the Colony's restaurant, and Levine had performed several of his restaurant tricks, causing silverware, ashtrays, and English coins to adhere mysteriously to his broad forehead when he slapped them against it, and then fall, when he blinked, into the breast pocket of his suit. Levine had tried the crap table once again and had dropped another hundred or so, and finally, at about two-thirty, they had gone back to the Dorchester, where Levine was awakened by Lightstone's call from New York. The telephone had been ringing more or less steadily ever since. Miss Christie had sent a message of everlasting gratitude, and Bill Chaikin, Levine's Hollywood man, had called to say that Julie was being fairly coöperative after all, and Lightstone had called again to discuss Embassy's new exploitation campaign for "Darling," and some nitwit operator had called twice to speak to "Irving R. Levine" and, when Levine had told her his name, had said, "Well, would you take the call anyway?" What with the telephone, and all the people who wanted to see him in London, and only four hours' sleep, and a bad stomach, Levine was not feeling exactly tip-top, in spite of the good news about the Academy Awards.

It was decided that a cup of tea would be restorative. Hargreaves summoned the room waiter, who appeared almost instantly, wheeling in a table laden with tea, coffee, watercress sandwiches, and little cakes of all kinds. Levine took a cup of tea but

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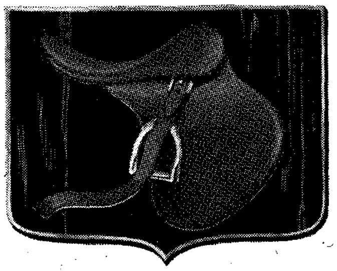

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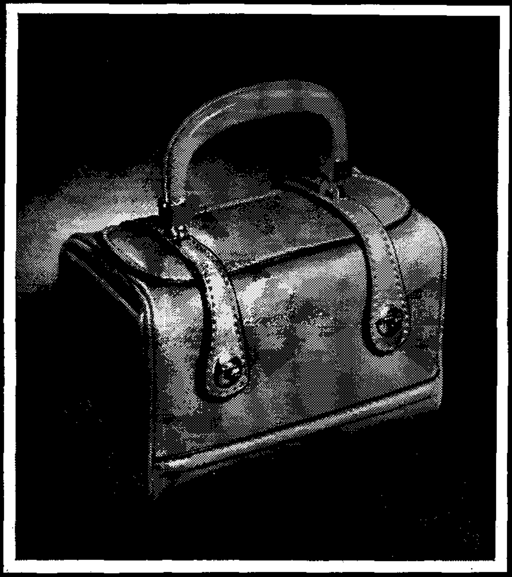

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resisted the pastry. He was still sitting on the edge of the gilt chair. "Well," he said at length, "we can all look for some cozy money on 'Darling.' "

"How much of a difference will it make to the picture, Joe?" Hargreaves asked.

"Not less than three-quarters of a million."

"As much as that, really?"

"You got to be in the theatres, which we are. The picture is playing in three hundred and ninety theatres right now. We're on the R.K.O. circuit with 'Darling' and 'The 10th Victim,' and Bobby Weston and the boys in New York are working to get it on a double bill with 'Cat Ballou,' so they can advertise 'Best Actress and Best Actor.' " Lee Marvin had won the year's Best Actor award for his performance in "Cat Ballou." "Everybody's crying for the picture now, of course. And Columbia and Fox and I don't know how many others turned it down because they didn't think they could get it by the censors. We paid nine hundred thousand dollars for it. We spent four hundred thousand promoting it, and for a while it looked like a million three down the drain. The picture didn't do anything in the first couple of months to justify that kind of outlay. Well, we were proved right."

"I hear Julie cried and cried when they gave it to her," Rosenberg observed.

"That was a surprise," Levine said. "The last time I talked with her, she couldn't have cared less about the awards. We flew her over there from London, paid all her expenses, rented her a bungalow, and then she announced she wasn't going to give any interviews. You might have thought she was doing us a big favor by going."

"It doesn't take them very long," Hargreaves said.

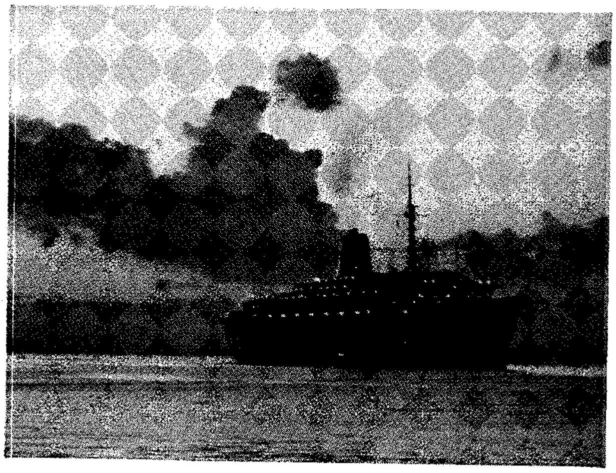
Levine nodded. "You know what this means to her?" he said. "She can get half a million for a picture now, as against— What was it she got for 'Darling'?"

"Seventy-five hundred," Hargreaves said.

"When Sophia won her Oscar for 'Two Women,' " Levine said, "she was making three hundred and fifty thousand a picture, and from then on she could ask a million. Unless Sophia acts in Italian movies, though, she'll never win another Oscar. The pictures she makes for American or English directors are no good."

"Has she ever made a good movie

4 out of 5 of the In places to eat Out are always on the go



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Once there, look for, ask for, if necessary even wait for, the woman who specializes in Alexandra de Markoff cosmetics.

This is important.

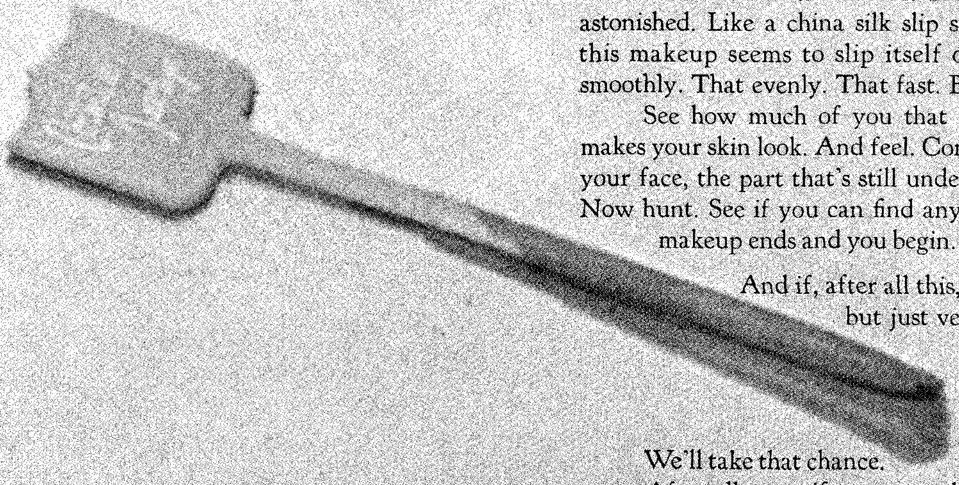
Because, like perfume, our Countess Isserlyn Make-Up does different things on different people. You'll need a specialist's trained help to find your Countess Isserlyn color this first time.

Now watch what she does. She'll wash off a patch of your skin, gently, down to the jawline. Study it. Pick a numbered bottle. Shake it. Stir it. And hand you the little stirring stick.

Touch that stick. Then your face.

Now look in the mirror. From here on, we think you'll be astonished. Like a china silk slip slithering down over your body, this makeup seems to slip itself over your face. Covering that smoothly. That evenly. That fast. But much more sheerly.

See how much of you that one touch covered. See how it makes your skin look. And feel. Compare that much with the rest of your face, the part that's still under the makeup you currently use. Now hunt. See if you can find any line at the jawbone where our makeup ends and you begin.



And if, after all this, you find yourself not quite sure but just very tempted?

Wait. Look again hours later. Now see whether you still feel you can afford to live without this lovely stuff.

We'll take that chance.

After all, even if you never buy it, all we'll have lost is some time and a smidge of our makeup.

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for anyone but De Sica?" Hargreaves inquired.

"No, she hasn't," Levine said. "She needs De Sica like you need to breathe. She's a good girl, though, in spite of the fact that her husband and I are suing each other."

Mike Hall, the column crasher, came into the room quietly and took a seat near Levine. He was somewhat concerned at the moment, because, as he informed Levine sotto voce during a pause in the conversation, he had just learned that Leonard Lyons and Earl Wilson were "on a collision course"—that is, they were both scheduled to arrive in London on Thursday. The rivalry between Lyons and Wilson was a serious matter. Hall feared that each would want an exclusive interview with Levine, and that it would be hard not to antagonize one or the other.

Levine reassured him. "There's no problem, because we'll be out of here tomorrow," he said. "Rosalie thinks she's going to talk me into staying all week, but she's not. Listen, Ken, will you book us on that six-thirty flight tomorrow afternoon?"

Hargreaves made a note on a pad and picked up the telephone.

Levine turned back to Rosenberg, who had settled rather deeply into a corner of the sofa. They began to reminisce about the old days of their association, when they were both small-time film distributors in New England. It was during this somewhat hand-to-mouth period in the nineteen-thirties that Levine had discovered many curious facts about the moviegoing public, such as the fact that if you took two pictures with similar titles, or with the same leading actor or actress, and put them together on a double bill, they almost always did good business. Levine had had great success pairing "Captain Fury" and "Captain Caution," "The Mummy" and "The Mummy's Curse," and other features that had often done only mediocre business when shown by themselves or with other films, and he had found that any two Abbott and Costello movies on the same bill invariably packed the house. "I still don't understand why," he said.

"Who can understand this ridiculous business?" Rosenberg said. "By the way, I hear you made a speech or something at Dartmouth. How did that go?"

"It went very well," Levine said, brightening. "They asked me to come up and talk to a group of students about the movie business, so I wasn't expect-

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ing much of an audience. A thousand people turned up—practically the whole student body. I had a speech, but after about five minutes I realized it wasn't any good—it was terrible, in fact—so I threw it away and said I'd be glad to answer any questions they had. Those kids were great. They asked me questions for two hours. And you know what film of mine they really wanted to hear about? 'Contempt'!"

Rosenberg clutched his forehead. "Oh, *no*," he groaned.

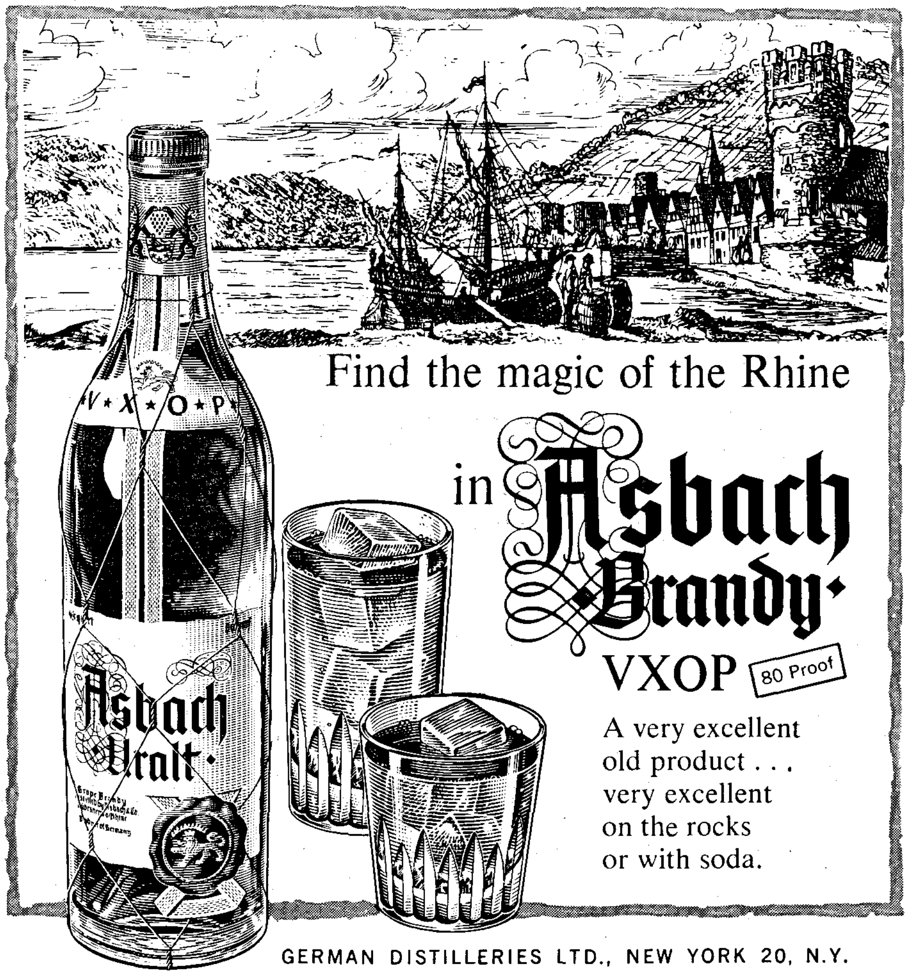
"Absolutely. I told them it was the worst film we ever made—maybe the worst film *anybody* ever made. We lost a million bucks on that lousy film, because that *great* director Jean-Luc Godard refused to follow the script. He never would tell me what he was doing. He never even answered our cables. I told them it was people like Godard who were responsible for the sorry state of the French film industry, and that in my opinion Godard was personally responsible for the death of the New Wave. They loved that. I said, 'Listen, I'm very glad your fathers had enough money to send you to college, but if you liked that picture you haven't learned much.' At the end, I said I was going to donate prints of some of my films to Dartmouth, the way I did last year to the Museum of Modern Art. 'And I'm not only going to give you a print of "Contempt," ' I said. 'I'm going to give you the negative.' They loved it. Ask Rosalie, she was there."

Mrs. Levine, an attractive, sumptuously dressed blond woman with a cheerful smile, had just come into the room, and now she took a seat next to Rosenberg on the sofa. She had been to Carnaby Street, accompanied by Richard Levine and Helen Feibelmann, and she gave a humorous description of her experiences in purchasing a white vinyl miniskirt for their sixteen-year-old daughter, Tricia.

When she had finished, Levine levelled a finger at her and said, "Rosalie, in the cold light of day, and no matter what I may have said last night, we're getting out of here tomorrow. I'm not going to the goddam races on Saturday, and I'm not going to any more goddam parties."

"Do you think he's trying to tell us something?" Mrs. Levine said to Richard, who had come in behind her. Richard, an extremely tall, slender young man, gave a slightly wan smile. "We'll go whenever you say, Joe," Mrs. Levine said.

A few minutes later, the gathering was joined by the American director Daniel Petrie and his production crew



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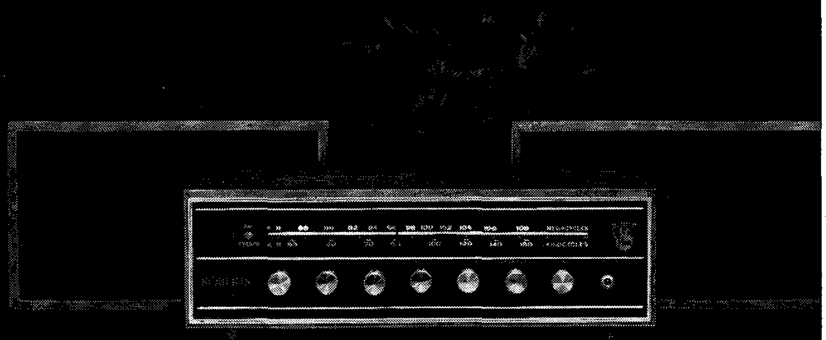

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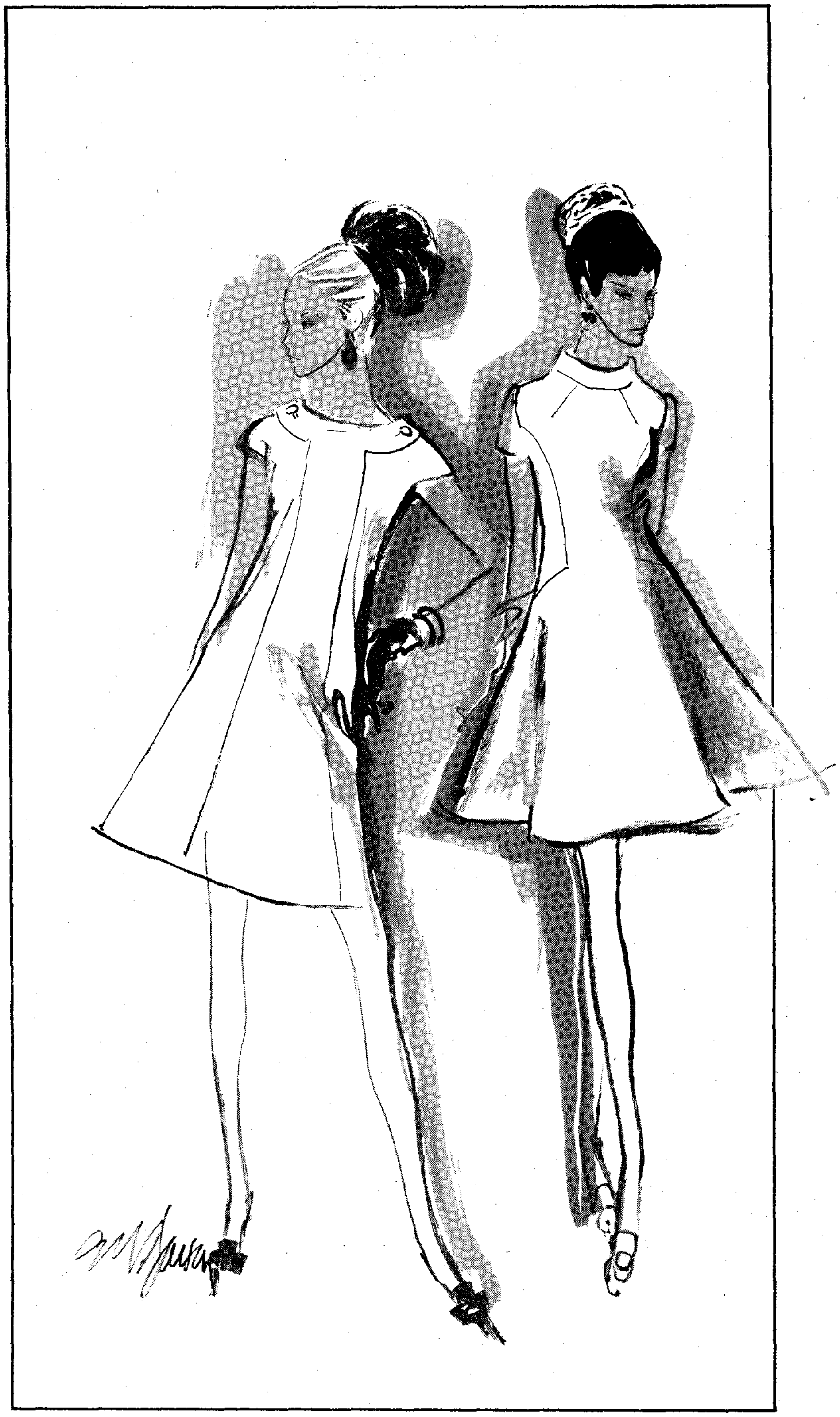

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for "The Spy with a Cold Nose," a comic spy film starring Laurence Harvey and Daliah Lavi. "Spy" was being produced in London by Leonard Lightstone for Embassy release. Another tea table was wheeled in to accommodate the newcomers. There being no more business to be discussed—Petrie and his crew had been invited for a social call—Levine got up and went to the bar cabinet and poured his first drink of the day. It was, as always, a fairly stiff Black and White Scotch, with a splash of water and no ice. He took it down quickly, standing at the bar with his feet rather wide apart and his eyes scanning the room suddenly full of people and animation, and then, sighing deeply, he poured himself another. It had been a long day but not an unfruitful one—certainly not one of the worst days he had ever spent.

The gathering broke up shortly before six o'clock. When everyone but Ken Hargreaves and Mike Hall had gone, Levine exchanged his dressing gown for a light raincoat and went out on the terrace for some air. Accompanied by Hall and Hargreaves, he stood looking moodily in the direction of Tower Bridge. Dark, swollen clouds hurried by overhead, sending down an occasional spit of rain. "I'd like to come here sometime for two weeks with nothing to do," Levine said. "I'm going to do it one of these days. It's terrible being over here and never getting out of the hotel. I'd like to spend some time going around to all those little antique shops, like the one we went to the last time with that guy— What's his name? Our star." Levine has trouble remembering names.

"Laurence Harvey," Hargreaves said.

"Yeah, Laurence Harvey."

The rain began to come down in earnest. Levine moved back without haste toward the door, pausing briefly to examine some fading hyacinths in a wooden tub. "I give them about two weeks here, plantwise," he observed.

That evening, Levine and his wife and Richard, along with a hundred and fifty other British and American motion-picture executives and their wives, attended a dinner given in their honor by the Royal Naval Film Corporation. They dined in the famous Painted Hall of the Royal Naval College, in Greenwich—Christopher Wren's masterpiece and, some said, the most magnificent room in all England—and there were loyal toasts, and serenades by the Orchestra of the Royal Marines, and hundred-year-old port, and a great baron of beef carried in on a catafalque by

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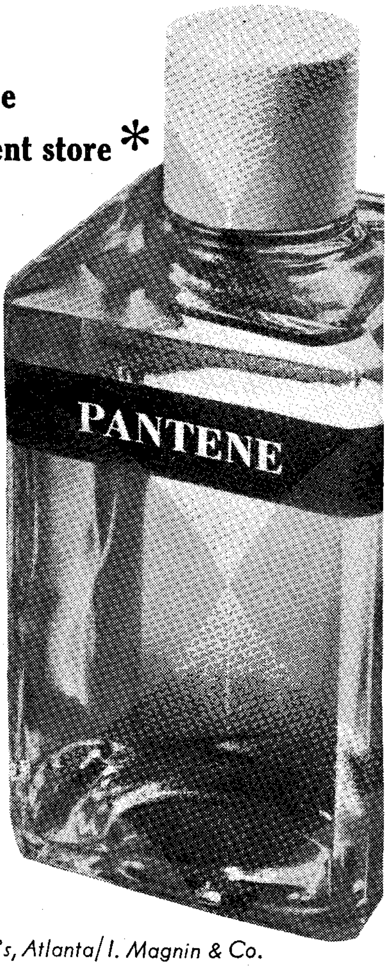

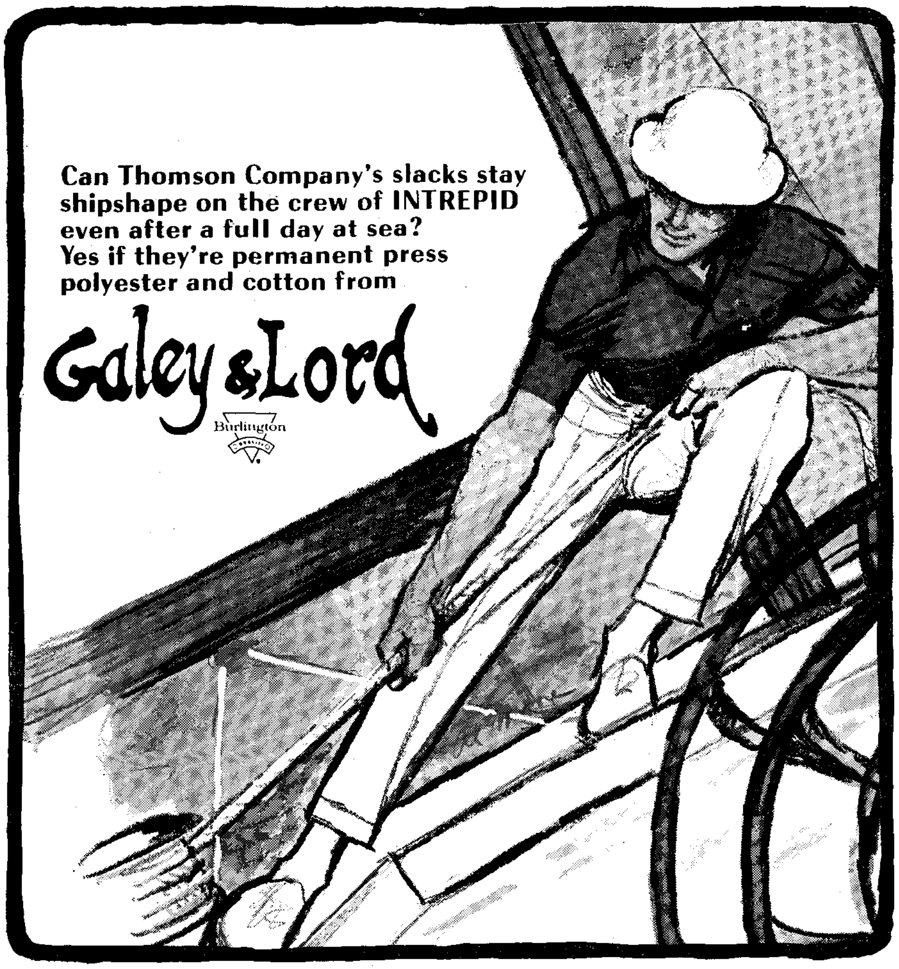
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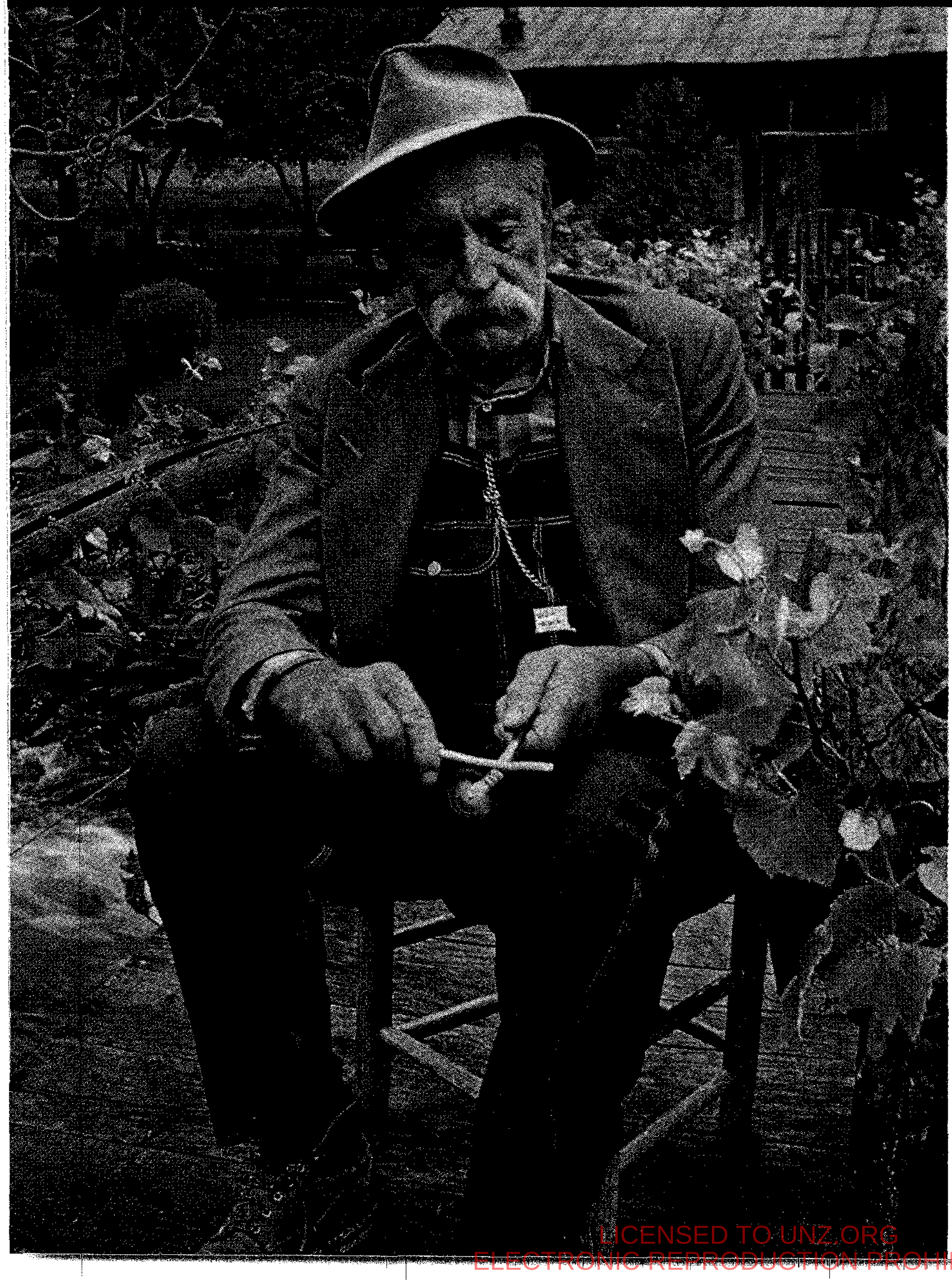

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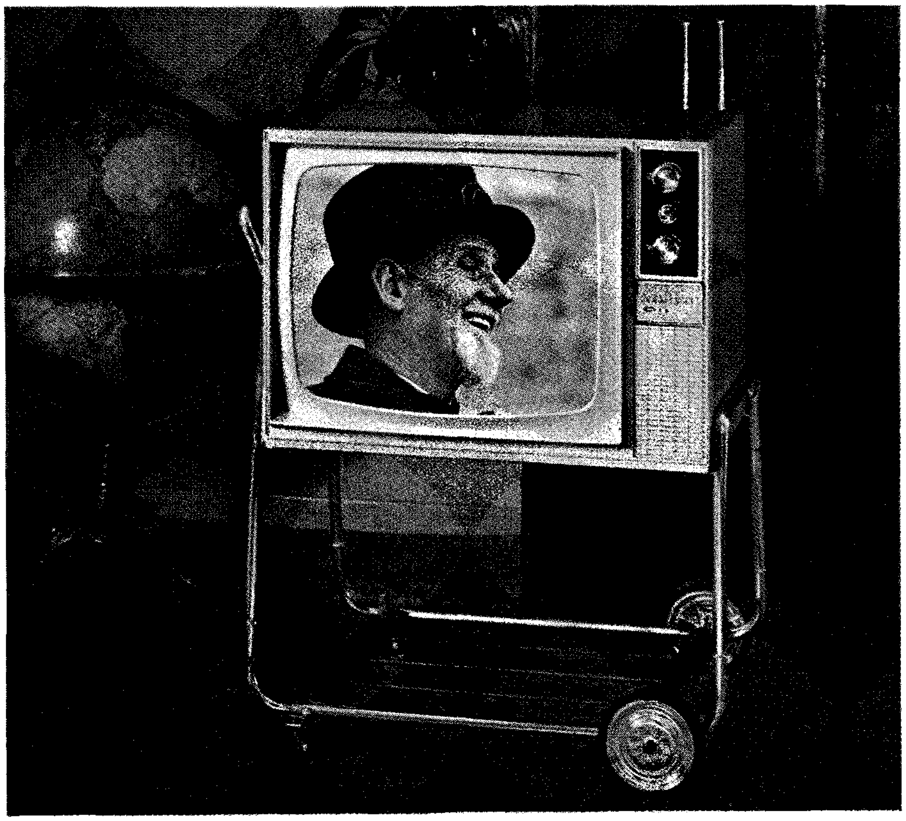

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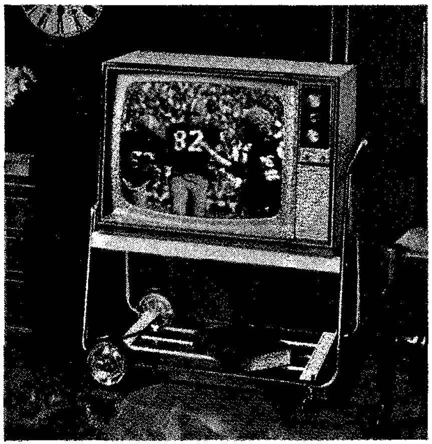

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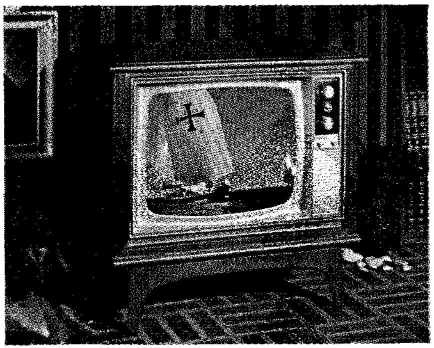

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four sailors dressed in uniforms of the time of Nelson. (It was in this room that Nelson's body lay in state for two days after Trafalgar.) The Levines were seated at the head table, not far from Earl Mountbatten of Burma, their host. The Earl, resplendent in his admiral's braid, even made a point of taking Levine aside and telling him about his son-in-law, Lord Brabourne, who worked for a British non-commercial television station and was currently negotiating with American film producers for the rights to show their films; the Earl wanted to make sure that his son-in-law and Levine got together in New York. Afterward, as the guests were filing out of the Painted Hall, Levine told one of the other Americans that it all reminded him of his own ancestral home, "except for the rats and my stepfather beating up my mother," but the truth of the matter seemed to be that he had been deeply impressed. "England is the last citadel of elegant living," he said.

As Levine and Mrs. Levine and Richard were crossing Waterloo Bridge on their way back to London in their hired Rolls-Royce limousine that April midnight, Levine suddenly leaned forward and rapped on the glass partition between them and the chauffeur. The chauffeur slid back the window. "What is that bridge on the left?" Levine asked him. "Is it Charing Cross Bridge?"

"Right, sir," the driver replied cheerily. "That's it."

"Stop the car, will you?"

"Sir?" The driver glanced uneasily in the rearview mirror.

"Slow down or something," Levine said. "Look, Rosalie—you recognize it?" He rolled down the side window. The chauffeur drove as slowly as he dared. Below them, barely visible through the dark and fog, the Thames wound through the city. "We recently bought a very beautiful painting of that bridge," Levine informed the driver.

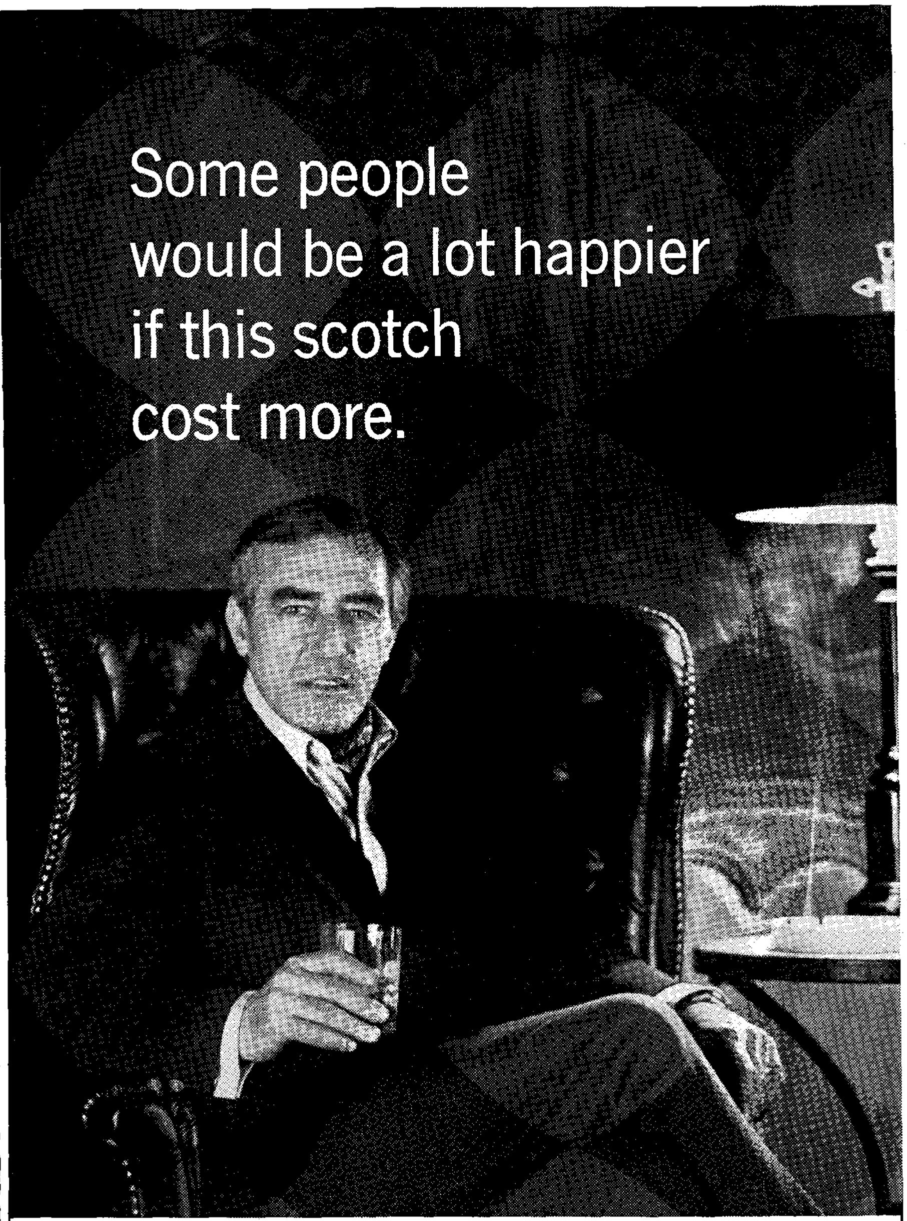
"I'd say it's changed a little since Monet's time," Mrs. Levine said.

Levine sat back, enjoying the rush of cold air from the open window as the car gathered speed again. "It doesn't look so good right now," he agreed. "In fact, you could probably buy the goddam bridge for what that painting cost us."

"Why don't you buy it?" Richard suggested. "You don't own any bridges, do you?"

Levine chuckled. "Not yet," he said.

MAY: Levine is showing a visitor around his Sutton Place apartment on a bright Sunday morning. They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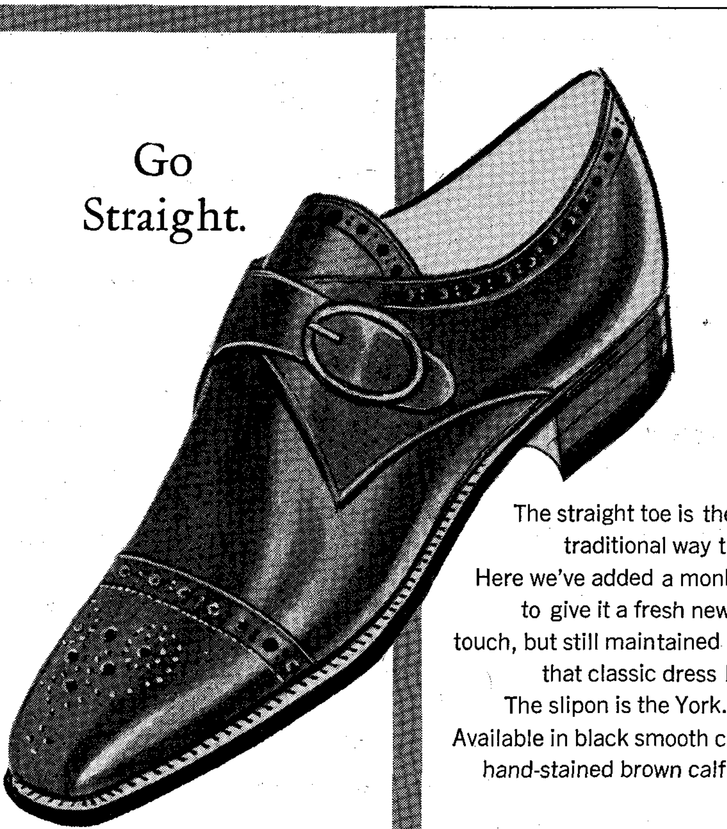

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have reached the master bedroom, with its adjoining baths—hers black and gold, his white—and with a built-in steam room, from which Levine has only recently emerged. He carries a white handkerchief to mop his still perspiring forehead. Now and then, he uses the handkerchief to flail ineffectually at Miss Muffet, the family schnauzer, who has been barking frantically at the visitor's heels. "Six bathrooms!" Levine exclaims. "Where I grew up, there wasn't even one." The shoe closet comes next. Tier on tier of black beauties from Samo's rise almost to the ceiling; they are all surprisingly small, and among them are some exotics (ostrich, lizard) that look as though they had never been worn. Next, the walk-in clothes closet. Is it true that Levine maintains four complete wardrobes, in four graduated sizes, to accommodate the changes wrought by crash dieting and inexorable renewal? It is true in theory. "I haven't been able to wear some of those clothes for years," he concedes. "There are suits in there that I've never worn—I just look at them longingly. And when I was a kid—would you believe it?—I was so skinny they used to weigh me every day at school. I never had enough to eat. I was like a stick. And I remember I used to go to the rabbi once a week for religious instruction, and the rabbi was always eating—black bread with some kind of stuff on it. It used to get me so goddam mad. I was always hungry, and he never offered me a bite. He had a kind of rod that he used to hit me with on the wrist when I made a mistake. And then one day he hit me on the shoulder. I took the stick away from him and broke it over his head and never went back again. That was the end of my religious instruction." Levine leads the way out of the bedroom, flailing vigorously at Miss Muffet.

The foyer brims with trophies. Framed citations, letters, and scrolls cover one wall; loving cups and statuary fill the bookcase—more than a hundred awards from a grateful industry, and more coming in all the time: The "Pioneer of the Year" cup (1960), awarded for the first time to an independent producer by the Motion Picture Pioneers. The "Master Showman of the World" award (1963) from the Theatre Owners of America. The New York Film Critics' award to "Darling" as the best picture of 1965. The New York City Scroll of Honor and the Médaille d'Argent de la Ville de Paris. On one wall, a charcoal portrait of Sophia Loren, inscribed "To my dear, dear Joe, with all my gratitude

A true GT car costs from $4,000 to $22,000. This is the one that costs $4,000.

$3970 actually. But it's rated with GT cars costing three times as much.

Road & Track magazine summed it up best: "The 1800S is a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or an Aston Martin will be able to pay."

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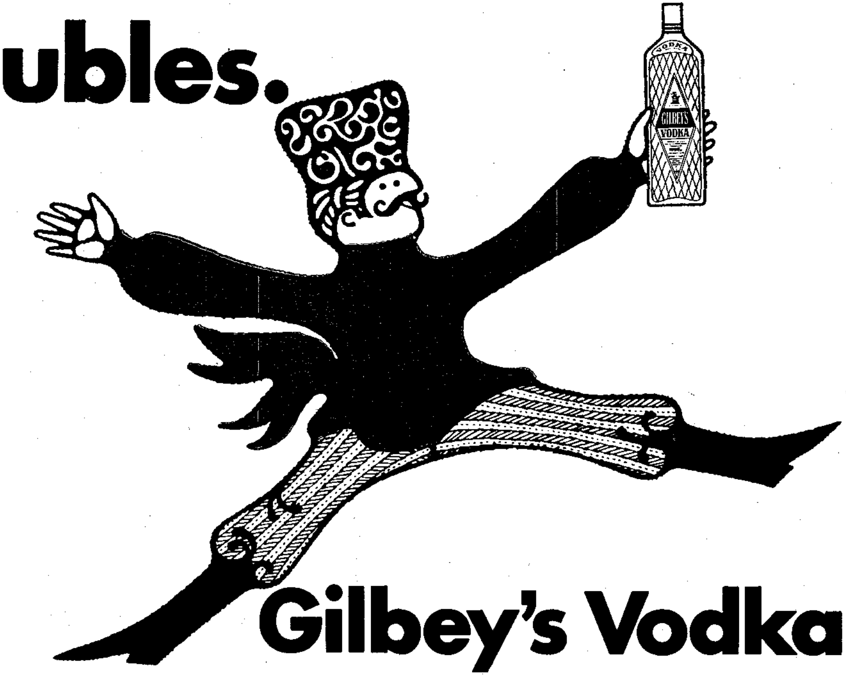

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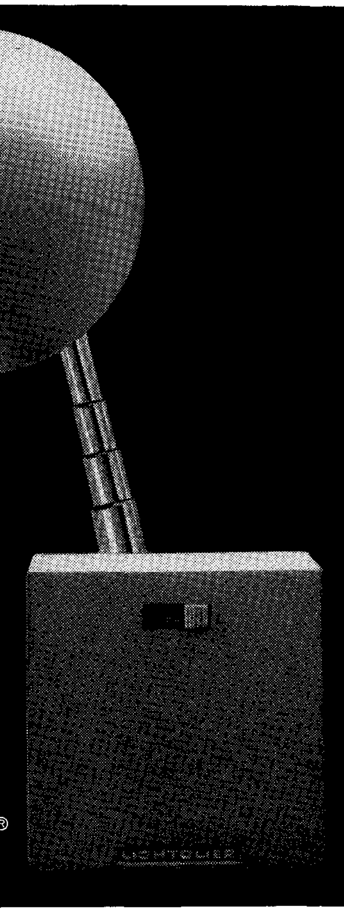

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and all my affection, Sophia—Rome 1962." "That was right after she won the Oscar," Levine explains. He picks up a bronze medal that bears the likeness of Pope Paul VI, a souvenir of a private audience ("I keep saying 'audition' ") granted to the Levines on June 26, 1964. His Holiness blessed a rosary for Mrs. Levine, and also, at her request, several mezuzahs, one of which now hangs beside the front door of the Levines' apartment. "He looked a little surprised when Rosalie brought out the mezuzahs, but then he seemed to think it was very funny," Levine says.

Near the Pope's medal on the bookshelf is one of the pens that President Johnson used in signing the bill that established the National Foundation on the Arts. Levine values his Johnson pen, but he would prefer to have a Kennedy pen. His feeling for Kennedy verges on awe. "I met him once at a supper, three weeks before he was killed," he says. "I was amazed to find that he knew all about show business, and that he was an avid reader of *Variety*. When I was introduced to him, he said, 'Joe Levine, Joe Levine—that's all I read about in *Variety* every week.' I felt personally involved with him from then on. That's the reason I'm distributing the U.S.I.A. documentary on him for no fee. The picture's doing great, by the way. I wish we had a picture this year that would do as well."

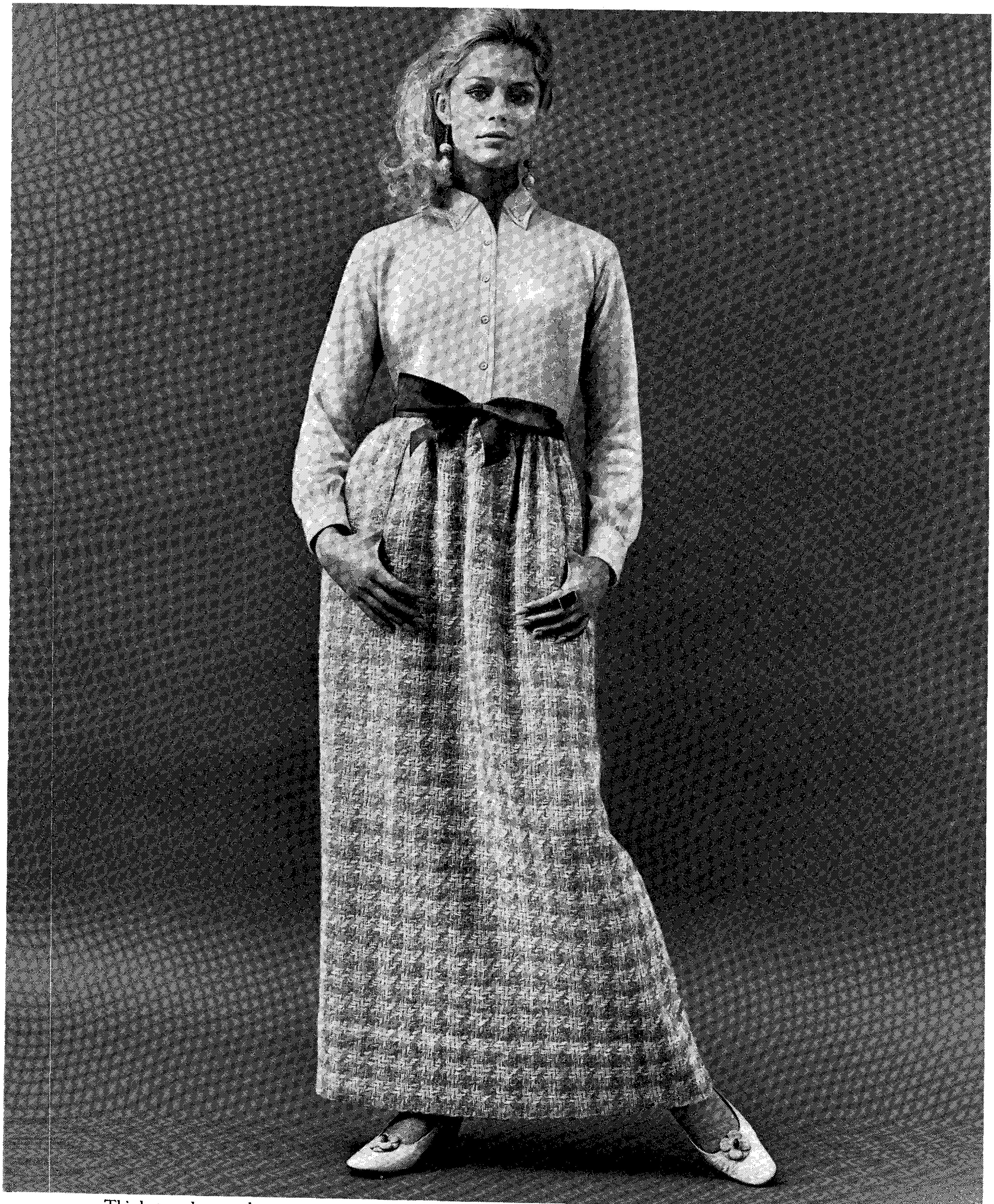
Levine passes into the living room, with its commanding view of the East River through a dozen luxuriously curtained windows. Impressionist art upstages the view: Vuillard, Sisley, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Utrillo, Renoir, and—in a dominant position—Monet's "Charing Cross Bridge," with its molten sun sinking behind veils of green and blue. The large, square room is full of deep sofas in muted colors, soft chairs, tables laden with compotes of fruit or candy, glass and porcelain figurines, *objets de vertu*. In one corner is a Viennese porcelain stove, seven feet high. It had to be assembled *in situ* by special craftsmen, and then Levine had to pay to have it disassembled and reassembled, because the building superintendent claimed that its installation had done something to interfere with the master television antenna wire in the wall behind it.

In a small library off the living room, Mrs. Levine is reading the Sunday paper. Her greeting is cordial and relaxed.

"Where are the kids?" Levine asks her.

"Richard is out having something

We have an at home outfit. But we moved it into a penthouse.



This button down cashmere top and full length wool skirt live together quite elegantly. Enjoy these very livable colors: pale pink, pale blue, and wheat. The Hadley Corporation, 1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10018.

Hadley. We give the latest rage just the right amount of neglect.

done to the car. Tricia's in her room."

The car is a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud that Sophia Loren gave to Levine in 1962, and that Levine, in turn, gave to Richard.

Levine picks up a green telephone and dials a number. "Trish?" he says. "Come on out and meet our guest."

There is a pause. Levine grunts, hangs up. Tricia has just washed her hair. She cannot come out.

Levine opens a door in a panelled wall, disclosing a 35-millimetre motion-picture sound projector. He demonstrates how the screen comes down at the touch of a button from its concealment in the living-room ceiling. The projector holes in the library wall are concealed by the Degas and the Renoir; the screen covers "Charing Cross Bridge." Built-in cabinets contain a hi-fi phonograph, a bar, a refrigerator, and a children's fully equipped soda fountain. "Too early to drink?" Levine inquires.

"It is for me," Mrs. Levine says.

"Not for me." Levine pours a Black and White, no ice, and instructs the visitor to help himself. "You know, Rosalie," he says, after downing his Scotch, "I keep thinking about George Raft, over there in London last month. He told me he was close to seventy years old. I asked him how he did it, and he said he'd never taken a drink in his life. Do you think I'd look like that if I never took a drink, Rosalie?"

Mrs. Levine assesses her husband fondly. "Joe, I'd be inclined to doubt it," she says.

Later, as Levine is seeing the visitor out, he explains that they do very little entertaining at home. "You know how I usually spend my evenings?" he says. "I leave the office, come home—Richard usually picks me up—have my dinner early, and maybe watch TV for about three minutes, or just long enough to put me to sleep. I wake up at two in the morning and read—scripts, books, whatever I have to read. Then at six the paper comes. I read the theatre page, the sports page, the financial page—that's it. I have breakfast, I go to the office. But, of course, I'm away so damn much. What I'd really like is to spend some time in one of those places I keep going to—London, maybe, or Rome. I had the most marvellous evening in Rome last week, at Mastroianni's place. It's an old villa, out on the Appian Way, that he's spent about six years and a small fortune remodelling. It's beautiful. He's kept a lot of the old flavor. The garden is full of really ancient stuff—pieces of sculpture and

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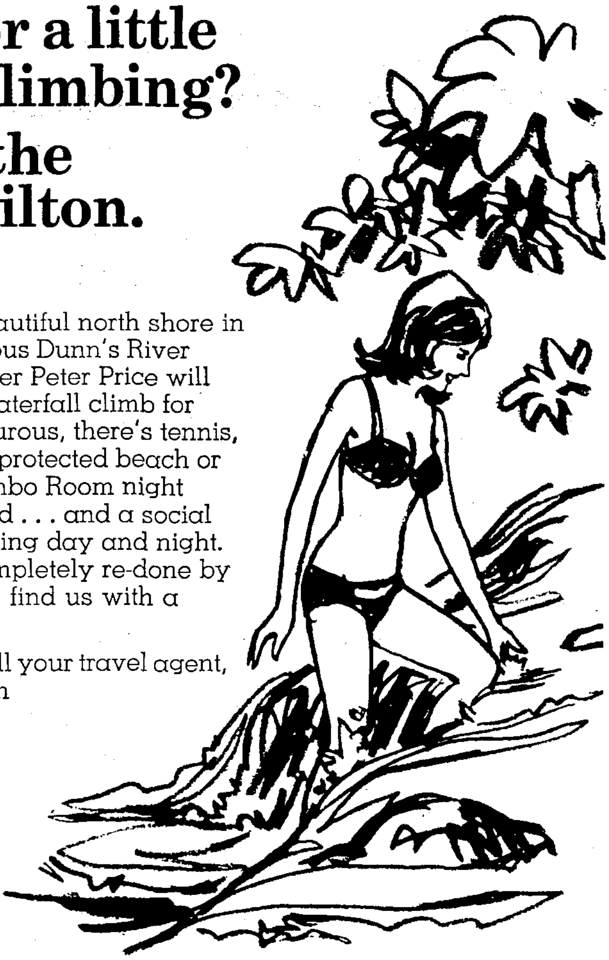

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JAMAICA HILTON

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Automatic tuning for non-automatic listeners. All of our radios have a lot of guts, but this one has brains too. When you push the button the needle goes hunting across the dial until it homes in on a station and zonk! it stops right on the button. It's scary, almost. You could wind up watching the needle for entertainment instead of listening. But if you can avoid that pitfall this feature may bring you a kind of fine-tuned contentment you've never known before. You've heard of guided missiles? Well, this is guided radio, and it'll never give you a bum steer.

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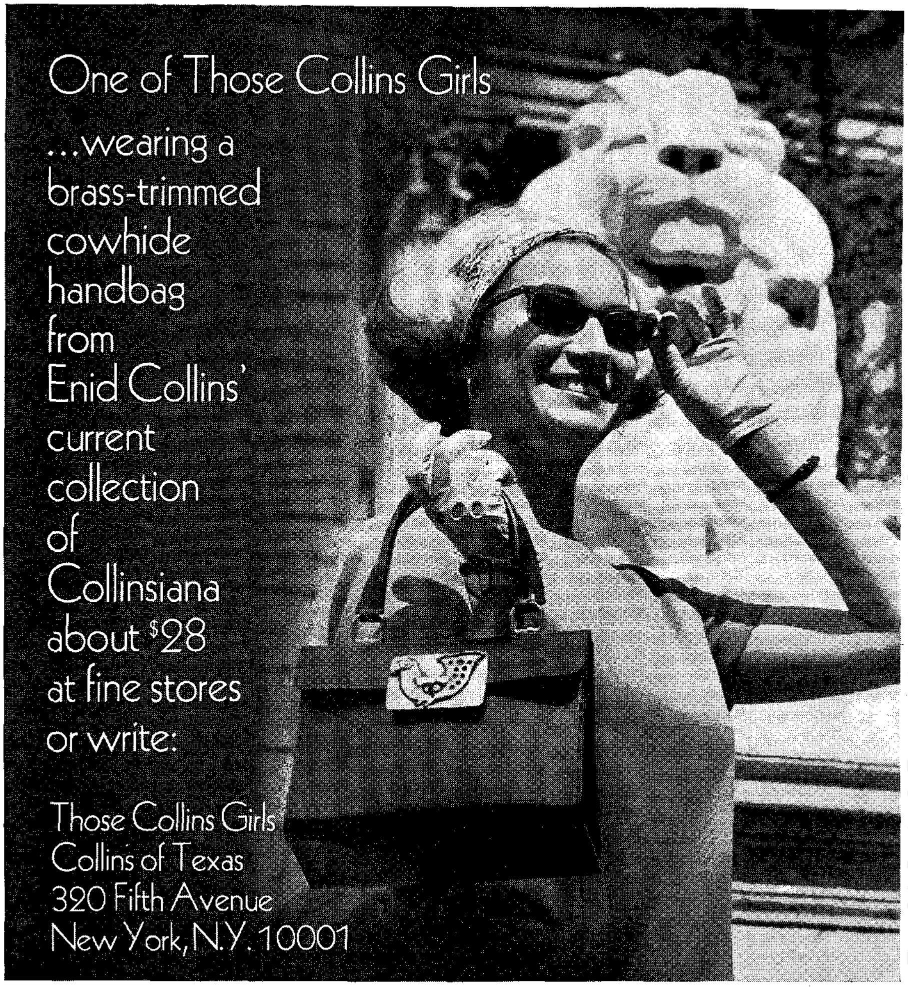
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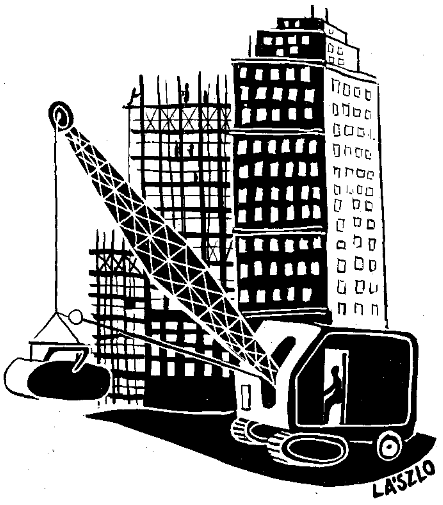
columns, things like that. This was his first party in the new place, and Marcello took me all through it and explained everything in detail—through an interpreter, of course. When we got to his bedroom, he put his hand on my arm and said, 'Look at this—and until I was twenty-seven, you know, there were eight of us living together in two rooms.' He's wonderful, Marcello. He really knows how to live."

JUNE: Shortly before noon on the eighth, Levine checked into the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco. He was accompanied by Joseph Friedman, a Paramount Pictures vice-president in charge of advertising and publicity, and Henry Erlich, a public-relations man from the Paramount studio in Beverly Hills. The assistant manager of the Mark Hopkins was on hand to greet the three men, whom he ushered immediately into an elevator and up to a suite on the fifteenth floor. Levine looked around and gave qualified approval to the orange rug, the green-and-orange-print slipcovers, the cork wall, and the glassed-in terrace that overlooked the city, the bay, and the corner room at the nearby Fairmont Hotel where he usually stays when he comes to San Francisco, but which, to the Fairmont manager's deep chagrin, had been unavailable this time. Then, while Friedman and Erlich checked the program for that afternoon, he went into the bedroom to change his suit. He was midway through the first week of a two-week, eleven-city tour to publicize "Nevada Smith," the latest Embassy-Paramount co-production. The picture, an epic Western, was a sort of stepchild of Levine's top-grossing 1963 film, "The Carpetbaggers," in that the central character, Nevada Smith, had figured in the earlier film as a hard-bitten Hollywood stunt man—a relatively minor role played by Alan Ladd. "The



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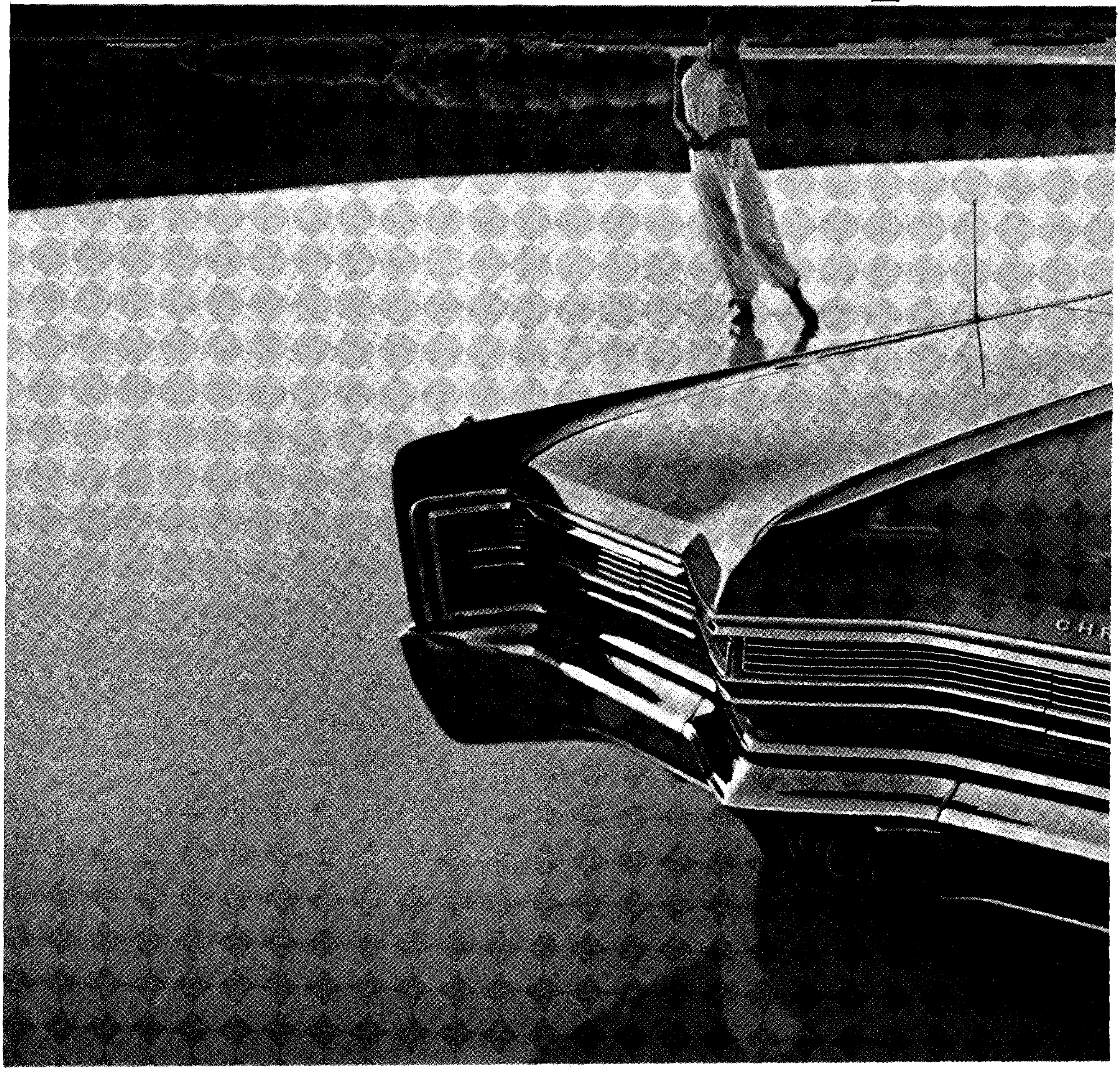

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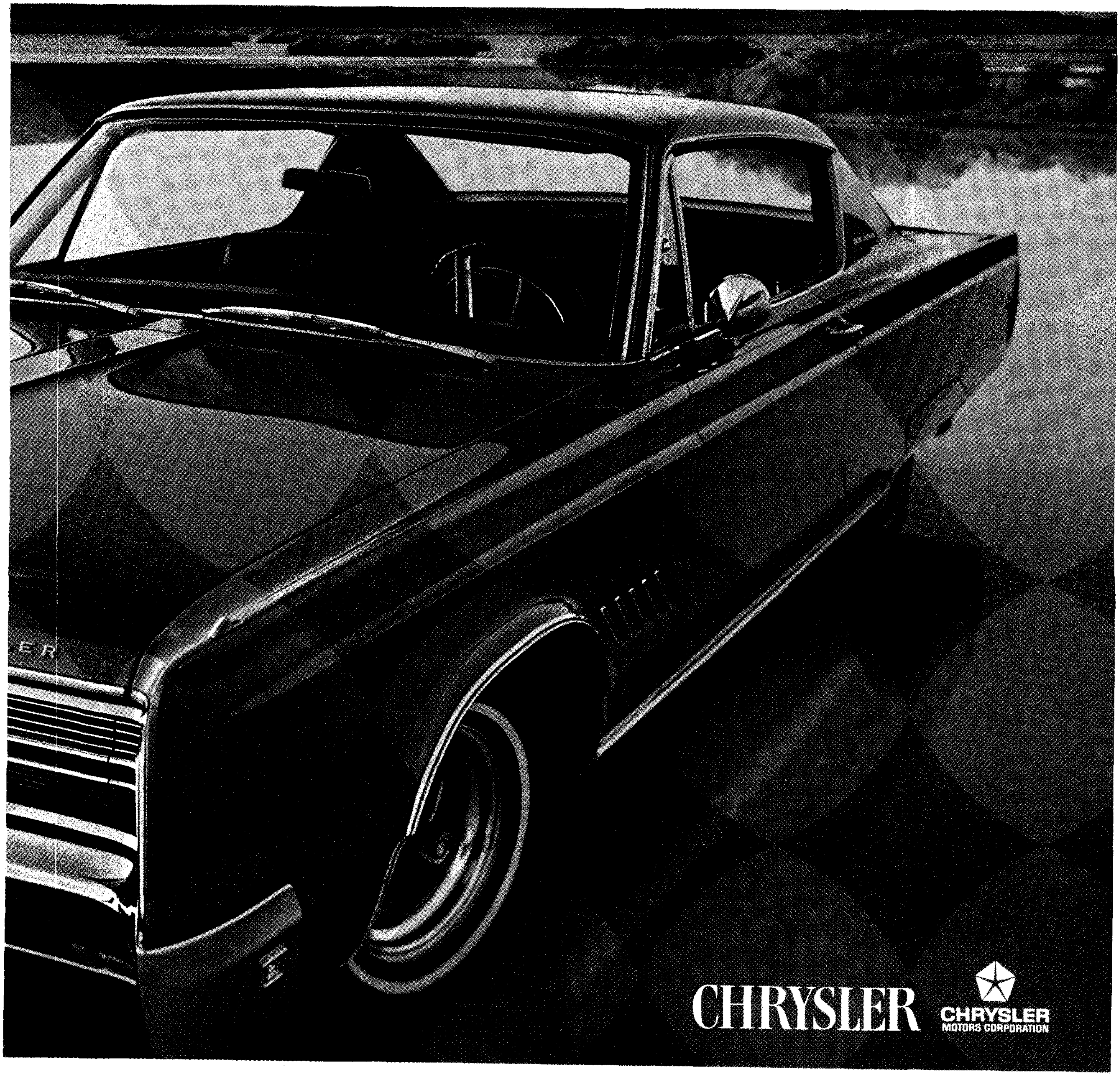

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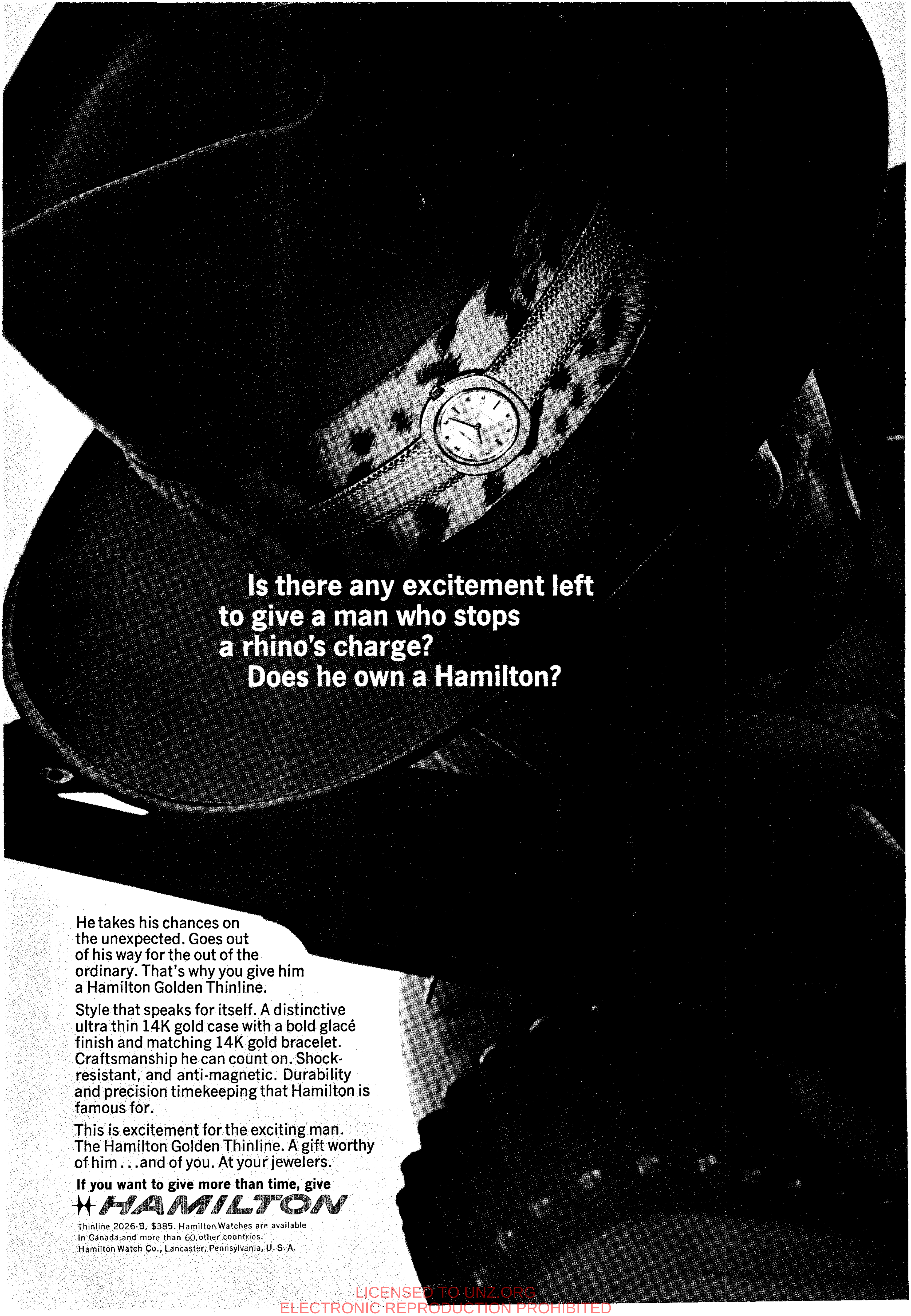
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Carpetbaggers," Embassy's and Paramount's first co-production, had already returned more than twenty million dollars on an investment of three and a third million, which put it among the twenty most successful films of all time. It had been Levine's idea to make a movie based on the early life of this same character, and he had put together a production package that included John Michael Hayes as scriptwriter, Henry Hathaway as director, and Steve McQueen, a very hot male property, as the star. It had been a costly picture by Levine's standards, and Levine, who expected great things of it, was giving it the full publicity treatment. He and Friedman had spent the preceding day in Chicago and the day before that in Miami, with Levine doing as many newspaper and television and radio interviews as the local Paramount representative could line up, and giving dinners for the local critics, who were then taken by limousine to a screening of the film while Levine and Friedman flew on to the next city. Erlich, a dapper, energetic man whose Glen-plaid suit had a scarlet lining, had set up a full afternoon and evening of interviews in San Francisco, and had arranged for the three local newspaper critics to come to lunch, instead of dinner, in the hotel suite. A table had been set in an alcove off the living room, and a chef stood by in the suite's private kitchen.

The critics arrived promptly at a quarter to one. They were Stanley Eichelbaum, from the *Examiner*, and Paine Knickerbocker, from the *Chronicle*—both of whom Levine greeted as old cronies—and Dennis Powers, a younger man, who was filling in for the vacationing critic of the Oakland *Tribune*. Levine went around opening windows while the guests gave their drink orders to a waiter. A stiff breeze was whipping through the suite when the critics, each carrying his second drink, sat down to lunch.

They had no lack of questions. Knickerbocker asked whether there was any truth to the rumor that Levine's company would go public in the fall. Levine said that would depend on the condition of the stock market, which was not looking too healthy at the moment.

Eichelbaum wanted to hear about "Darling." Levine said that it had grossed two and a half million dollars since the Academy Awards were announced. "It's doing terrific business everywhere," he added. And what about Julie Christie? "We were supposed to co-produce Julie's next pic-

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ture, but we decided against it," Levine said. "She's doing something called 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' and it's too damned artistic for three million dollars."

Powers asked about "The Oscar," an Embassy-Paramount co-production that had been receiving noisome notices around the country. "That's yesterday's kisses, isn't it?" Levine said. "Did you see the picture?" Powers said he had. Levine asked what he thought of it, and Powers said he thought it was a very bad picture but fun to watch. "That means it's a commercial picture," Levine said amiably. "Actually, it hasn't done too well—not as well as expected. But it cost two million, and we'll make that back easy. We should make a million on the sale to television alone."

The critics asked about the Kennedy film ("It's fantastic—if it keeps up this way, we'll make five million for the Kennedy Center"), they asked about *the Levine-distributed ballet film* "Romeo and Juliet" ("Everybody wants it"), and they asked about the untimely demise of the Establishment Theatre Company's stage production of "The Office" ("We put up a hundred and fifty thousand and never even saw the play. I don't know what went wrong there").

Eventually, Levine managed to steer the conversation around to "Nevada Smith." "It's the most expensive picture I've ever been involved with," he said proudly. "It was budgeted for three million eight, but it actually cost four million six."

"When that happens, are you disturbed?" Knickerbocker asked.

"Let's say I don't like it," Levine replied. "But this picture is going to be very, very successful. McQueen is a great draw, especially in France and Italy. We waited a year to get McQueen, and I also waited until we got a good script. That's how we keep control over all these properties—we wait until we have what we think is a good, strong script, and then we give the working producer and the director a pretty free rein. The script is all-important. And 'Nevada Smith' has a good one. It's a classic Western, in the great tradition of 'Shane' and 'Stagecoach.' My guess is that it will be one of the biggest-grossing pictures Paramount has ever had."

Although Levine ate none of his lunch and declined a drink, pleading the rigors of travel, it was a highly convivial occasion. When the meal was over, he sent the three critics in a private limousine to a screening of "Ne-

next to "I love you"...

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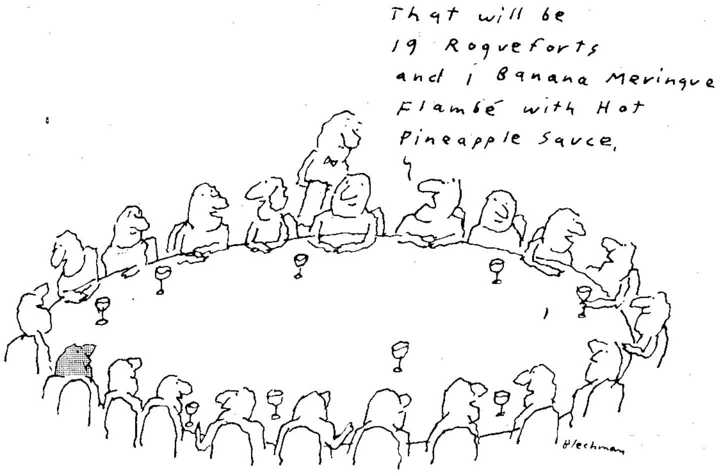
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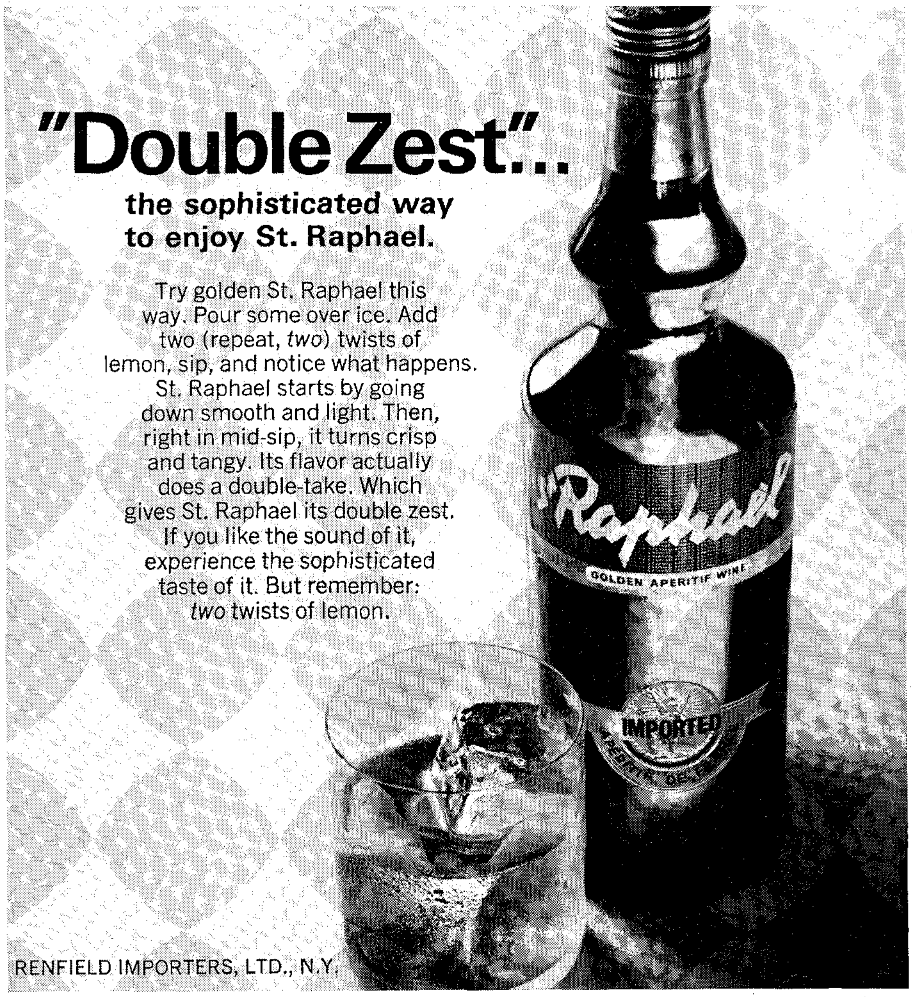

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vada Smith" in another part of town. He spent the next hour on the telephone to his New York office, talking to Harold Berkowitz, Embassy's lawyer, about nine lawsuits and counter-lawsuits pending between Embassy Pictures and Carlo Ponti, involving breach of contract and other unfriendly charges. At three o'clock, two reporters from radio station KFOG arrived to tape an interview. Levine threw himself into the taping with evident zest, but the questions were too general and did not call forth his sharpest repartee. "I don't know how 'Nevada Smith' will fare critically," he told the interviewer, "but I know it'll be a big commercial hit. I think this film will go down as one of the great Westerns, in the tradition of 'Shane' and 'Stagecoach.' "

At four-fifteen, Levine, Friedman, and Erlich went by limousine to the N.B.C. office on Taylor Street, where Levine did a fifteen-minute live interview with Ron Lyons. He told Lyons that he had waited a year to get Steve McQueen, and he said that "Nevada Smith" was in the tradition of "Shane" and "Stagecoach." It was not a very successful interview, and Levine came out of the control room holding his nose.

On the way back to the hotel, Levine suddenly got the notion of calling on Louis R. Lurie, the real-estate tycoon and film producer, whom he had met once before. "He's Mr. San Francisco," Levine said. "He owns half the city." Lurie lived, conveniently enough, in the Mark Hopkins, where he occupied almost the entire eighteenth floor. Levine telephoned from the desk downstairs, and Lurie invited them all up for a drink. The visit lasted nearly an hour. For most of that time, Levine and his colleagues sat wordless in the Oriental gloom of Lurie's vast living room while Lurie, an affable and serene old gentleman in a maroon silk dressing gown and a white scarf, holding an unlit cigar, told three long stories in a voice so faint that no one could quite follow them. The first story concerned Lurie's coronary and how it had changed him, the second was about Floyd Odlum, and the third had something to do with the stock market. As they were leaving, Lurie handed each one a privately printed leaflet with instructions on how to avoid a coronary.

Levine had a six-o'clock appointment with Jack Rosenbaum, a columnist on the *Examiner*, but word came that Rosenbaum was sick and could not make it. A certain degree of irrita-

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tion began to manifest itself in the hotel suite. Levine, attempting to place a telephone call to his wife, as he does every night he is away from home, and being told that the number did not answer, was heard to speak in a peremptory tone to the long-distance operator. "She refused to repeat the number for me," he complained afterward. "How do I know she wasn't ringing the wrong number?" He made a few more calls, and then, after another unsuccessful attempt to reach Mrs. Levine, gave up and took a short nap.

At eight-thirty that evening, Levine and Friedman and Erlich were seated at a table in the Ricksha Cocktail Lounge, in Chinatown. Levine looked bored. Holding a glass of Scotch to his forehead as though to cool his brow, he grumbled that San Francisco had turned out to be a waste of time.

At ten o'clock, Levine ascended the stage of the Hungry i night club for a twenty-five-minute radio interview, live, by Ira Blue. Blue's fast-talking, sarcastic style made him an excellent foil for Levine, who had some pithy things to say about the picture business. "You can't make pictures for local audiences anymore," Levine said. "That's why the Italians aren't making pictures like 'Bicycle Thief.' The reason is television. We now have to examine what the possibilities of television are before we make a film, because that's our insurance—we know that even if the picture doesn't do well in theatres we'll at least get our money back from television. You have to figure that there would be four fewer film companies in existence today if it weren't for television—mine included." Levine mentioned "Nevada Smith" once or twice, but he neglected to say that it was in the tradition of "Shane" and "Stagecoach."

After the interview, Levine seemed to be in better spirits. He was also hungry, not having eaten at all that day. He and his party—which by this time included Wilfred Tsang, the manager of the Ricksha Cocktail Lounge; Mr. Tsang's sister; and another couple, friends of the sister—therefore repaired to the well-known Chinese restaurant Nam-Yuen, where Mr. Tsang ordered a profusion of Cantonese dishes and where Levine, to the delight of the ladies, caused any number of objects to adhere to his forehead, and also did several other tricks, including a complicated balancing act involving two water glasses and four toothpicks. At one o'clock in the morning, proclaiming his weariness, Levine said good night to the rest of the party

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and had the limousine driver take him back to the Mark Hopkins.

He went right to sleep, but he was awakened shortly after 2 A.M. by a loud and insistent knocking on the door. He got up, put on his blue silk dressing gown, and went to see who it was. A highly distraught young man dressed in the uniform of a Mark Hopkins bellhop stood at the door.

“Are you Mr. Friedman?” he inquired.

“No,” Levine said.

“Then you must be Mr. Levine.”

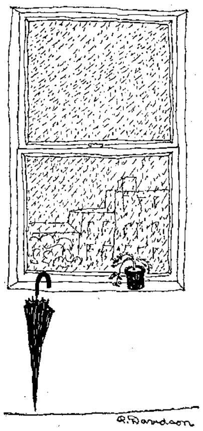
“What the hell do you want?”

“Listen,” the young man said, suddenly plaintive, “I'm an actor—”

Levine slammed the door.

He slept fairly soundly until six o'clock that morning, when it was time to get up and catch the eight-thirty flight to Denver.

JULY: For a few weeks in the hot midsummer, a feeling of depression seemed to hold Embassy's chieftain in thrall. It was nothing you could put your finger on, exactly. Levine arrived at the office early and stayed late; his name appeared with regularity in *Variety's* “US to Europe” and “NY to LA” columns; he gave a press breakfast in the Embassy conference room to report on his recent eleven-city publicity tour for “Nevada Smith,” and he gave a press luncheon at The Four Seasons to announce the signing of Akira Kurosawa, the great Japanese director, who was going to make his first film outside Japan, “The Runaway Train,” in collaboration with Embassy. Still, those who were members of Embassy's higher councils sensed a change, a loss of momentum. Most of the councillors attributed it to external and—they assumed—temporary conditions. The pictures released by Embassy so far in 1966 had done well, but not as well as expected. “The Oscar,” after a fast start, had faded rapidly. “Nevada Smith” was doing good but not sensational business; it no longer looked like another “Shane” or “Stagecoach”—or another “Carpetbaggers.” “Darling” was cleaning up, of course, but “Darling” was last year's picture, while the Kennedy film was actually costing the company money. And now, in addition to these and other disappointments, there was the ogre of tight money. Even the major studios were finding it increasingly difficult to finance their new productions, and Embassy, being an independent with limited cash reserves, had been obliged to shelve a few projects. When somebody asked Levine, “How's business?,” he was apt to answer, a trifle sourly, “Great—I owe the bank eight million dollars.”



Robert Weston, Levine's young executive assistant, understood the feeling of frustration, but he did not worry a great deal about it. Weston was thirty-four, energetic, full of ideas but tough-minded—a real comer—and in his six years with Levine he had developed boundless confidence in the boss's resilience. “I've stood at this crap table longer than most,” he reasoned cheerfully. “I know he's going to keep on rolling those sevens and elevens.” Edward Solomon, another six-year man, considerably older than Weston, responded to the aura of uncertainty by working harder than ever. Solomon had been ordered to retire after a recent heart attack, and Levine worried about that, too, but nobody could keep Eddie Solomon away from the office. He was handling the promotion and bookings for the Kennedy film, and his loyalty verged on fanaticism. “Joe is the fastest decision-maker in the business,” Solomon once said. “He has a credo: ‘Do it.’ Where other people would hold meetings and consultations, Joe just says, ‘Do it.’ ” Nobody in the Embassy office in New York doubted for a moment that Levine would soon be back at the point where he could say ‘Do it’ to a glittering array of new projects, but in the meanwhile the pace of business at Embassy had slackened and the atmosphere was a trifle subdued. Touchier than usual, Levine found occasional need to give vent to his feelings; doormen, waiters, and office personnel felt the sting of his wrath. It would have been an ideal time for him to take a little vacation, and for a while he did talk about going down to the clinic at Duke University to lose some weight. In the end, though, he decided not to go. Instead, he went to Rome, where Mastroianni and de Filippo had just started to film “Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand.” He went to London to check on the progress of Leonard Lightstone's production “The Spy with a Cold Nose.” He sat in his cruelly air-conditioned office on the twenty-third floor of 1301 Sixth Avenue plotting

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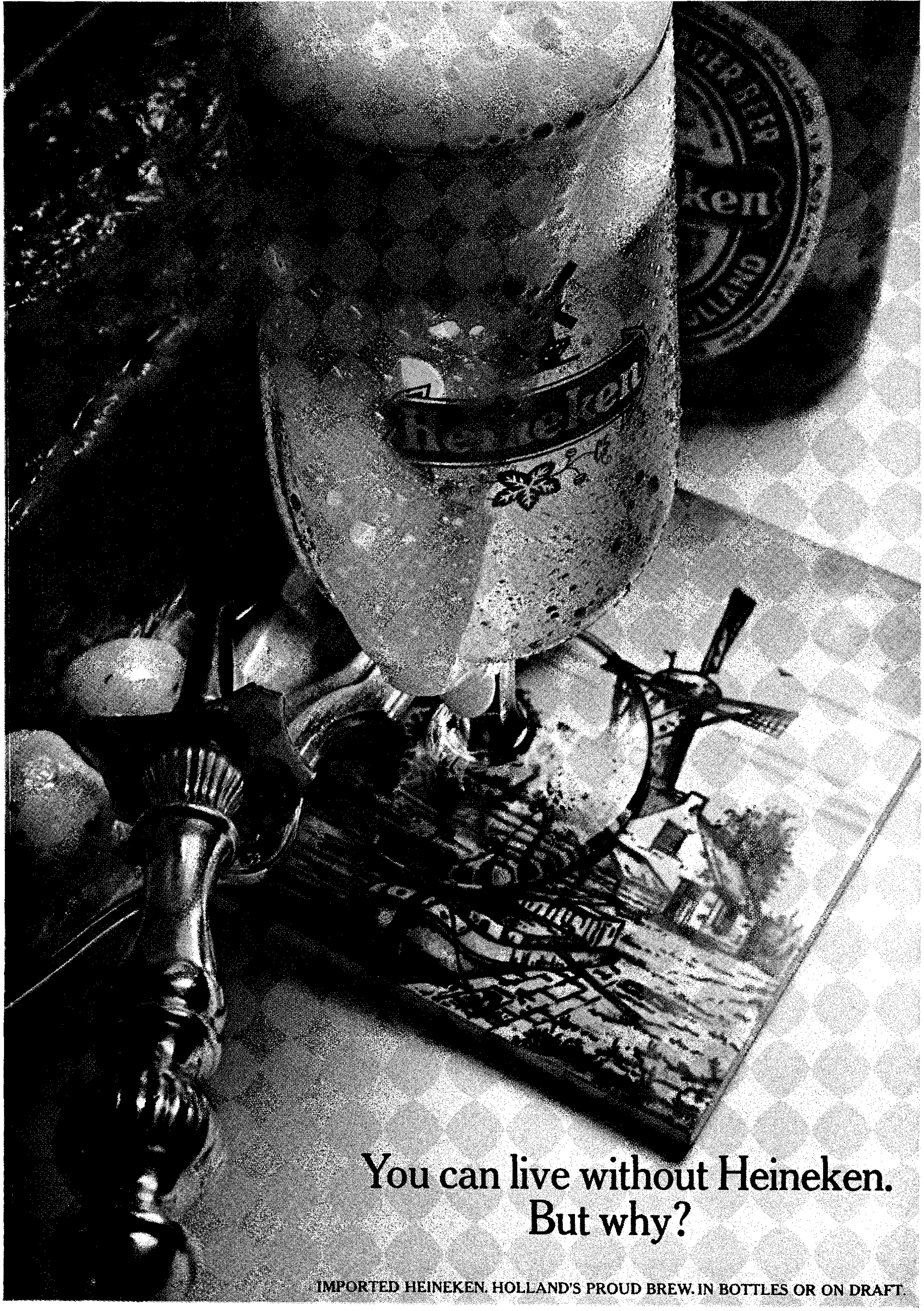
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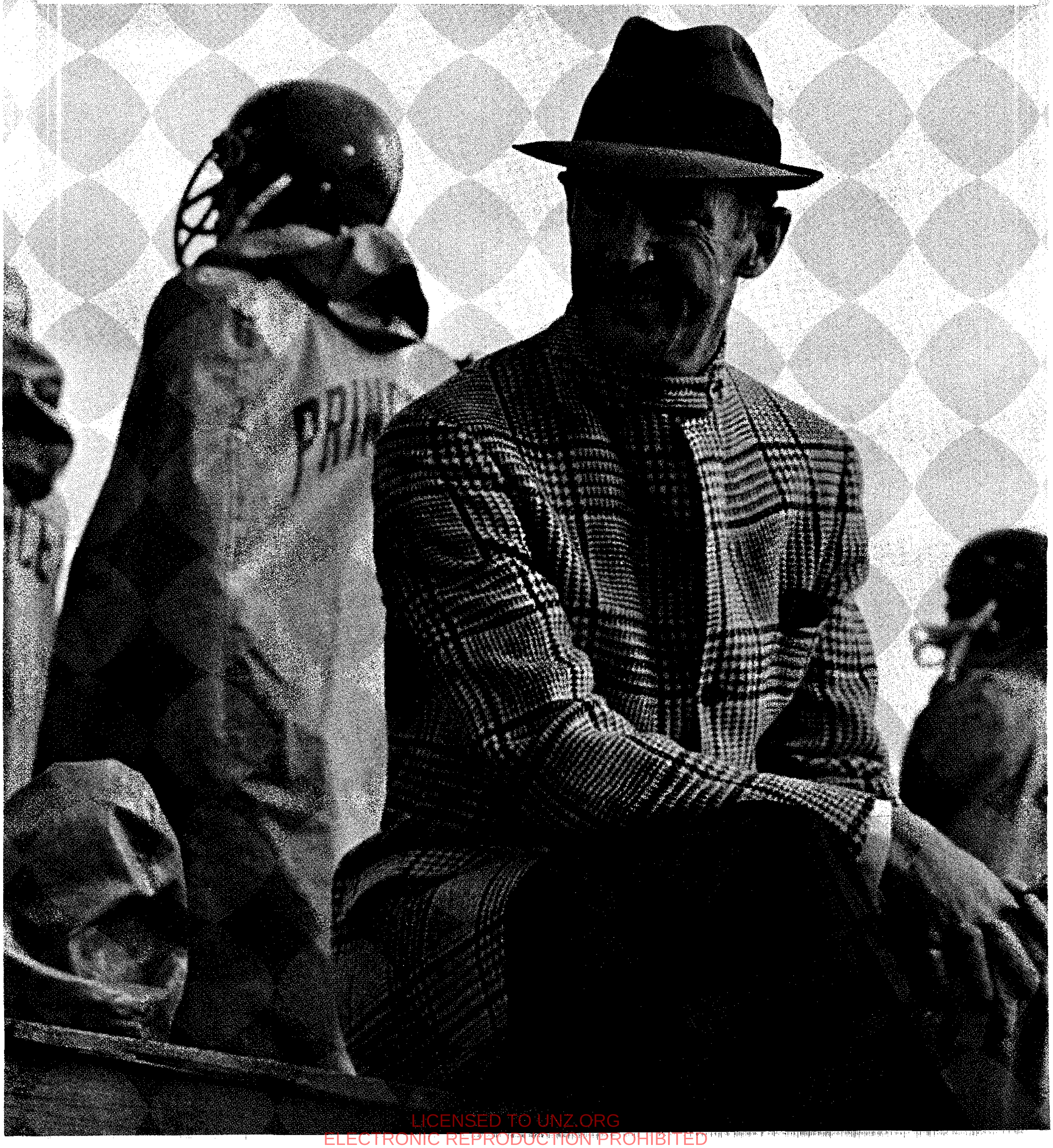

deals and watching the stock market. He was biding his time.

AUGUST: The Rosalie L., ninety-six feet over all, wide of beam, radar-equipped, fully air-conditioned, Captain Richard Lilard commanding, rode the end of the East Twenty-third Street Yacht Basin like the crosspiece of a gigantic "T." A smartly uniformed sailor had positioned himself near the gangway to offer the guests a helping hand. Another crewman stood by on deck. Overhead, oily black clouds darkened the suffocating day just ending.

The first guests came on board at five minutes after six. They were old friends of the Levines—Ezra Nasser, a Syrian-born export-import merchant, and his chic American wife. The Nassers were shown into the saloon lounge, where the air was at least twenty degrees cooler, and where Mrs. Levine sat writing a note. She looked especially vivid in floral pajamas and jewelled sandals, her blond hair swept up on top of her head and tied with a violet ribbon. The saloon had just been done over to Mrs. Levine's specifications, and Mr. and Mrs. Nasser admired the results—green wall-to-wall carpeting, peach curtains, low pink-and-white cabinets containing hi-fi and television sets, comfortable chairs, a small writing desk, and a circular stairwell leading to the three staterooms below. Freshly cut flowers were on the tables.

The rest of the party arrived in a group at six-thirty. Levine had brought them downtown from the office in his Cadillac: Robert Weston and his wife, Margie; Michael Alpert, a relatively recent Embassy employee, and Alpert's friend Marcy Brown. Levine, who was wearing a black business suit, entered the air-conditioned saloon with a groan of relief. He sat down, wrenched open his collar, and gratefully accepted his first Scotch of the day. Then he went below to change from his black suit into more suitable yachting garb. The crew had cast off when Levine and the others came on board, and soon the Rosalie L. was plowing up the East River at about ten knots, doing slightly better than the homeward-bound commuter traffic on the East River Drive. Levine, in tan slacks, black loafers, and a black, short-sleeved sports shirt, stepped out on deck and walked briskly forward. He started to sit down on the cushioned foredeck, but then, running a finger over the white cushions, he noted that they were covered with a fine film of soot. He barked angry orders. A crewman hastened

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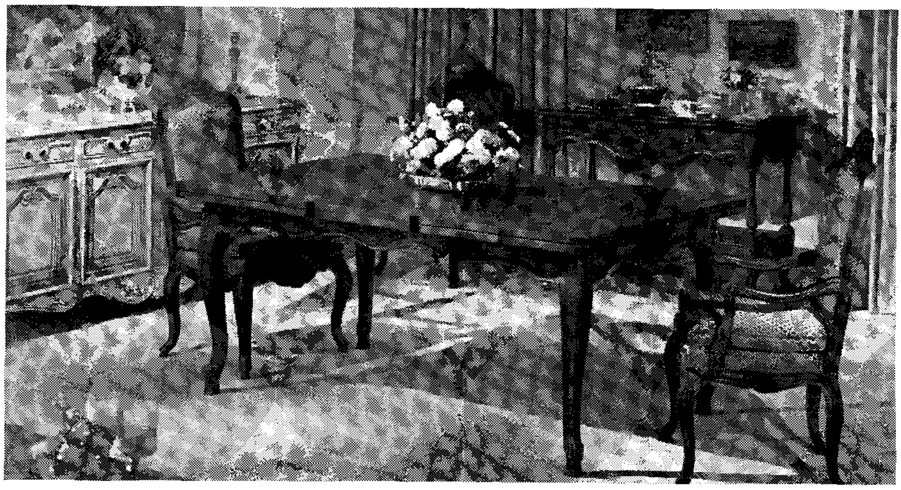

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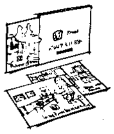

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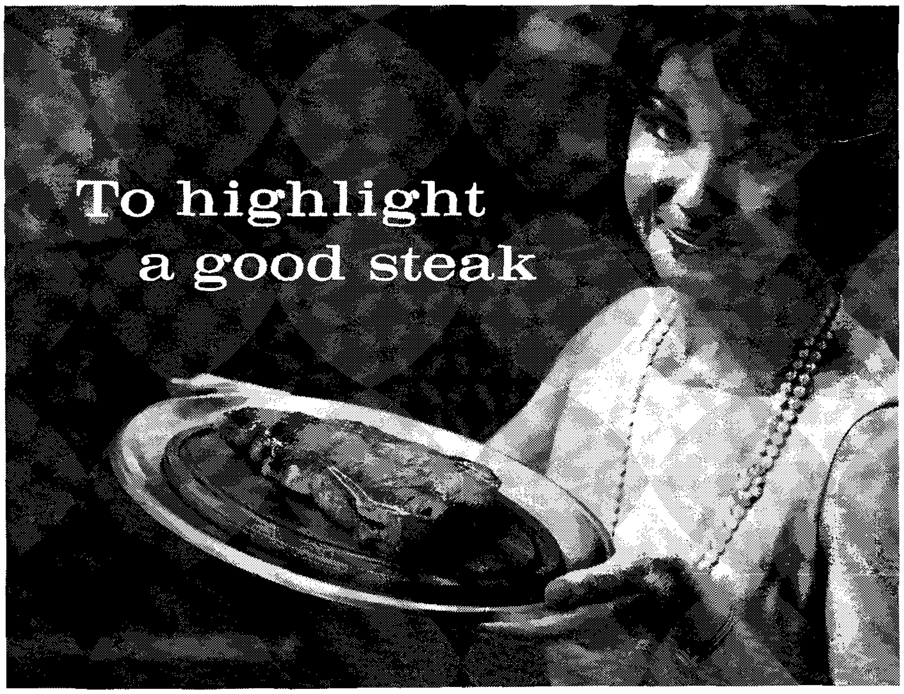

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forward and began sponging the cushions. "You'd think they could at least keep it clean," Levine said to Weston, who had joined him on the foredeck. "Six people it takes to run this goddam boat, and they've got nothing to do all week but lie around at City Island. I'm thinking of getting rid of her. I'll *have* to get rid of her if we go public—the stockholders might not understand. But we use her so seldom it's hardly worthwhile anyway. If that captain ever left, I'd sell her like a shot."

As the Rosalie L. neared Fifty-seventh Street, Captain Lilard sounded three short blasts on the horn. The whole party had come out on the foredeck by this time, and everyone was looking up at the eighteenth-floor terrace of the Levines' Sutton Place apartment. In a moment, there was a flash of pink at the terrace door, and then the figure of a young girl waving gaily. "There she is!" Levine called. "There's Tricia!" Everyone waved. "She's got Miss Muffet with her," Weston added. The waving continued until the Queensboro Bridge cut off the terrace from view.

The Rosalie L. proceeded up the river, past Welfare Island, and then eastward through Hell Gate, heading for the Sound. The air, which had been heavy and humid, had begun to cool perceptibly. Black clouds were piling up over the skyline, and there was an occasional flicker of lightning. The storm caught the Rosalie L. just as she was passing beneath the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge. Sitting on the enclosed afterdeck, drinks in hand and a profusion of hors d'oeuvres within easy reach, the passengers felt very snug. Weston, however, noted the time and grimaced. "There goes the eight-o'clock show," he said. "People look out and see it start to rain like that, and they say, 'Oh, no, I'm not going to the movies tonight.' Rain all day doesn't hurt you, but when it starts at this time of the evening you've had it."

"I guess Lennie is feeling pretty bad right now," Levine said as he made himself another Scotch. Leonard Lightstone's first independent production for Embassy release, "The Idol," had opened the day before, to discouraging reviews.

"Does Lightstone take that sort of thing hard?" Michael Alpert inquired. Alpert, who handled publicity for Embassy, was in his twenties, alert and curious and seemingly at ease with Levine.

"Lennie takes everything hard," Levine said. "But wait until you see Weston's ad for the picture in tomor-

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row's paper. He makes it sound like a great hit that's been running four years on Broadway."

"Every one of those quotes is legitimate," Weston said, grinning broadly. "Not a word out of place."

Soon after eight o'clock, the Levines and their guests were summoned to dinner. Rather than crowd into the small dining room amidships, they remained on the afterdeck and served themselves from a buffet table, on which the Rosalie L.'s resident chef had set out a rolled roast of beef, creamed broccoli, baked Idaho potatoes, rolls, and a tossed green salad. When everyone had been served, Levine took his plate and retired to the writing desk in the air-conditioned saloon. Mrs. Levine explained that he disliked eating from a plate on his lap. The others joined him for after-dinner coffee, and a bit later Levine, Weston, and Alpert moved outside to the afterdeck and drew up chairs in a semicircle. The three men started discussing an article about Levine in the current issue of *Variety*. The article had said that from now on Levine planned to make nothing but English-language films, and that the Mastroianni-de Filippo production of "Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand," then filming in Rome, could therefore be described as marking the end of an era—the last of Levine's Italian-language co-productions. Levine was annoyed by the article's implication that he had lost interest in the Italian film industry. He said that people had been calling him all day about this, and that he had been hard put to it to reassure them. It was true, though, that he planned to concentrate in the future on English-language properties. Television was not very interested in foreign-language pictures—at least the networks were not. You had to keep the networks very much in mind these days, Levine said, what with the tight money situation and the banks shutting down on you.

Captain Lilard, on the bridge, checked the time—it was nearly nine o'clock—and shifted his course back to Hell Gate. Weston and Alpert, who had veered into a discussion of the Raquel Welch phenomenon—how to become a big star before you appear in a movie—noticed that Levine was dozing. He woke with a start, dozed off again, and finally, muttering to himself, went back and stretched out on the long, cushioned stern seat. Weston and Alpert stayed on for a while, talking, large, heavy gold cufflinks glittering softly in the dark, but even-

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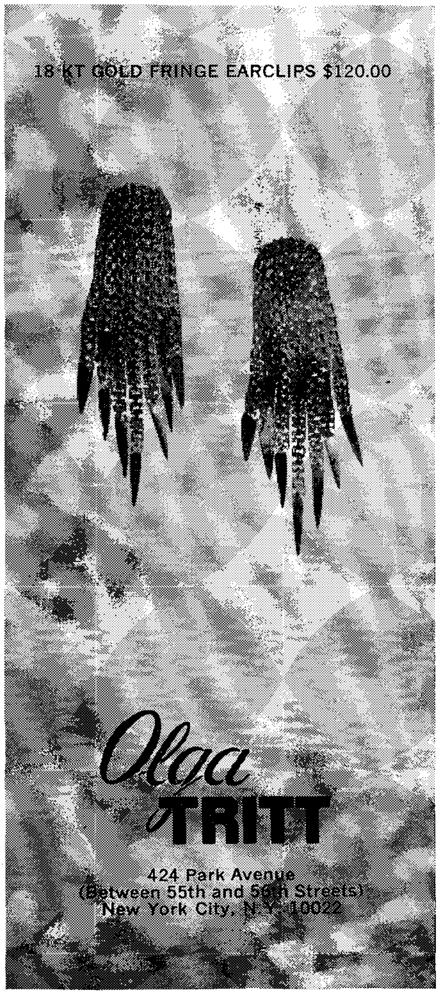
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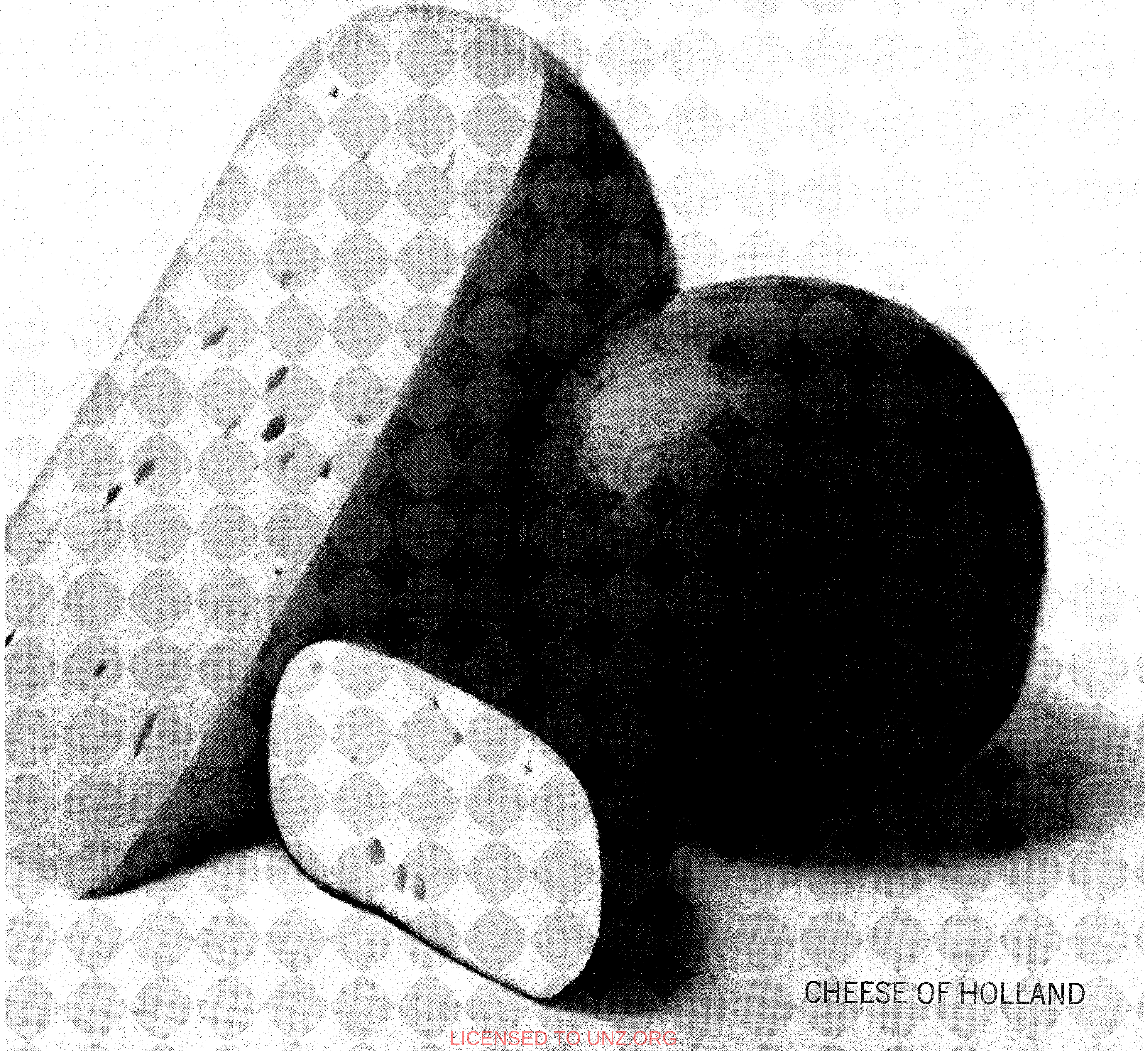

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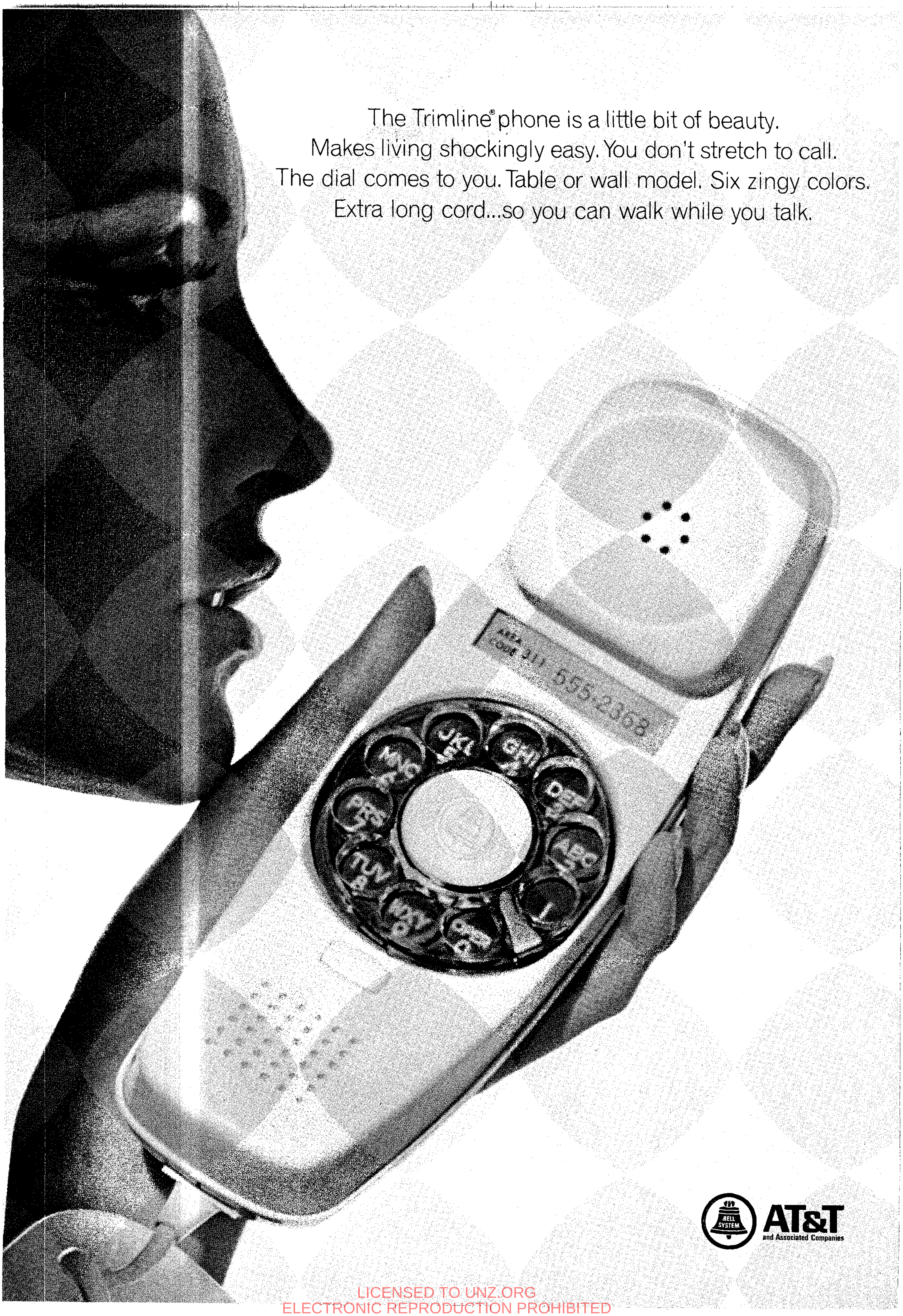
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tually they went inside and joined the others, who, it turned out, were talking about Romain Gary's novel "The Ski Bum." Embassy owned the screen rights to "The Ski Bum," which was going to be a relatively high-budget production. Mrs. Levine had read the screenplay, by Sidney Carroll, and she felt that it did not measure up to the original novel. Weston said that everyone agreed the ending was wrong, and that the script was going to be considerably rewritten. He asked who they thought should play the lead in the film, now that it looked as though they could not get Steve McQueen. Mrs. Levine said she thought Peter O'Toole would be ideal, even though he was English and the script called for an American. A few other names were suggested—Warren Beatty, Michael Parks. The conversation grew lively in the well-lighted, comfortably furnished, thoroughly air-conditioned sitting room. No wave motion, no engine sound, no marine sight or smell impinged upon the senses of the passengers as they glided, unseeing, beneath the high-arched spans of the Throgs Neck and Bronx-Whitestone Bridges. Out on deck, under a blanket that one of the crew had provided, Levine slept soundly.

SEPTEMBER: Whence these tremors and stirrings, this expectant hush in the large corner office at Embassy Pictures Corporation? Behind his massive Empire desk of inlaid mahogany—a desk carpentered in another century for a Finance Minister of France—Joseph E. Levine skims through a sheaf of pink slips bearing telephone messages that have accumulated during his ten-day trip abroad. On a long sofa in front of the west windows Bobby Weston sits in frowning concentration. Mike Hall, the column crasher, his clipboard poised on one elegantly trousered knee, waits with alert pen for piquant revelations. Michael Alpert's restless eye roves about the room, taking in once again the two gold telephones on the desk, the antique tapestry screen behind it, the grandfather clock whose delicate hands remain forever fixed at ten-thirty-two, the bull's-eye mirror and the Roman cameo plaques, the damask walls, the twelve-thousand-dollar antique French gros-point carpet, the mounted brass telescope with the manufacturer's name, "E. G. Wood, London," engraved on it in fine script. The telescope is one of the few items not personally selected by Mrs. Levine, who has decorated all of her husband's

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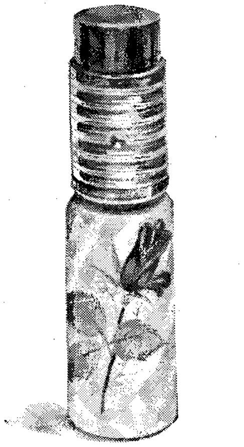
rooms. It was given to him by Ely Landau, co-producer of Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night." ("The movie got wonderful reviews, and we lost six hundred thousand dollars on it," Levine says. "Do you think the telescope was worth six hundred thousand?") Directly opposite the desk is a door leading off to Levine's private kitchen and his private steam bath; farther down the corridor, which connects with a conference room, is a replica of the front door of the house that Levine grew up in, at 48 Billerica Street, complete with mailbox—a memento of a childhood that Levine says contained not one happy day.

Levine finishes leafing through the pink slips, puts them down, and starts to tell a story about his latest sojourn in London. It is almost as though he and the others in the room were deliberately avoiding the primary topic—the major event that has taken place while Levine was in Europe. *Variety* is full of it, of course. ("SMASH RATING OF 'KWAI' FOR ABC CUES ERA OF SUPER-CINEMA DEALS ON TV.") What has happened is that television, once shunned by motion-picture producers as the kiss of death, has despaired of its own resources and clasped the film industry in a desperate and moneyed embrace. The climactic stage of this long evolution took place on the night of September 25th, when the A.B.C. network gave over its prime eight-to-eleven evening spot to a showing of "The Bridge on the River Kwai," a blockbuster motion picture for which the network had paid a record two million dollars for two showings on TV. It was an enormous gamble—a Levine-type stroke—and it paid off. An estimated sixty million viewers tuned in "Kwai," eclipsing N.B.C.'s formerly top-rated "Bonanza" and establishing a new record audience for a TV special. Before the week was out, two networks (C.B.S. and A.B.C.) had paid a total of seventy million dollars to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount Pictures, and Twentieth Century-Fox for major productions to be shown during prime evening hours, and the competitive bidding had driven the prices for TV rentals of major films to unprecedented high levels. Virtually overnight, television money had become *the* major source of new capital for film production—or, rather, for the high-budget, blockbuster type of film, which now, of course, would be produced in ever greater numbers by the major studios and the independents alike.

Although the atmosphere in the



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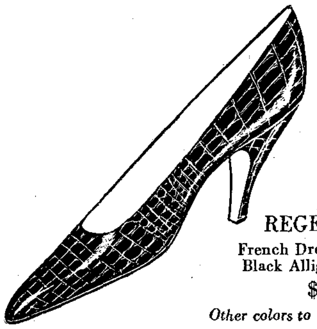

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corner office at Embassy is heavy with anticipation, Levine talks casually about his trip. He has been to London, Paris, and Rome, checking on the status of Embassy co-productions. Shooting on Leonard Lightstone's "The Spy with a Cold Nose" is virtually completed in London; the Mastroianni-de Filippo film "Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand" is progressing on schedule at Cinecittà; in Paris, where "Woman Times Seven" is scheduled to start shooting in three weeks, Arthur Cohn, the working producer, has managed to sign four top male stars to play opposite Shirley MacLaine in four of the picture's seven vignettes. Cohn has signed Vittorio Gassman, Alan Arkin, Peter Sellers, and Rossano Brazzi—a considerable feat of persuasion, in Levine's opinion. "Some of these vignettes are very short, so what it amounts to is asking somebody to play a bit part," Levine says. "Of course, Arthur has one great advantage—they all want to work for De Sica. None of them would be in the picture if De Sica weren't directing."

Levine takes a long-distance call from his old friend George Jessel. He takes another, immediately afterward, from Luigi Zaccardi, his man in Rome. Zaccardi's message seems to be a trifle unclear, and in the middle of the conversation Levine suddenly inquires, in a tone of irritation, whether Zaccardi has *anything* to say to him or not. Levine hangs up, muttering. He studies the pink slips again, and again tosses them aside. "By the way," he says, glancing at Mike Hall, "I saw 'Kaleidoscope' last night. You seen it yet, Mike?"

Hall nods.

"It's very good," Levine says. "And I found our ski bum."

Hall's eyebrows go up. "Warren Beatty?" he says.

"He was terrific in that picture," Levine says. "He'll be just right for us. He's the only person who could play the part of the ski bum except me, and he's thinner. We sent a telegram to his agent today." Hall scribbles a note on his clipboard. "So we'll do the picture for two million instead of four, which is what it would have cost us if we'd been able to get McQueen."

"You think Beatty will accept?" Alpert inquires.

Levine shrugs. "You never know. It's a good deal."

The buzzer sounds on Levine's desk. He picks up a gold telephone, speaks to Helen Fiebelmann in the next room. "Who? . . . Put him on." Holding his hand over the mouthpiece, Levine nods

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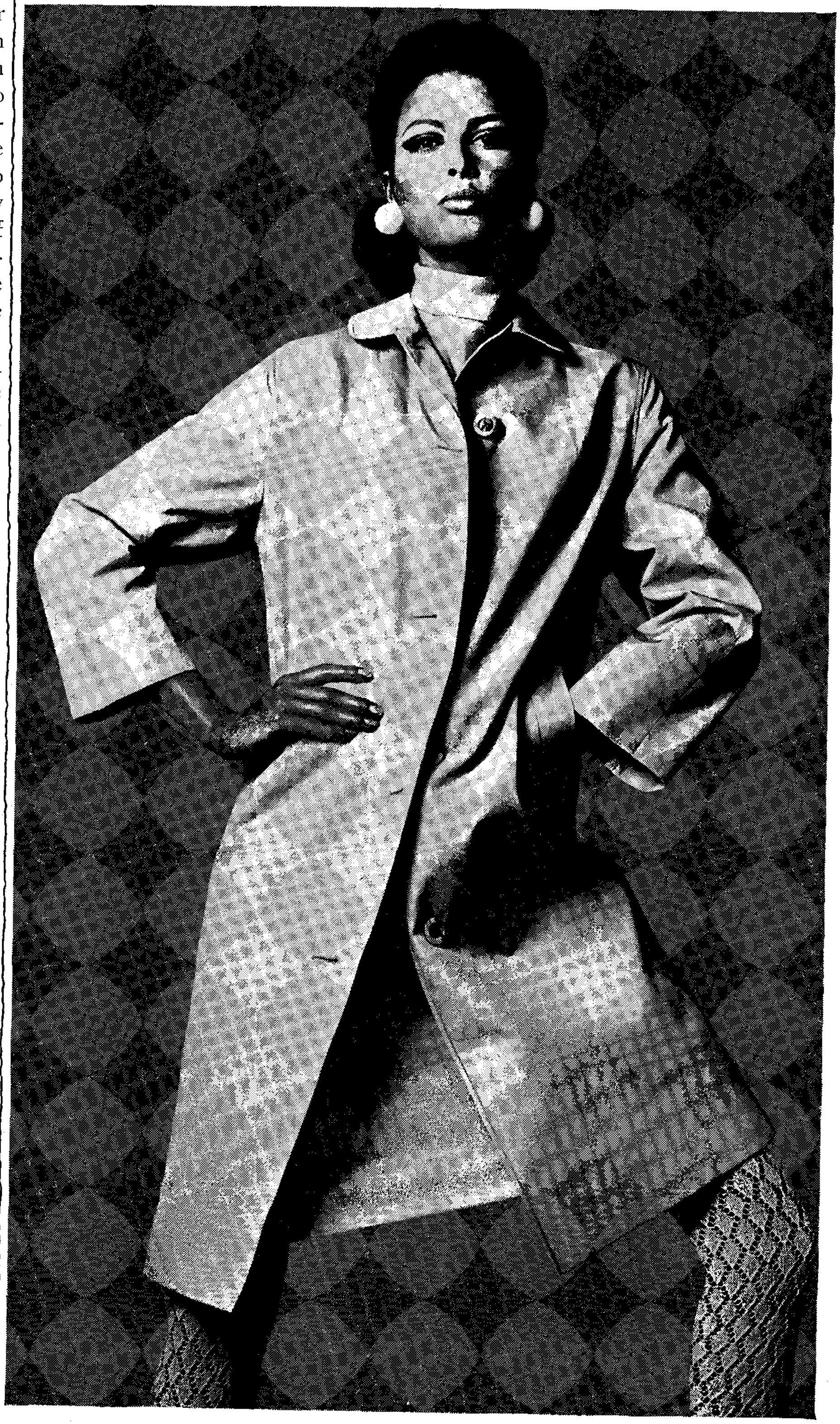

significantly to Weston. "It's Tom Moore," he says. Thomas W. Moore is president of the A.B.C. television network. The room grows very still.

"Hello, Tom," Levine says gruffly into the gold receiver. "How are you? . . . I read about all the money you guys are spending on pictures, and it just made me drool. You got any left? . . . Sure, let's talk. . . . Monday is fine. I'll see you then."

Levine hangs up. "All right," he says softly, more or less to himself. "All *right*. To hell with the goddam banks."

OCTOBER: The birthday party for Rosalie Levine, which began with cocktails and dinner for sixteen at The Four Seasons, had dwindled by midnight to eleven friends and relatives around two tiny tables at El Morocco. Compared to the previous year's Levine gala, it was a fairly modest celebration. That year, when Levine turned sixty, Rosalie had taken over the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria and thrown a really memorable "Joe Goes Like Sixty" bash for three hundred guests, with Senator Jacob K. Javits delivering the after-dinner speech and Sammy Davis, Jr., popping out of a gigantic birthday cake. Instead of bringing presents, the guests contributed a total of twenty thousand dollars to the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, in Boston, Levine's favorite charity. This year, though, Levine had been on a business trip to Rome when his birthday came around. It was the first time in his married life that he had been away from his home and family on that occasion, and he was making up for it by giving a little party for Rosalie on *her* birthday. At El Morocco, wedged behind a table overflowing with glasses, cigarette packs, heavily freighted ashtrays, ice buckets, and bottles of champagne and Black and White Scotch, Levine looked stoically uncomfortable. He was catching a cold, and every so often he would sneeze four or five times in succession. Between sneezing bouts, he talked with his friend Ezra Nasser.

"This business with the networks is a very big thing, isn't it?" Nasser asked.

Levine nodded emphatically. "Six months ago, a major picture was worth maybe two hundred thousand dollars to television," he said. "Now it's worth at least five hundred thousand, probably more. My God, A.B.C. paid Fox five million for 'Cleopatra.' It's a whole new business now. Next year, we're going to make nothing but major pictures.

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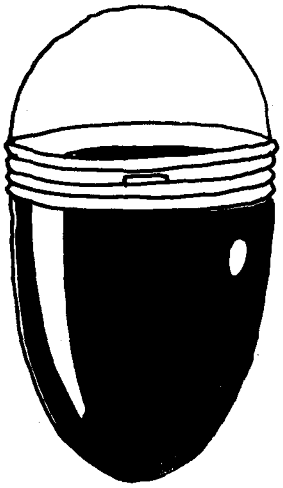

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We've come a long way from 'Hercules.' " Levine was seized by a fit of sneezing. When he could speak again, he said, "Did I ever tell you how I first heard about 'Hercules' ?"

Nasser smiled and shook his head.

"I was just a small-time New England distributor at the time," Levine said. "Oh, I'd handled a couple of successful gimmick pictures—'Attila the Hun,' that great movie, and a Japanese horror thing called 'Godzilla,' another of the all-time cinema greats—but I wasn't getting anywhere. Then one day in New York I happened to run into Red Silverstein. Fabulous guy. Works for Metro. Red had just come back from Rome, and he said, 'Joe, I saw a picture over there that had your name written on it.' The moment he told me the title, I practically jumped out of my chair. 'Hercules'! Naturally, I asked why *he* hadn't bought it. Metro was having money problems then, and he said that was why. But Silverstein got their man over there to take a one-week option on it for me, and I hopped the plane for Rome the next morning. That's how it all started. Right from the beginning—from the second that Red mentioned the title—I *knew*. And when I saw the picture for the first time, all alone in that goddam sub-freezing basement where Metro had their screening room in Rome— My God, you think 'Hercules' was bad when you saw it, you should have seen it then! The color was terrible, the sound was terrible, and the Italians had botched up the sound track. You remember the shipwreck scene, where the mast of the ship breaks off and comes crashing down on deck? Well, there was no sound at all. Dead silence. And then, a couple of minutes later, when Steve Reeves is making love to some broad, you heard this tremendous crash. You can't imagine how bad it was. And yet I never had any doubt in my mind that it would go. The real tragedy of 'Hercules' is that it cost so little to make. If it had been made on the scale of 'Ben-Hur,' for instance, it could have been one of the all-time classics."

After a moment, Levine added, "Of course, that kind of promotion, that kind of picture—you couldn't sell it now. People have become very skillful at smelling out what's good and what's lousy. But, still, I have to admit it was quite a stunt."

NOVEMBER: "Woman Times Seven," the first of the three pictures that Embassy had agreed at the beginning of the year to produce in collaboration with Vittorio De Sica and

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Arthur Cohn, was budgeted for four million dollars, making it the most expensive production that Levine had financed by himself up to that time. Filmed in color and wide-screen, with a screenplay written by De Sica's longtime associate Cesare Zavattini, it was actually a series of seven short films in which Shirley MacLaine played seven different types of modern woman. In each episode, she was to have a different co-star, and the casting problems created by this requirement were not solved until the picture was almost completed. The film was shot in Paris, a city that Levine has never found especially congenial. Nevertheless, during its thirteen-week shooting schedule he crossed the ocean four times to visit the set and check on De Sica's progress. The film, of course, was not the sole reason for Levine's four trips. When he came to Paris during the sixth week of shooting, for example, he flew in from London, where he had spent a rather frantic three days negotiating with Stanley Baker, Nat Cohen, and a number of other people about new film projects, seeing the final cut of Leonard Lightstone's film "The Spy with a Cold Nose," and betting moderate sums on horse races, which he followed closely and strenuously on television in his hotel suite while he was negotiating with Baker. From Paris he planned to fly to Geneva, to see about a bank loan for his next De Sica-Cohn production, a film based on Romain Gary's autobiographical "Promise at Dawn;" the Geneva trip was abandoned when the president of the Swiss bank cabled that money was tight there, too. The main purpose of the trip, though, was to look in on "Woman Times Seven."

Levine arrived at Le Bourget on the three-fifty B.E.A. flight, accompanied by Leonard Lightstone. They were met at the airport by Robert Porter, the production manager of "Woman Times Seven," and by George Gonneau, Embassy's regular representative in Paris. After Lightstone had collected their bags, they went directly to the Hotel Plaza-Athénée, where Levine was staying for the first time. He had tried a number of Paris hotels in the past and disliked them all. Either the suites were too small or the service was bad or the air of the rooms made his sinuses run. One of the problems was that Levine was not as well known in Paris as he was in Rome or London; he had once confided to Gonneau that he lacked "muscle" in Paris, and this was always frustrating. He had been favorably impressed by the Plaza-Athénée during his last visit,

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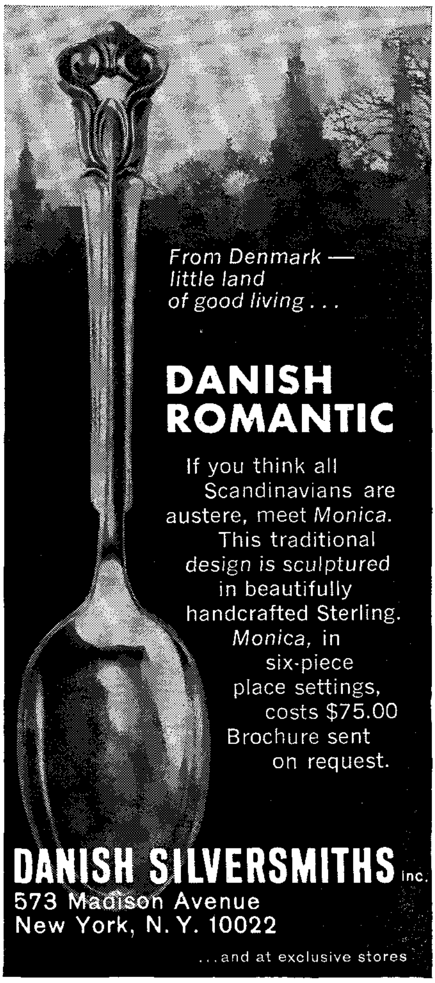

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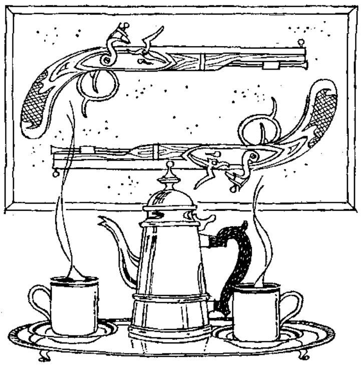

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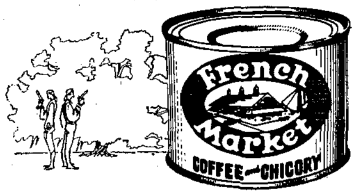

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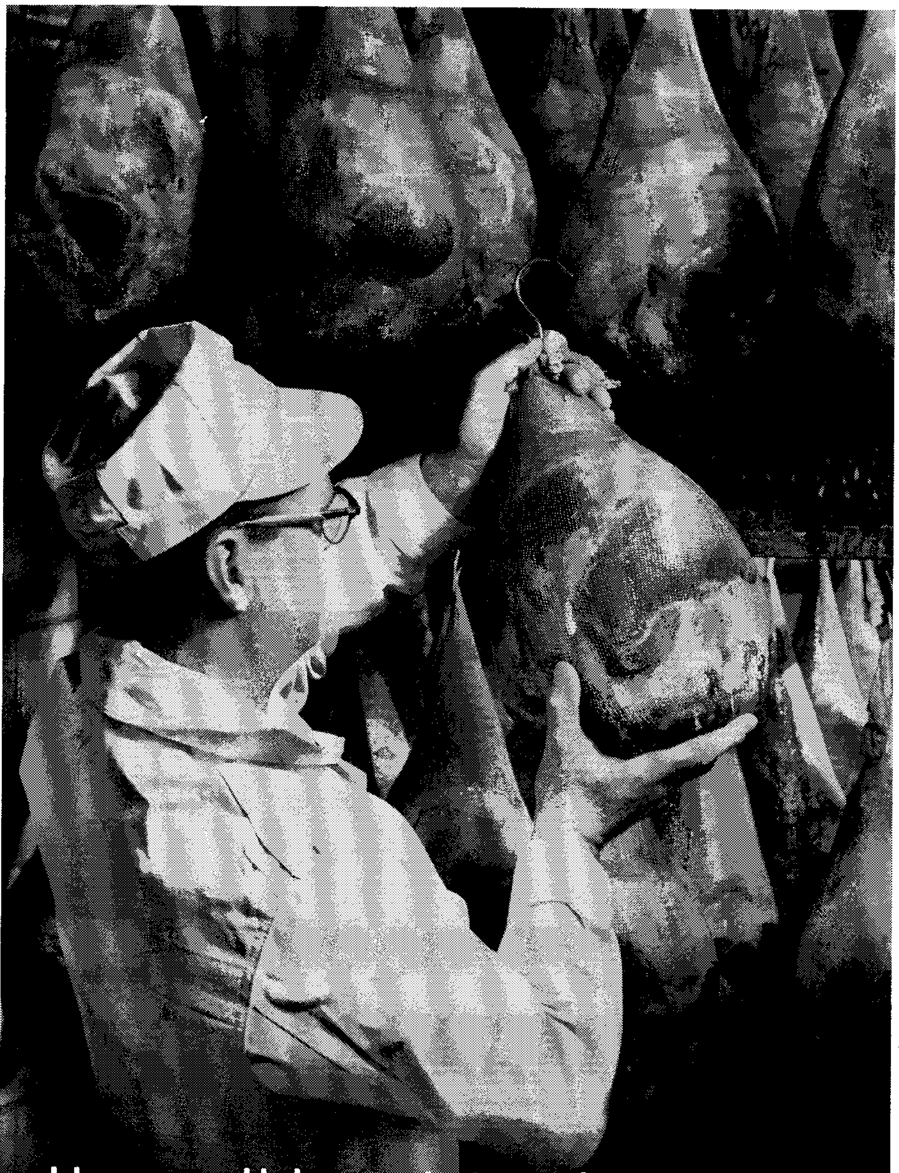
when he had had lunch there, but Gonneau, who had made the reservations at Levine's request, was somewhat apprehensive. All the larger suites were occupied, and the one he had taken for Levine, though attractive, was rather small.

The suite's size seemed to amuse rather than anger Levine. "Is Lightstone's bigger than this?" he inquired, looking around the sitting room, with its delicate carved furniture, muted colors, discreet prints, and full-length windows overlooking the Avenue Montaigne. Levine inspected the bedroom and bath. He burst out laughing when he saw the tub, a huge, old-fashioned type on legs. Returning to the sitting room, he opened a large package that had been handed to him at the desk downstairs. In it were three bottles of Johnny Walker Black Label Scotch, a gift from Arthur Cohn. "What do you think of that?" he said, showing the bottles to Porter. "My own producer can't even remember my brand. Fire him immediately."

Fifteen minutes after Levine and Lightstone had checked into the Plaza-Athénée, they were on their way to the "Woman Times Seven" set, at the Studio de Boulogne, in suburban Boulogne-Billancourt. On the way over, driving through a steady downpour, Levine asked Gonneau how he was getting on with the dubbing of a group of old pictures that Embassy had recently bought from Dino De Laurentis for leasing to television. In addition to being Embassy's representative in Paris, Gonneau was in charge of all European dubbing operations for the company. He had fallen into the dubbing business by chance several years before, when he was an unsuccessful young American artist living in Paris. A friend of his had told him that there was easy money to be had at a nearby dubbing studio for anyone who could speak English, and one day when he was feeling poorer than usual he went around to see if that was true. Gonneau is completely bilingual—both his parents are French, but he grew up in New York and took a degree in electrical engineering from Cornell—and he also speaks Italian fluently. The first time he applied at the dubbing studio, he very nearly got the job of dubbing Marcello Mastroianni's voice in the English-language version of "La Dolce Vita," and from then on he found himself in such demand (his resonant, extremely flexible voice turned out to be ideal for the work) that he gave up painting and devoted full time to his new profession. He became the



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regular English voice of Mastroianni, Vittorio Gassman, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and practically every other top European star, and he even dubbed for his fellow-American Steve Reeves as the voice of Hercules—Reeves' voice, Levine felt, did not have the proper godlike authority. The current trend toward international co-productions involving polyglot casts and production facilities in two or more countries has made dubbing an increasingly important part of the film business, and Gonneau, who has ambitions to become a visible as well as an audible actor, is probably too valuable in his present job for Levine to consider letting him move out in front of the cameras. Levine does not have a very high regard for actors, in any case.

Turning to Porter, a tall, suave Englishman who has served as associate producer on a number of Embassy pictures, Levine said that while he was in London he saw Jules Buck, Peter O'Toole's agent, and learned from him that O'Toole was interested in "The Ski Bum." This was a highly significant bit of news. Warren Beatty, to whom Levine had already offered the part, was holding off until he saw the revised script. O'Toole, however, was a much bigger draw than Beatty. "The part would have to be rewritten for an Englishman, but that's no problem," Levine said. "Listen, I hear Anatole Litvak is finishing a picture with O'Toole over here now."

Porter confirmed this; Litvak had just finished shooting the Sam Spiegel production of "The Night of the Generals."

"I want to see him," Levine said. "O'Toole likes working for him, and it might be a very good thing if we could get Litvak to direct 'Ski Bum.' Incidentally," he added, "I hear we're three days behind schedule on our picture."

"We'll collect insurance on two of those days," Porter said quickly. "De Sica and Shirley were each sick one day, and we'll come out ahead on the insurance. The budget's all right, Joe. I've saved some money on casting. We're only sixteen thousand over budget now, which is nothing."

"What do you mean, nothing?" Levine said.

"It's a four-million-dollar picture, Joe."

"Don't tell me."

Lightstone, who was sitting in the front seat, turned and spoke rather brusquely to Porter. "You know why Shirley was out one day, don't you?" he said. "She took a girl she knew to

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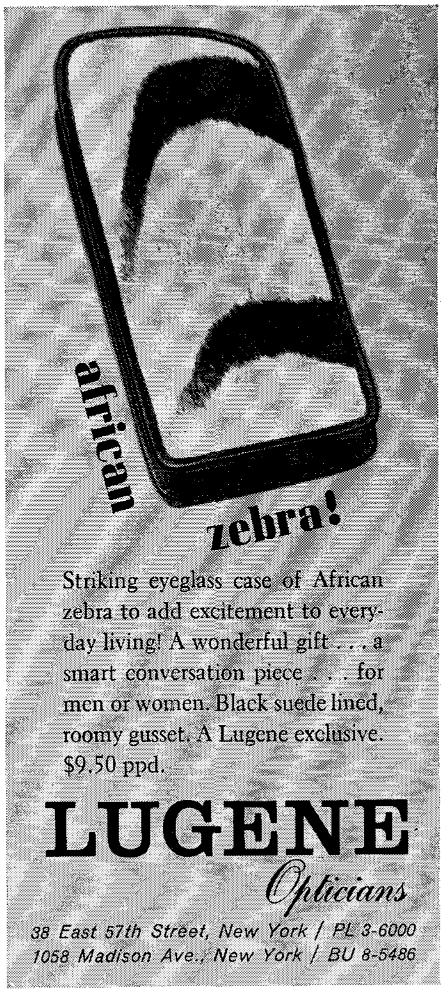

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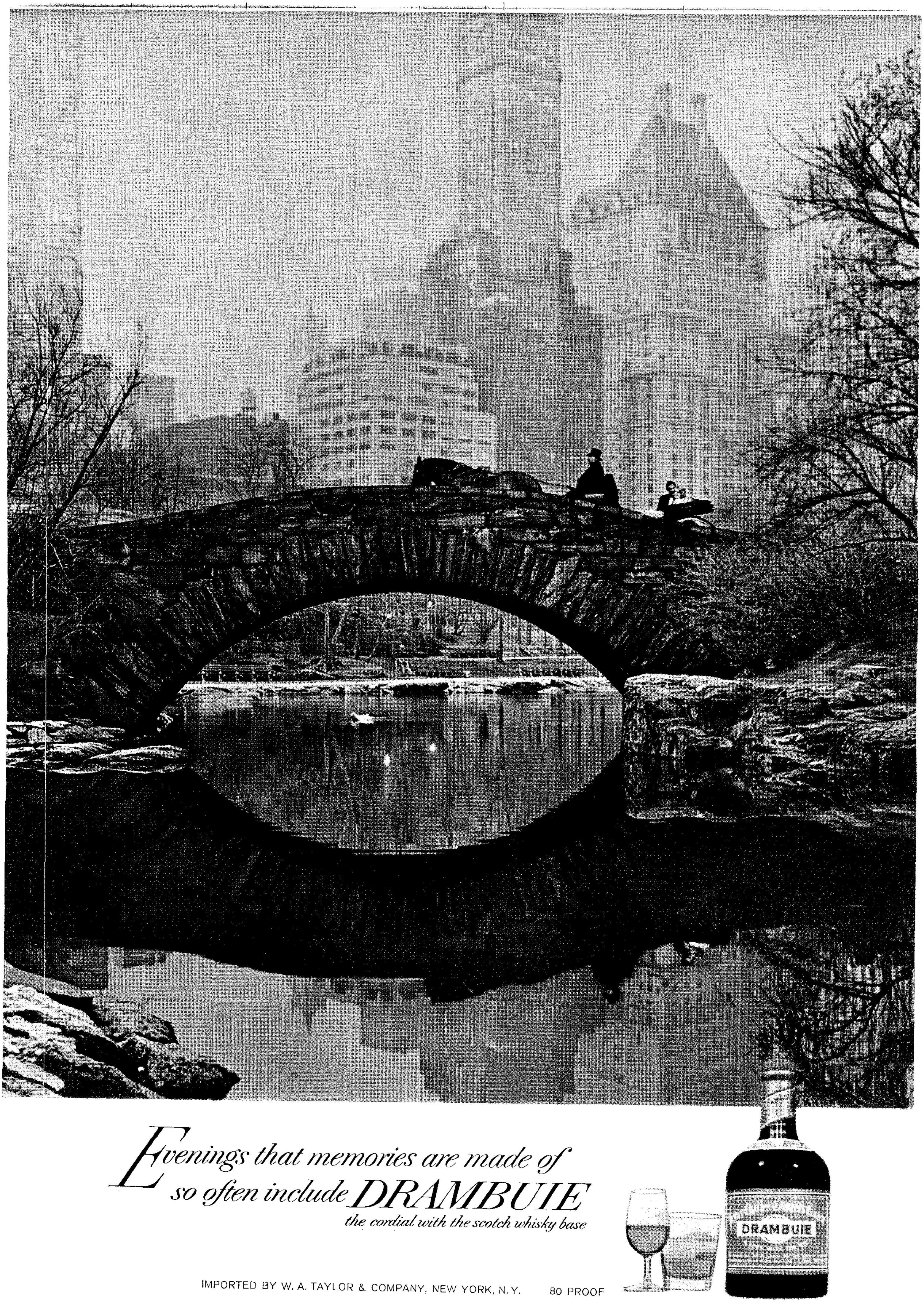

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the airport and decided to go to New York for breakfast with her. She came back on the next flight, but then she was knocked out all the next day."

Porter looked stunned. "You're joking," he said.

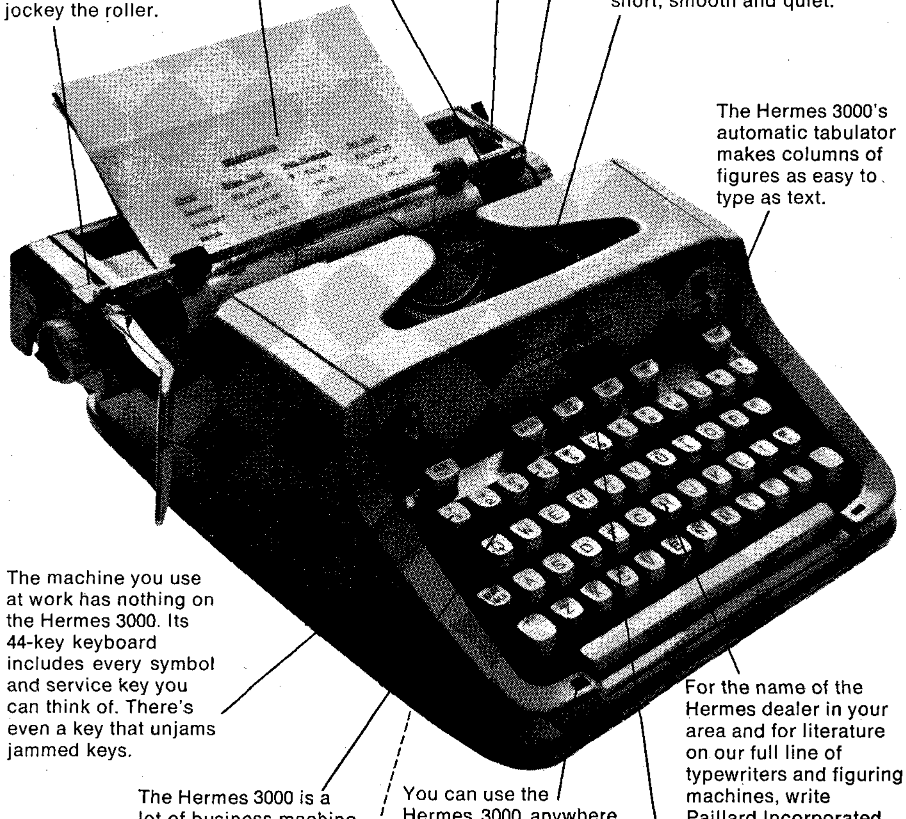
"Like hell I am," Lightstone said. "That's the kind of a kookie girl she is. But, still, when you're getting paid eight hundred thousand for a picture, you don't do things like that."

"It's the first I've heard about it," Porter said, still dubious. "I'm sure De Sica doesn't know."

"That's lucky," Levine said. "De Sica's got enough problems as it is."

The Studio de Boulogne is about twenty minutes from the center of Paris. Levine and Lightstone got there around five o'clock in the afternoon and went directly to the set (the sign on the door read "Sept Fois Femme"), where De Sica was about to shoot the day's first footage. (In French studios, work begins at noon and continues straight through until eight o'clock.) They were working on the sequence entitled "The Suicides," in which Shirley MacLaine and Alan Arkin, playing two despondent working-class lovers, come to a cheap hotel room with the intention of ending their misery. Miss MacLaine had been unhappy with her costume, a beaded black dress that she felt made her look like a prostitute instead of the workingman's wife she was supposed to be, and shooting had been delayed while Marcel Escoffier, the costume designer for the film, re-outfitted her in a drab skirt and a flowered-print blouse. Levine picked his way through the welter of backdrops, cables, lights, and other equipment to a platform where technicians had built a mockup hotel room with an exterior fire escape and a single window, through which could be seen a section of shabby wallpaper and a rumpled bed.

Arthur Cohn, the working producer, came forward to greet them. A tall man with a long, thin face and an ex-



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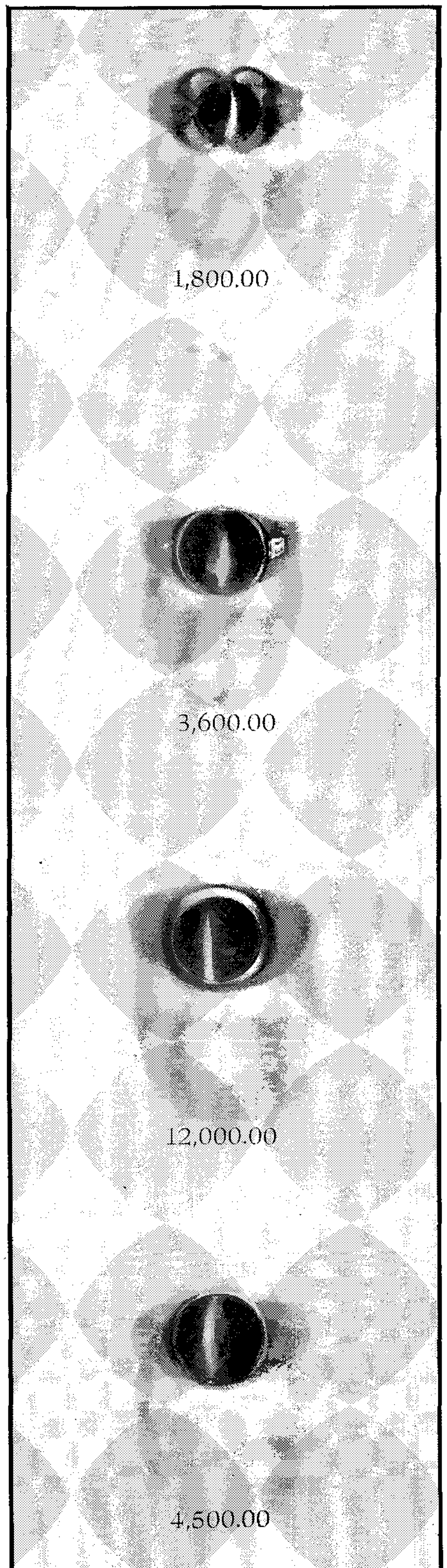
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ceptional stand of dark hair that seemed to flow straight up from his scalp, Cohn made one think, as Gonneau put it, of a figure in a painting by El Greco. He greeted Levine warmly, his head cocked over on one shoulder so that the words came out sidewise. "Come," he said. "This way."

The newcomers followed Cohn up a flight of wooden steps leading to the set, which was very crowded. Thirty or forty people—actors, technicians, designers—stood or milled about on the platform, at the far end of which was the brightly lighted hotel room. Out of this confusion De Sica suddenly emerged, moving toward Levine with his hands slightly extended at waist level. He grasped Levine by both hands. "Ah, Joe," he said.

"How are you, Vittorio?" Levine replied.

"Fine, fine, everything is fine, Joe. Good to see you," De Sica said. He was beautifully dressed in pale-gray flannel slacks, a gray cashmere sports jacket, a blue shirt, and a dark, figured tie. His white hair was immaculately combed. Almost immediately, he excused himself and returned to the set. Levine was next introduced to Alan Arkin, who was sitting in a chair playing Scrabble with an attractive girl who was there to photograph him for *Harper's Bazaar*. Arkin shook Levine's hand without getting up—a lapse that did not go unnoticed. ("I didn't think much of that Arkin," Levine observed later to Lightstone.) Arkin was summoned to the set, and Marc Monnet, the young French assistant director, began calling imperatively for silence. The technicians took up their positions, and the camera was rolled forward on its rubber wheels. Cohn found a chair for Levine—not the canvas one marked "M. Jos. Levine" but another, off to one side, where he could watch the actors work. Shirley MacLaine and Alan Arkin sat down on the bed, shielding their eyes until they grew accustomed to the lights. "*Silence!*" Monnet cried. "*Taisons-nous!*" A warning bell rang to prevent anyone from using the outer door. "*Ne bougez plus!*" Monnet shouted. "*Silence complet!*" A technician ducked in under the camera with a scene board, held it in front of the actors, and ducked out again. De Sica, standing beside the camera, raised one hand. "*Attention!*" he whispered. "*Action.*" The scene began quietly, with the two actors sitting on the bed while Miss MacLaine tested a small tape recorder that they planned to use for their bitter farewell to the

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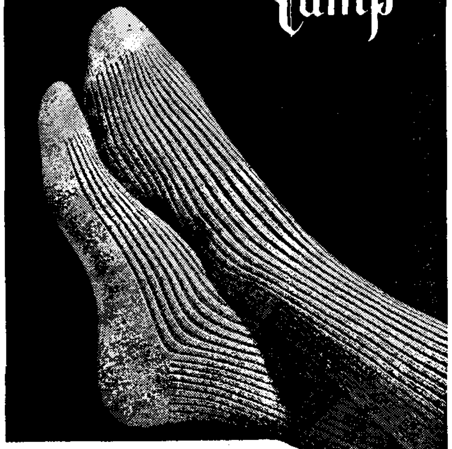
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world. De Sica watched them with great intensity, his lips slightly parted, his hands moving at his sides. The take lasted for a minute and forty seconds. When it was over, Levine turned to Lightstone and nodded several times, smiling broadly. "That's a good, long take," he said. "That saves us money."

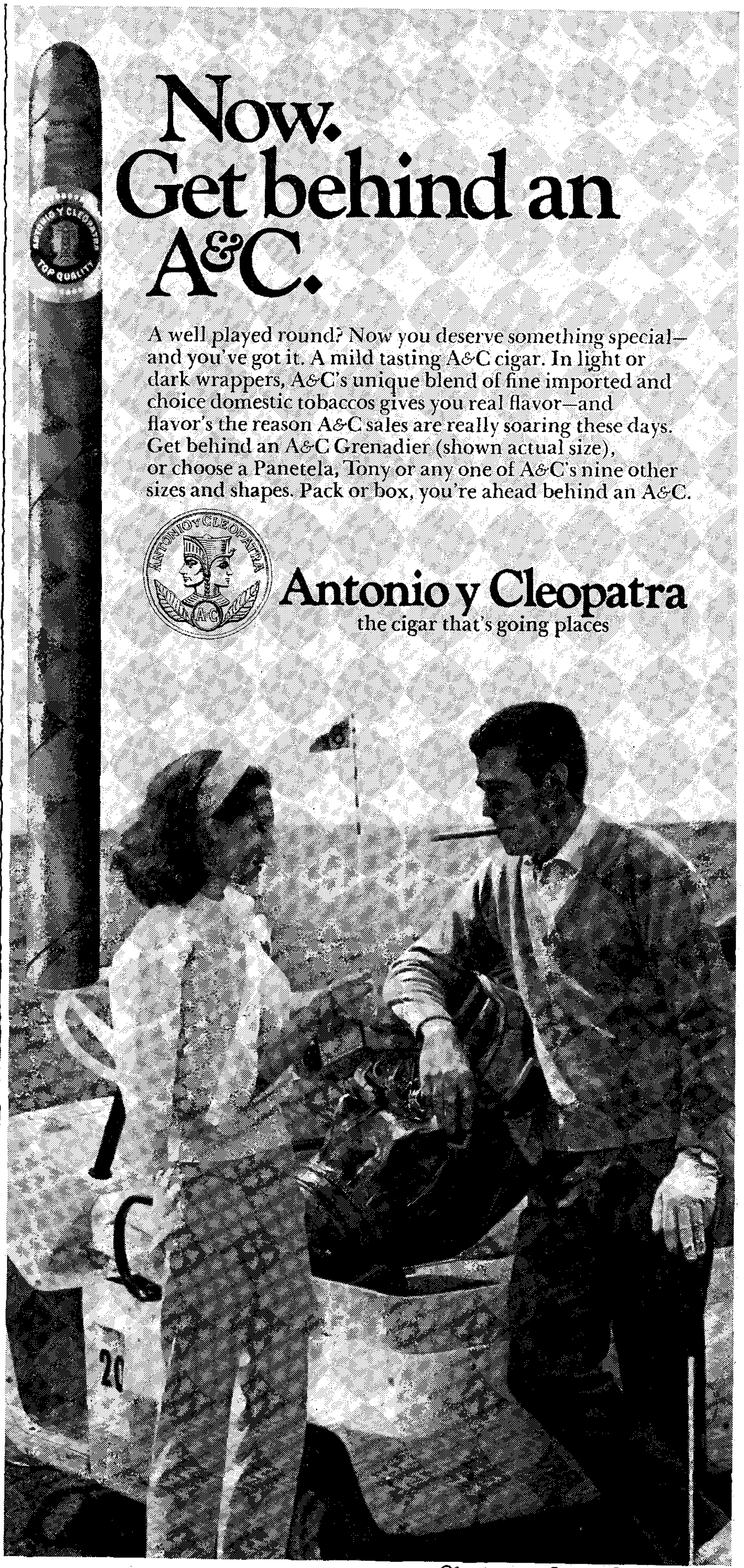
While De Sica spoke to the actors, and Christian Matras, the head cameraman, prepared to shoot the same scene from another angle, Cohn came over to say that this would be an excellent time for Levine to see the rushes of the scenes that had already been filmed. Levine grunted and got to his feet. "They'd probably be happier if we weren't here anyway," he said. Monnet was calling for silence again as they picked their way down the stairs and over to a heavy double door marked "*Poussez Doucement.*"

The screening room was on the third floor of a building across the street from the "Sept Fois Femme" set. Levine, Lightstone, and Porter sat down in the front row of seats, and Cohn took a seat directly behind Levine. "We start by showing you 'Two Against One,' " he explained. "It is still very rough, of course, and there is no music as yet." This particular vignette, in which Miss MacLaine, playing a United Nations translator, is ardently courted by two rival diplomats (Vittorio Gassman and Clinton Greyn), had been a source of concern to Levine and Lightstone from the beginning. It involved some footage of Miss MacLaine in the nude, and it ended with all three of the principals in bed together. There was quite a lot of nude footage of Miss MacLaine, and Lightstone stirred uneasily in his seat a few times, but Levine made no comment. Next, they saw a rough cut of "At the Opera!," with Miss MacLaine playing a wealthy society woman, and Patrick Wymark, the English actor, playing her husband. Much of the sequence had been filmed on location inside the Paris Opéra, and the costumes were spectacular. Levine liked it. Several times, he murmured, "Tremendous," and he nodded vigorous agreement when Bob Porter leaned across to comment on "the great production values."

When the lights went up in the screening room, Lightstone was the first to speak. "Joe, you've got a big problem with 'Two Against One,' " he said. "The Legion will never pass it that way."

"Let's save as much of it as we can," Levine said.

"I've got to have cover shots for all



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that nude stuff, Joe," Lightstone insisted. "De Sica will have to reshoot."

"All right, Lennie, take it easy. Just let's not change anything until we have to," Levine said. He asked whether Lightstone had seen "The Professionals," a highly successful Western just released by Columbia. "There's a scene in that where the girl is bare-breasted and she says to the guy, 'Take me,' " he announced. "And *it* got a seal."

Lightstone was adamant. "We've got to have cover shots," he said. On the way down in the elevator, though, he agreed that the opera sequence had great production values, and that the rest of the footage looked highly promising. Levine seemed positively exhilarated. "It looks like we've got ourselves a picture," he said.

By the time they got back to the other building, it was nearly eight o'clock. De Sica had finished shooting for the day and had gone to change his clothes. In a few minutes, Cohn said, they would all go back to the screening room to look at "The Funeral Procession," the first of the vignettes and the only one in a relatively finished state; De Sica wanted to be present when Levine saw this one. While they waited for De Sica to change, Shirley MacLaine, wearing a white fur coat, appeared and threw both arms around Levine. They drew back and surveyed each other fondly.

"Shirley," Levine said, "you're having such a good time with this picture you ought to give me my money back." Miss MacLaine smiled. "Seriously," Levine added, "you ought to get the Oscar for this. You're magnificent. In fact, I personally guarantee you the Oscar."

"You really like it?" she said.

"I love it. It's going to be a great picture." They chatted for a few moments, and then Miss MacLaine excused herself, saying she was late for dinner with Maurice Chevalier.

At eight-thirty, Levine and his entourage returned to the screening room, and a few minutes later De Sica arrived, with his wife and his young American son-in-law, Peter Baldwin, who was serving as his personal assistant on the picture. De Sica had showered and changed into a dark-blue suit of faultless cut, and he looked, if anything, even more regally handsome. Before taking his seat, he came over to speak to Levine. In his beautiful, halting English, he explained that the sequence they were about to see was the finest thing he had ever done. He particularly wanted Levine to notice

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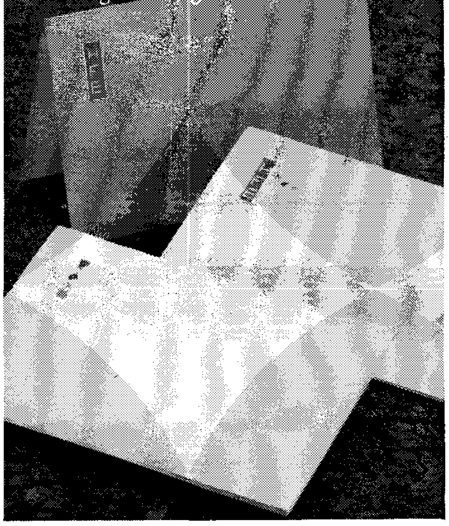

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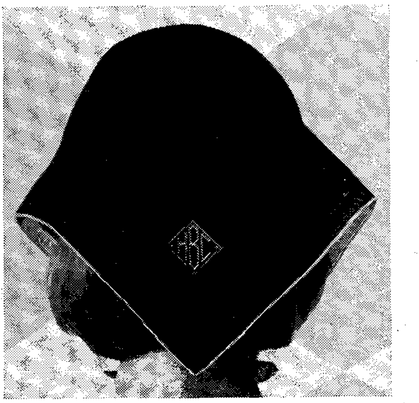

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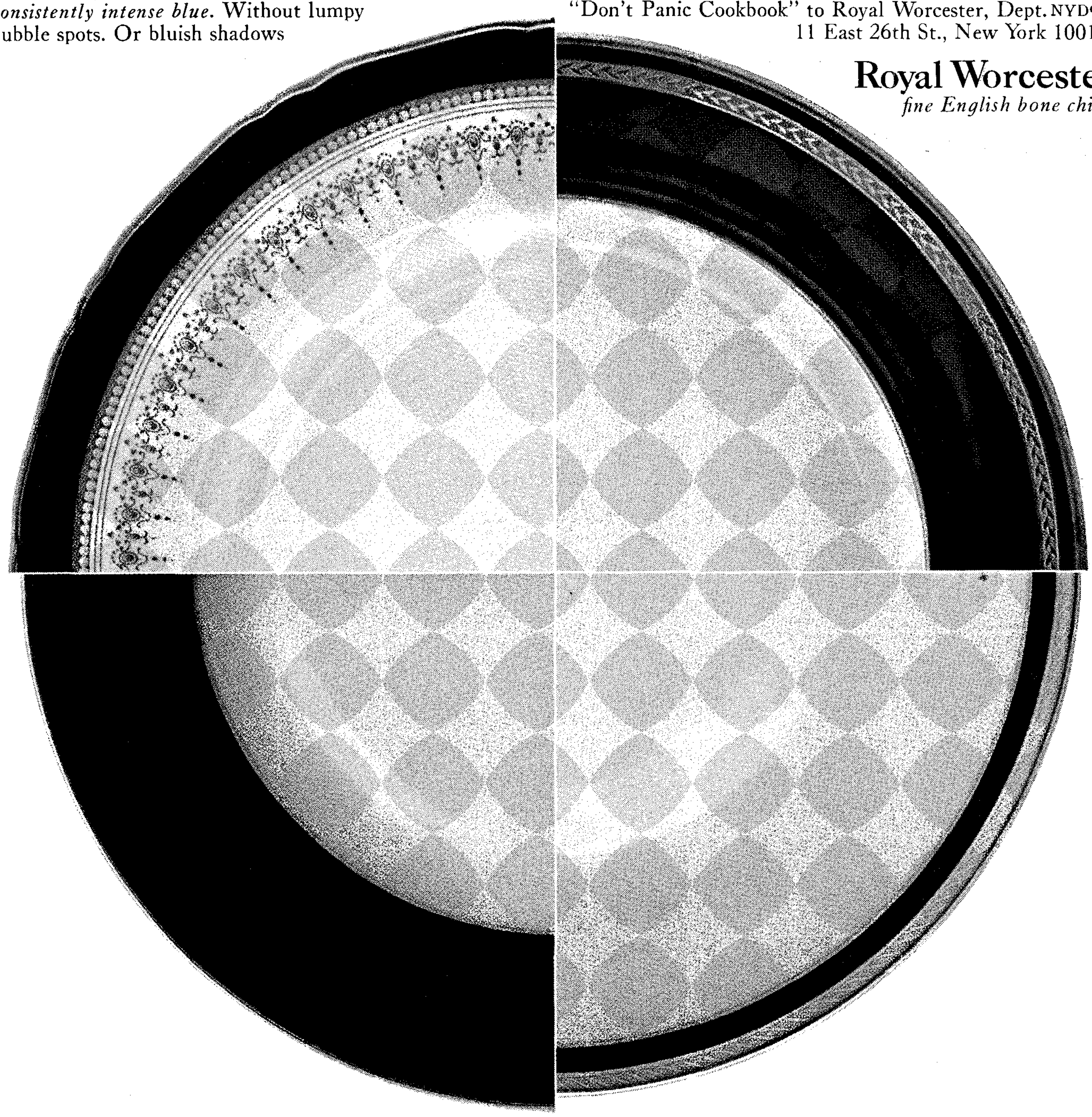


the use of the song that went with it—a French *chanson* called "Le Testament," by Georges Brassens. He called on Peter Baldwin to explain in English the gist of the song, which related the surprisingly cheerful thoughts of a recently deceased husband on his last ride to the cemetery; the song not only set the scene perfectly, Baldwin said, but gave the whole vignette a special, unique flavor. "Wait, wait until you see," De Sica said.

The vignette was very brief—no more than eight minutes—with Shirley MacLaine playing the bereaved widow and Peter Sellers playing her increasingly ardent comforter. When it was over, there was a burst of applause. De Sica rose and stood before Levine, smiling broadly. "In all my life," he said, "I have never done anything better than this, believe me, Joe." He took out a gold cigarette case and lit a cigarette.

"It's marvellous, Vittorio," Levine said huskily. "Just marvellous. If you don't get the Oscar for this . . ."

"And the music, the song—you understand? It adds another dimension," De Sica said.

Baldwin explained that De Sica was thinking of commissioning a song for each vignette—a ballad to set the tone. It would serve, he said, as a sort of unifying device for the picture.

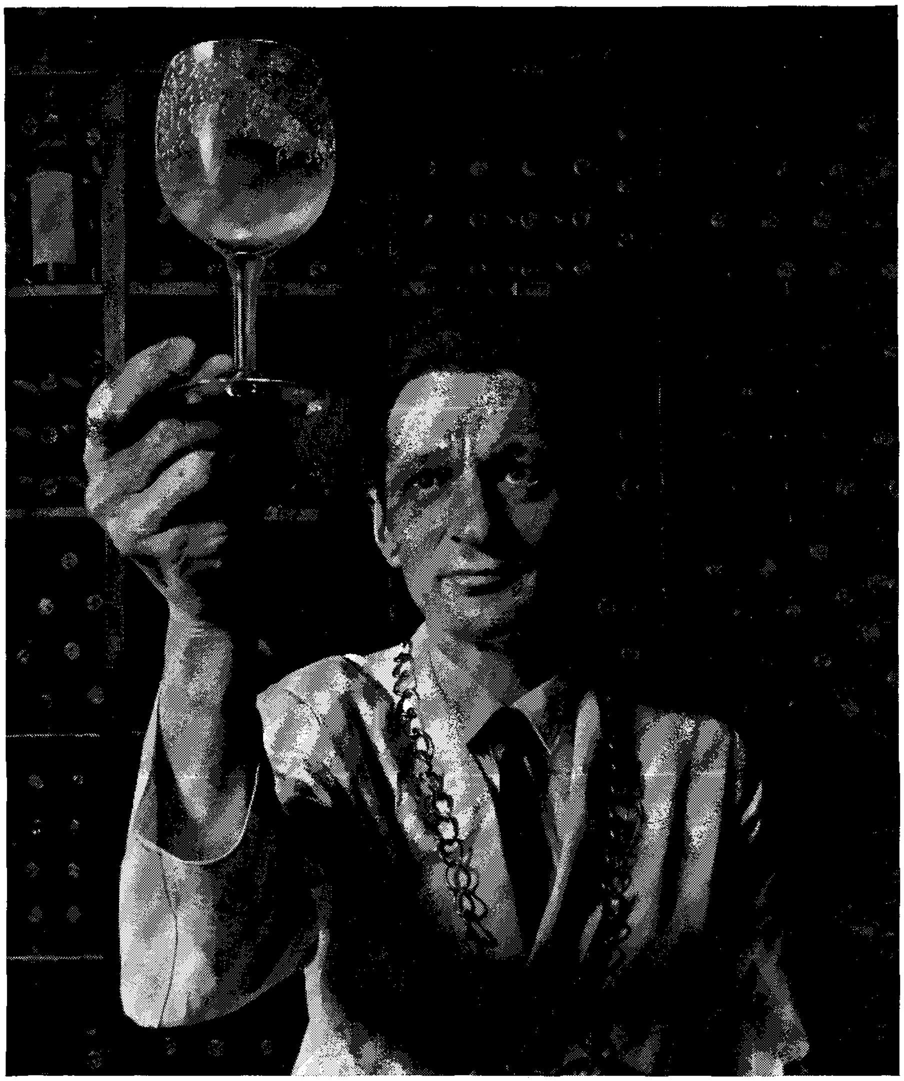
Levine cleared his throat. "Well," he said, "I'm wondering about the song. How would it sound in English?"

Gonneau told him that it could probably be translated, but not easily.

"You know, we have a chance to get Mancini for this picture," Levine said. De Sica looked puzzled. "Henry Mancini," Levine explained. "The composer—the one who wins the Academy Award for music every year. I think we should get Mancini to do the score for the whole picture. All these goddam pictures and we've never yet had a hit song. It means a hell of a lot of money, you know."

"All right," De Sica said blandly, with an elegant wave of his hand. "We will discuss." The ash from his cigarette fell on the red carpet, and Baldwin quickly rubbed it in with the toe of his shoe.

Lightstone brought up the subject of a leading man for "The Super-Simone," the last sequence on the shooting schedule. The part was that of an American writer of best-selling but trashy novels about a heroine whose fantastic charms the writer's neglected wife (Miss MacLaine) seeks



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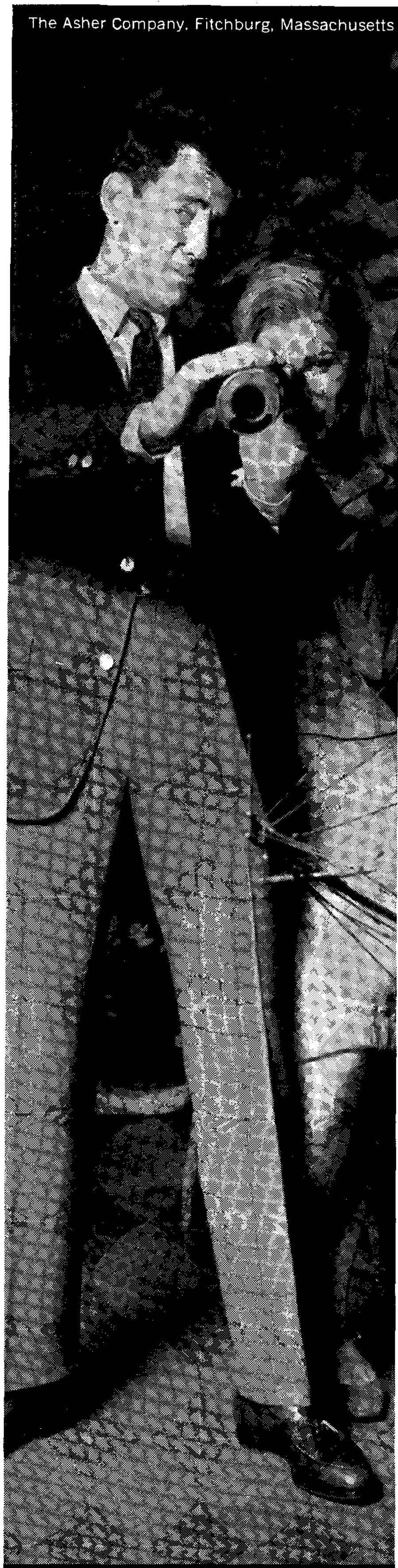

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to emulate. Several actors had been approached, but so far no one had been signed for the role.

"Listen, Vittorio," Levine said. "What would you think of Van Johnson?"

"Johnson?"

"Van Johnson, an American actor. Very tall, blond . . ."

"Van Johnson—yes, I know." De Sica nodded, without enthusiasm.

Lightstone, noting the reaction, countered by suggesting the young English actor James Booth. "We think he'd be just right in the part," Lightstone said.

De Sica replied, with great courtesy, that Booth was assuredly a fine actor but that he had the wrong sort of face—the face of an Italian, almost a Neapolitan face. "What we need in this part," De Sica said slowly, "is an American, handsome, tall, blond, and looking a little—how do you say? *Idiota.*"

"Van Johnson," Levine said.

"Yes," De Sica said. "But I have someone else in mind, much better." He paused, savoring the suspense. "Lex Barker," he said.

During the rather stunned silence that followed, Lightstone groaned. "That Tarzan guy?" Levine said. He looked as though he hoped De Sica was joking, but De Sica was not joking. "Trust me, Joe," he said, placing one hand over his heart and leaning forward a little. "I am sure about this. I have been right about casting so far, no? You like the picture so far?"

"The picture looks great, Vittorio," Levine said.

"You mean that?"

Levine began to chuckle. He placed his hand over his heart, leaned forward, and said, in a reasonably good imitation of De Sica, "I am a-sure."

De Sica roared with laughter, and the two of them walked out arm in arm, followed by Lightstone and the others. Lightstone alone looked decidedly grim.

An hour later, Levine, Lightstone, Porter, Gonneau, and Cohn met for drinks in Levine's suite at the Plaza-Athénée. Levine was in high spirits. "Arthur, I want to thank you for the booze, but this isn't my brand," he said. "I drink Black and White." Cohn, sitting on the sofa with his head cocked to one side, gave a somewhat weary smile. "This is good stuff," Levine said, pouring from one of the bottles of Black Label. "But next time get Black and White, will you?"

"Sorry, Joe," Cohn said.

"Listen, Arthur, I won't mind any-

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thing if this picture is a success," Levine said. "And if it's a failure your problems are going to be over anyway, because I'll shoot you, personally. There'll be one less Jew in the world, but that's all right. I'm only kidding, of course. Except this time I'm not. Arthur, how's the baby?" Cohn's wife had given birth earlier that week to their first child, a girl. Cohn said both the mother and the daughter were doing fine. "July 1st, Arthur," Levine said, raising his glass in a salute. "We'll open in New York July 1st, and I'll throw a big party for you and your wife."

Cohn gave Porter, who was sitting at the other end of the sofa, a mordant look. "Ever since the beginning—even back when nobody was sure there would *be* this movie—he's been saying July 1st," Cohn said. "Once, when he was very mad at me, he said he would open the picture on Yom Kippur, so I could not be there."

"Arthur, you're a devout man," Levine said when he had drained his glass. "You're a credit to bums like Lightstone and me."

The telephone rang. It was California calling Levine. He took the call in the bedroom, and for fifteen minutes the others could hear him alternately shouting and threatening to "call off the whole deal." When he returned, though, he seemed quite unruffled.

Cohn began to badger Levine about Israel. Cohn's father-in-law is the Israeli Minister of the Interior, and for some time he had been trying to talk Levine into making a movie in that country. "I think it is better for you to do that than to have audiences with the Pope," Cohn said, becoming quite indignant. "Why are you so anti-Semitic, anyway? I think it's time you did something for Israel."

"You always get your way, Arthur," Lightstone said sourly. "He probably will."

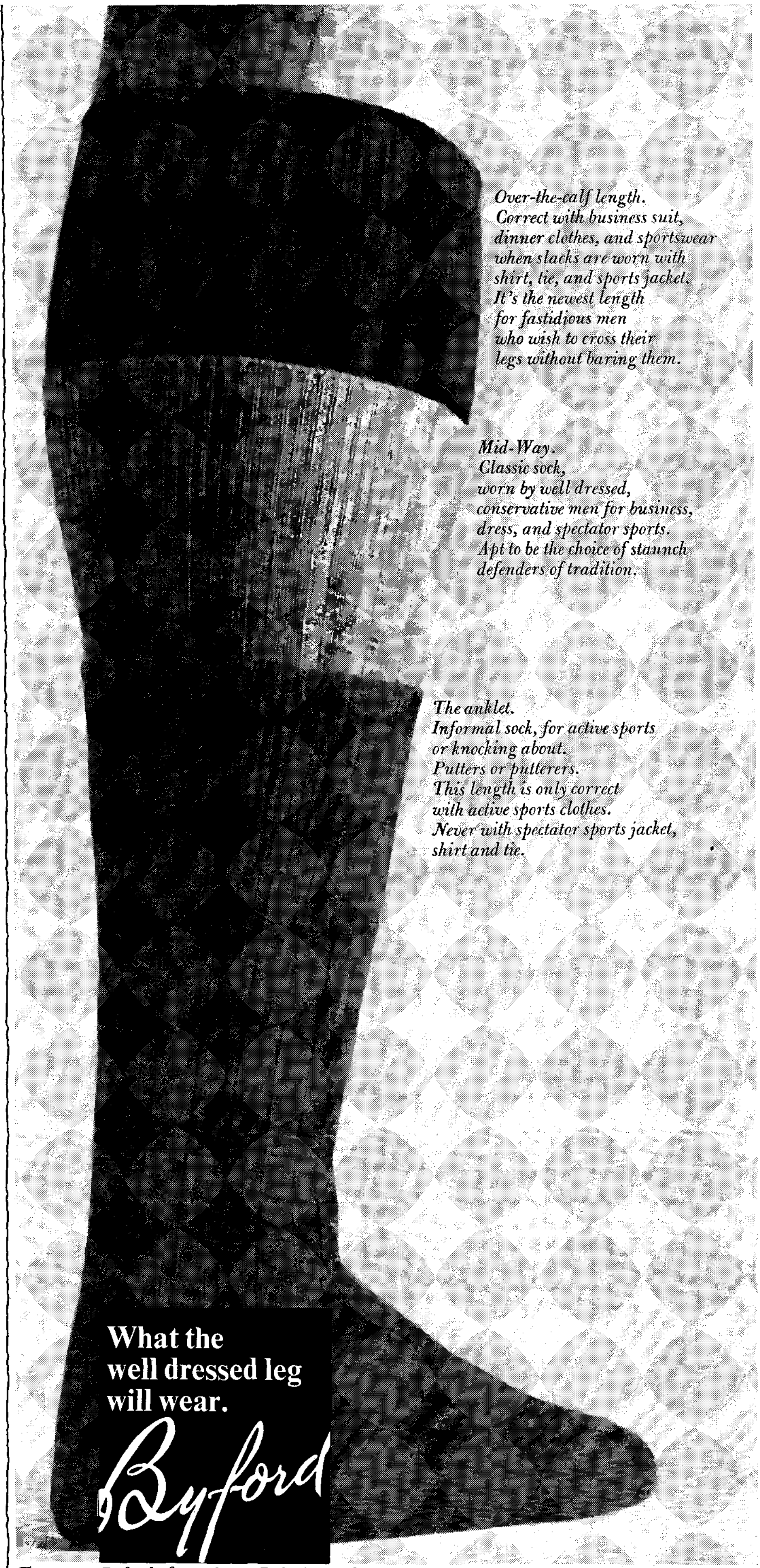
"They wanted me to come and run their film industry for them," Levine said. "I couldn't do that. But I'd be happy to make a picture there any time. You find me the property, Arthur, and I'll do it."

"Speaking of pictures," Lightstone said, "we have to make a decision about this Lex Barker thing. When do you start shooting 'The Super-Simone'?"

"One week from Thursday," Cohn said.

"What about it, Joe?"

"I'm going to let you fight that one out with De Sica, Lennie," Levine said. "It's just possible he's right,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you know. What does Shirley think? Has anybody bothered to ask her?"

"She's agreeable," Cohn said. "She said she'd like to work with Barker."

Lightstone, full of dire forebodings, shook his head. "If De Sica weren't so stubborn, he'd take Jimmy Booth," he said. "He looks right, he'd do a good job, and he wouldn't cost too much."

"Barker won't cost much, either," Levine noted.

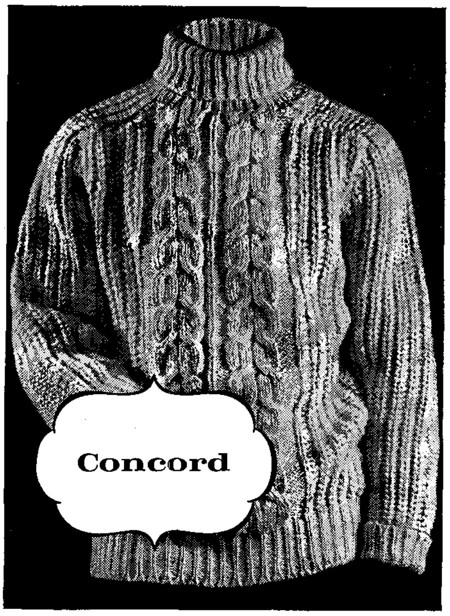
"I've been in contact with Tony Curtis all along," Cohn said. "We could get him for ten thousand. But now De Sica doesn't want him. He has to have Tarzan."

"What a way to do business," Levine said. "But it's funny—the movie business *has* to be run this way. This is a perfect example. De Sica says he must have Lex Barker. Your impulse is to laugh in his face, but then you start to wonder—maybe it's crazy enough to work. You have to figure that De Sica is an artist, and his casting is usually brilliant. Then you have to think about the kind of audience you're trying to reach, and the money you save, and the billing problems—all these different things. And you can still end up being a hundred per cent wrong." Levine reflected for a moment, looking out the window. "This time, though, I think we've really got ourselves a picture," he said. "Three out of three. Even if it ends up with five good and two fair, we'll still be doing all right, and if we get seven good we ought to pick up a couple of Oscars for sure. The more I think about it, the more I think this is going to be a very big picture. You know what I've just decided to do? I'm going to take a full page in *Variety* for every one of the stories in the picture—seven pages in all. Do you agree with that, Lennie?"

Lightstone nodded gloomily.

"Of course," Levine said, "there's one big question mark. It may be a great picture, it may even be a masterpiece, but will the public go to see seven vignettes?" He got to his feet and walked over to the window, which was, as usual, wide open. He looked down on the quiet Avenue de Montaigne, gripping the balcony with both hands and breathing deeply. "I don't like this hotel," he announced. "The service is all right, but I don't like the feeling. Let's go back to the Lancaster next time, Lennie. And let's get out of here tomorrow. I don't want to stay over until Thursday." All at once, he began to sing, in a loud and carrying tenor. "I'm Anatole of Paris," he sang. "I

Alan Paine



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shriek with chic, I'm the hit of the week . . ."

Turning from the window, he looked from Lightstone to Cohn. "Have you ever seen De Sica so cocksure?" he said. "But then, that last sequence *was* something, wasn't it? 'The Funeral Procession.' All the stuff you have to go through on a picture, and then you see something like that. This is the payoff. This is what makes the whole ridiculous business worthwhile."

DECEMBER: Plane captain: "Ladies and gentlemen, the traffic at Kennedy International is rather heavy at this time. We are holding our flight pattern while waiting for clearance to land. Thank you."

Levine to Mike Hall: "Here we go again. Probably end up landing at Baltimore or Philly. What was it W. C. Fields wanted to have put on his tombstone? 'Better here than Philadelphia.' Just about my luck, the way things have been running this year. No, sir, this has definitely not been a happy year, what with the banks closing down on us and the lousy run of pictures we've had. And now the Mastroianni picture, 'Shoot Loud,' is bombing all over the place. I'll be delighted to see the end of this year, all right. Next year is going to be different, thanks to dirty old television. If we get out of the distributing business entirely and just concentrate on making pictures, we'll do six, seven, maybe eight major ones, and we can count on an eleven-million-dollar guarantee from television. We won't be doing as many things as we've done in the past, but they'll all be big-budget pictures—major productions. Like this picture Mike Nichols is doing for us now—'The Graduate.' Mike is a genius, and we may really have ourselves something there. It all depends on how things break, of course. I might even drop everything one of these days and make the big one myself. Get the best people in the business and go all the way. It could be Gandhi. We own the rights to the best book on him, by—what the hell is his name? It's a tremendous property. 'Tropic of Cancer'—there's another real possibility. I may get that back from Paramount. It would have to be perfectly done, with a topflight script; it could be a very distinguished picture, and the title alone is worth a million dollars. Anything can happen in this business, although God knows it's all a big gamble, and just having the financing doesn't solve your problems. Like that time in Tokyo with Kawakita—Naga-

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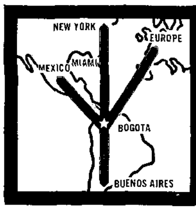

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

masa Kawakita, of Toho Cinema. When was it? A couple of years before 'Hercules,' so it must have been about 1957. I'd bought the New England rights to 'Godzilla' from him the year before for twenty-two thousand and promoted it big and made nearly a million with it. So Kawakita offered me first crack at 'The Mysterians,' a science-fiction thing, and I flew over to take a look. I liked the picture all right but not the price—he was asking two hundred and fifty thousand. The funny thing was, I actually had the money. I had it with me. But I thought that was too much to pay for the picture, so I turned it down. When I got back to New York, Rosalie met me at the airport, and naturally the first thing she asked was did I like the film. I said 'Yes.' 'You bought it,' she said. I said 'No,' and told her why. And when I got through explaining, Rosalie said, 'If you hadn't *had* the money, you would have bought it.' And you know what? She was right."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

THE PATH

All about me are things trodden upon.
I stamp a path in the grass myself.
How many insects am I killing?
One pale one? One harmful?
Did I hear a snake sigh?

Two meadows down,
A blue-jay in a pine.
A dog barks twice,
Moving behind me.
On the porch in a quiet chair,
Or in the grass going,
A double life . . .

Listen! A train whistle for the left ear.

On the path,
A wetness,
A smoke,
An amorous wing
For the eye.

—ROBERT DAVID COHEN

•

Law Research of California, headed by Martin Wolf, has installed a Western Union Telex machine. And the machine can be dialed into a Sperry Rand Univac in New York City which has memorized half a million California court decisions covering everything from assault to voting rights. . . .

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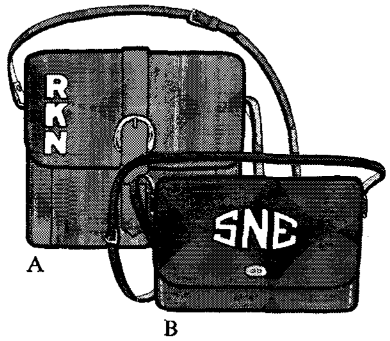
Drunk again!



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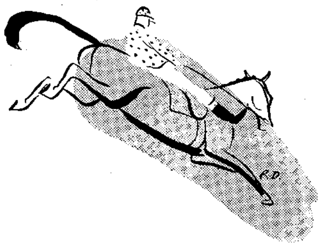
THE RACE TRACK

One to Remember

THE performance of Damascus in the Aqueduct Stakes at Aqueduct on Labor Day goes to the top of these notes this week. Predictably (he was 3–10 in the betting), and with the greatest of ease, although he was giving big weight to the lot, he beat Ring Twice, who made Buckpasser step in the Suburban; that hard-running mare Straight Deal; Great Power; and Moontrip. The last two were down the course. In the paddock, it was clear that Damascus was not going to fret away his chances, as he had done before the Kentucky Derby. Saddled off by himself, in accord with the practice of Frank Whiteley, his trainer, since the Derby, he stayed cool and, while very much on his toes, showed no sign of nerves. I was surprised at how much lighter in flesh he was than when I had seen him last, but there was a sheen to his coat that showed he was as fit as he had ever been. As expected, Great Power, a speedy colt, made the early running, followed by Ring Twice. In contrast with the way Damascus lagged so far behind in the Travers, he kept only a couple of lengths off the pace, and when Shoemaker set him down to run he passed the leaders in a dozen strides on the turn into the stretch. I'd say it was his best effort this year. Straight Deal probably would have been second if Cordero, who rode her, hadn't sent her up on the rail nearly onto the heels of Ring Twice, and, of course, been blocked. Not content with that blunder, he lodged a claim of foul, which, needless to say, was disallowed. The mile and a furlong was run in 1:48⅕, and the fractional times were 0:24⅗, 0:48⅖, 1:12⅕, 1:36⅕, and 1:48⅕. The last furlong was ticked off in twelve seconds—something that seldom happens in a race at that distance. It was the tenth victory, and the ninth stakes, so far this season for Mrs. Edith Woodward Bancroft's colt, who has amassed $653,581 in prize money. Buckpasser's record last year was thirteen out of fourteen, and $568,096.



TWO days before the Aqueduct Stakes, Dr. Fager, the only rival Damascus has among the three-year-olds, really turned on his speed in the New Hampshire Sweepstakes Classic at Rockingham Park, which decided the payoffs in the Granite State lottery. Only five colts ran for the $167,517 that went to the winner, and Dr. Fager set off at a first-rate pace. As they rounded the three-quarters mark, however, In Reality zipped past him, and from there on the two went all out, doing the mile in 1:35⅕ and the mile and a quarter in 1:59⅘, which is only a fifth of a second off the record for the distance at Aqueduct. Dr. Fager, who had a six-pound advantage in the weights, finally pulled ahead to win by a length and a quarter. According to observers, he tried to bite In Reality while they were racing side by side on the far turn. Horses chock-full of the will to win sometimes do that. If he'd got his teeth into In Reality, the chances are his number would have come down, and you can imagine the contretemps that would have followed. Let's hope nothing of the sort happens when Dr. Fager and Damascus and Buckpasser all meet in the Woodward Stakes at Aqueduct on the thirtieth.

As everyone must know by now, Buckpasser didn't start in the Aqueduct Stakes. Two days before the race, he developed an inflammation in his right forefoot, the one that has the quarter crack, and when the heat, as horsemen call it, did not abate he was withdrawn. Apparently, he has recovered enough to resume his training for the Woodward—a race that will naturally go a long way toward deciding that Horse of the Year award.

QUEEN OF THE STAGE continued on her merry, unbeaten way in the Matron Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, at the Big A last weekend, and she did so in such style that she made her opposition look less than moderate. About two furlongs from home, Baeza allowed her to range alongside Heartland, who had stepped the first quarter in 0:22⅕ and the half mile in 0:45⅖. In the next few strides, she drew away, and she was galloping lengths in front when the stable mates Gay Matelda and Syrian Sea came along to take second and third moneys. It's now six straight for Queen of the Stage. Presently, Ogden Phipps, who owns her, and Eddie Neloy, who trains her, will

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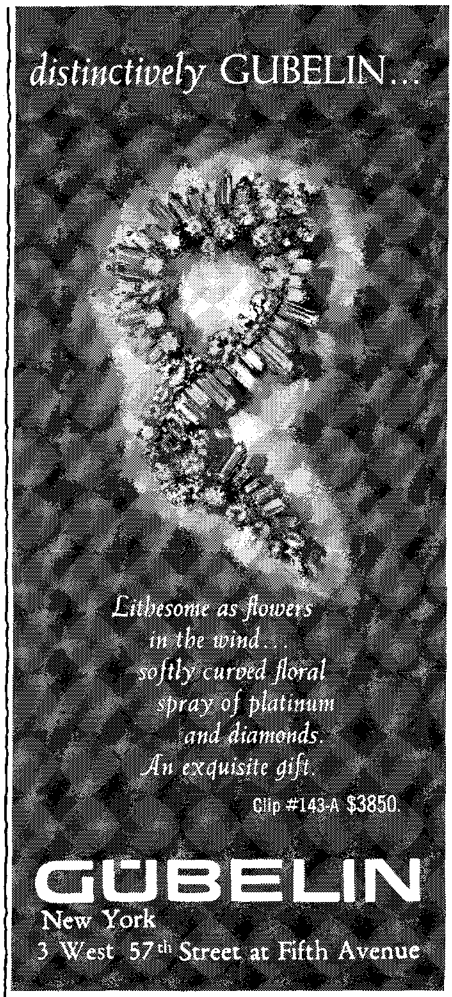
announce her next engagement. I daresay it will be the Frizette Stakes at Aqueduct on October 7th. The distance is one mile.

IT was another of those afternoons for Mr. Phipps and Neloy. A couple of hours after Queen of the Stage won, Vitriolic carried the stable's colors to victory in a division of the Arlington-Washington Futurity at Arlington Park in Chicago. The big, rangy bay colt by Bold Ruler came from at least a dozen lengths behind the leaders in the last quarter to win by nearly four lengths from Exclusive Native, whom he had beaten only by inches in the Saratoga Special last month. Court Recess finished third, but he had bothered so many horses in the running that he was disqualified and placed last, whereupon Royal Trace—second in the Hopeful, as you may remember—was moved up into third place. The second division of the race was another scramble, in which T.V. Commercial, the winner, must have been at least ten pounds the best. He stumbled at the start and was bumped about before he managed to take the lead at the stretch turn, but from there he rolled home almost four lengths ahead of Gin-Rob, the favorite.

The Arlington-Washington Futurity had a purse of $371,750, of which $150,000 was put up by the racecourse management and $221,750 by the owners of two-year-olds—in nomination fees, additional payments to keep their entries eligible, and starting fees. (It cost $2,500 to get a horse to the post.) When the field of eighteen prospective starters was split, so was the prize money, each division having a gross value of $185,875, with $105,875 going to the winner. There will be another bonanza for two-year-olds—the Garden State Stakes at Garden State Park—early in November. Last year, it totalled $314,125. But the All American Quarter Horse Futurity tops them both. The renewal at Ruidoso Downs in New Mexico on Labor Day had a purse of $486,593. It was won by a two-year-old filly named Laico Bird, who ran the four hundred yards in 0:20$\frac{11}{100}$ and collected $225,000. Sea Nymph picked up $100,000 second money, and Barne's Ladybug got $85,000 for finishing third. If quarter-horse racing ever comes to Long Island (and there has been much talk about such a possibility), I wonder whether there will be purses like that.

—AUDAX MINOR



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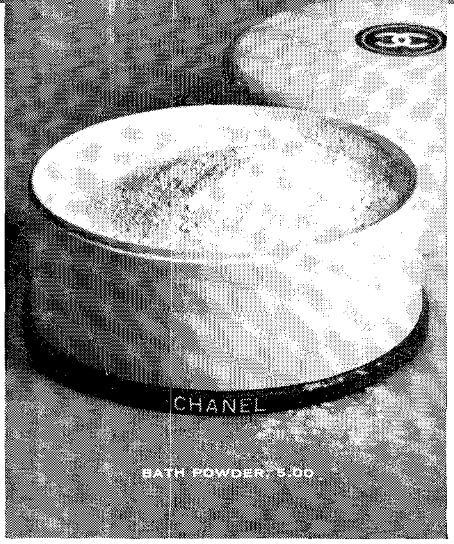
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PEOPLE ALL THE PEOPLE

Everyone has inside himself—what shall I call it?—a piece of good news! UGO BETTI—*Sign on a wall in the office of the Very Reverend Monsignor Robert J. Fox.*

A BLACK dog wearing a bright-yellow crêpe-paper collar wandered down the sidewalk of Fifty-fourth Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues late one afternoon a few days ago, past a hydrant that had been sprayed with orange and green Day-Glo paint, under fire escapes strung with yellow balloons and flapping streamers, and into a doorway where paper flowers had been twisted around rusted railings. Near a "No Parking" signpost wrapped with bunting, several young girls were dancing to music from a radio, and they waved when Monsignor Robert J. Fox came walking down the sidewalk behind the dog. Monsignor Fox, a tall, handsome man of thirty-seven, is the director of an office of the Roman Catholic archdiocese called Spanish Community Action in New York. He is also the originator of a nonsectarian program called Summer in the City, through which this past summer a staff of about five hundred and eighty, financed by the federal Office of Economic Opportunity, attempted to draw people in slum areas of the Bronx and Manhattan into a number of rather unusual community activities. Dressed in frayed black pants, dirty shoes, and a black short-sleeved summer clerical shirt, Monsignor Fox looked to me more like an off-duty fireman than a ranking priest. He was visiting some of the activities being run by Summer in the City, now in its third season, and he had invited me to come along. We had spent the afternoon touring storefronts taken over by the organization around East Harlem—where Monsignor Fox had led processions through the streets during the July riots—and then we had come over to the West Side so that he could check on the preparations for a block party that was to be held on Fifty-fourth Street later that evening.

Two pretty girls in their early twenties hailed Monsignor Fox and hurried over. I noticed that one of them had sprayed the toes of her shoes with green Day-Glo paint.

"We're going to feed everybody in the street tonight," she said. "All the women are making sandwiches."

"We'll start with a dance," said the other girl. "And then let things evolve."

"We had fifteen hundred people at our block party on Fifty-sixth Street last week," said the first girl. "It lasted till four in the morning."

Monsignor Fox told the girls, both of whom, I learned later, were artists working out of a Summer in the City storefront on Tenth Avenue, that we'd come back when the party started. As we walked along, Monsignor Fox exchanged greetings with a succession of children and told me, "This block is a mixture of Puerto Rican, Negro, and Irish. The last time there was a party out here on the street was twenty years ago." He looked around. "Let's see what happens tonight." As we turned the corner, he said, "We'll go pick up Judith, have dinner, and come back."

SISTER JUDITH, a nun of the order of the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary, is a dynamic woman, in her twenties, who has charge of all graphic-design projects for Summer in the City; her own bold style is seen in publications, on posters, and on an abstract orange-and-pink Summer in the City button that is worn by workers in the program. A month earlier—the day after the first night of rioting in East Harlem—I had gone along with Sister Judith and Miss Sue Shapiro, another artist, on a tour of Summer in the City activities on the lower East and West Sides.

"The idea of Summer in the City," Sister Judith told me that day as we walked east from Tompkins Square, "is to try and make the city a place where people can live in a positive way, aware of its values and their own value. Once people realize their own value, the social structure is turned upside down. We try to create an air of celebration of the city, because most of the people in these blocks will always live

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here. We have twenty-six storefront centers in Manhattan this summer, and each has three paid artists. They may be poets, dramatists, dancers, photographers—anyone who is creative and can get other people to be creative, as a means to relationship. There's also a staff of workers from the neighborhood and a neighborhood board of directors. We have all kinds of activities, but everything we do is done, if possible, out on the street—not in the school, not in the church, but right on the sidewalk, where people can come along and see, and talk, and break down barriers. Each center also has a fiesta or a parade or a dance or some other kind of celebration at least once a week, always on a different block. This may do no more than get a group of Negro adults talking to a group of Puerto Rican adults, but it's a start." She waved to a young man sitting on a stoop across the street, who was playing a harmonica. He removed one hand from the harmonica and waved back, still playing. "The hippies here are just great," Sister Judith said. "We had a big fiesta and the hippies came down and joined us, and one of them acted as m.c. for the whole thing."

I asked Miss Shapiro how she had become involved in the program. "Three years ago, I felt very hopeless," she said. "There were race riots threatened, and Vietnam was getting worse, and I felt I couldn't make a mark in any way. I was sort of tempted to stay in my studio and do nothing about it, but I got turned on by the idea of Summer in the City. It wasn't parochial or humdrum, and it was a chance to change something, at least in a little way. When I first went to our storefront, I made enormous puppets and walked around the street with them, just so I could meet the people. They were amazed. They'd say, 'How are you?'—adding, 'you nut,' to themselves—and I told them we were going to have a fiesta on Friday and did they have any kids who'd like to be in the potato-sack race? Who could help us paint the *piñata*? Did they know any musicians, because we'd be having a dance contest. As soon as you're in a storefront, people get curious. The result was they'd come in and get involved in it, and the contacts kept broadening, and their involvements in the neighborhood increased, and they were drawn into something larger. Festival times and spectacular events draw people into relationship with each other." She said that an end-of-summer celebration would be held in Central Park, and

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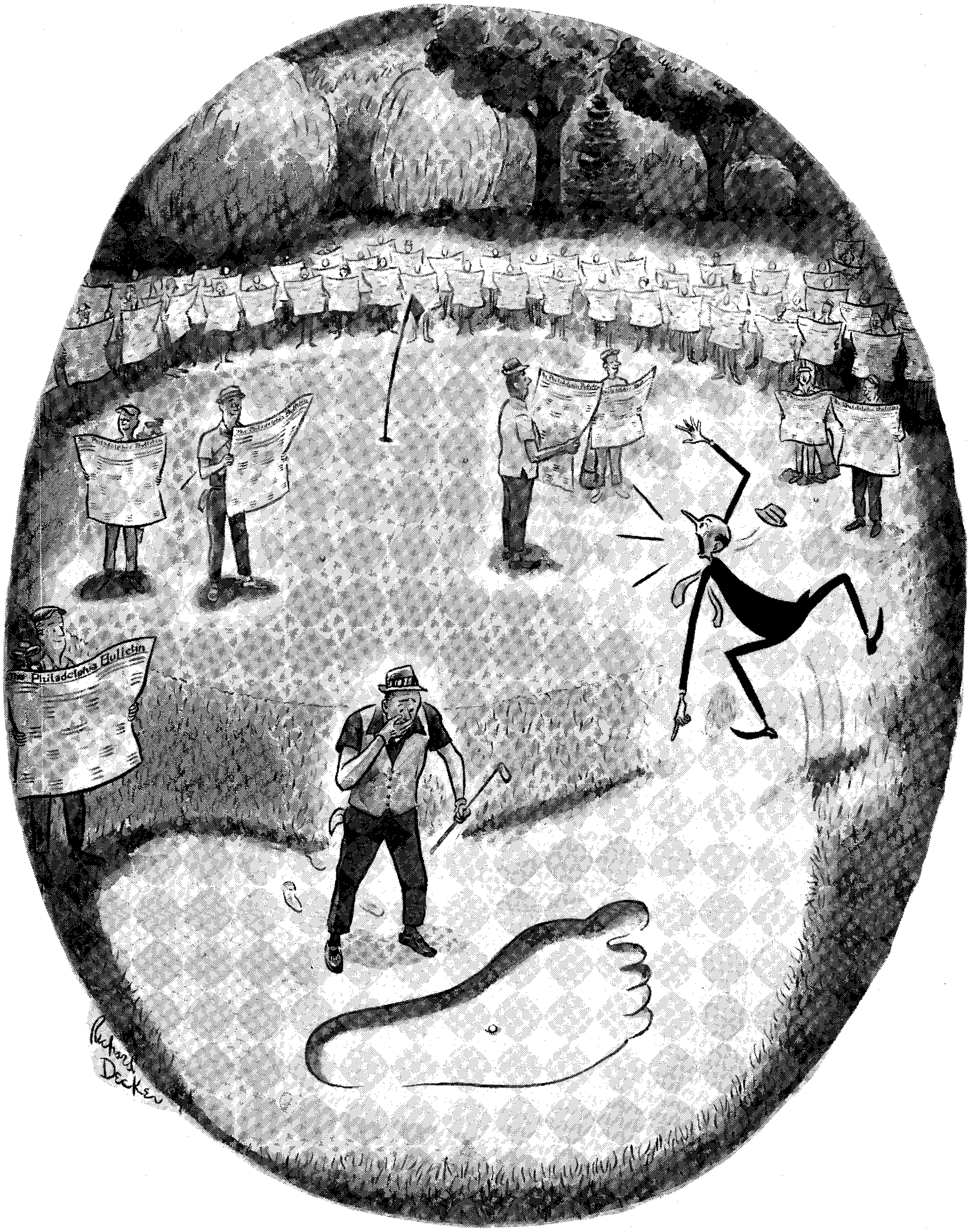
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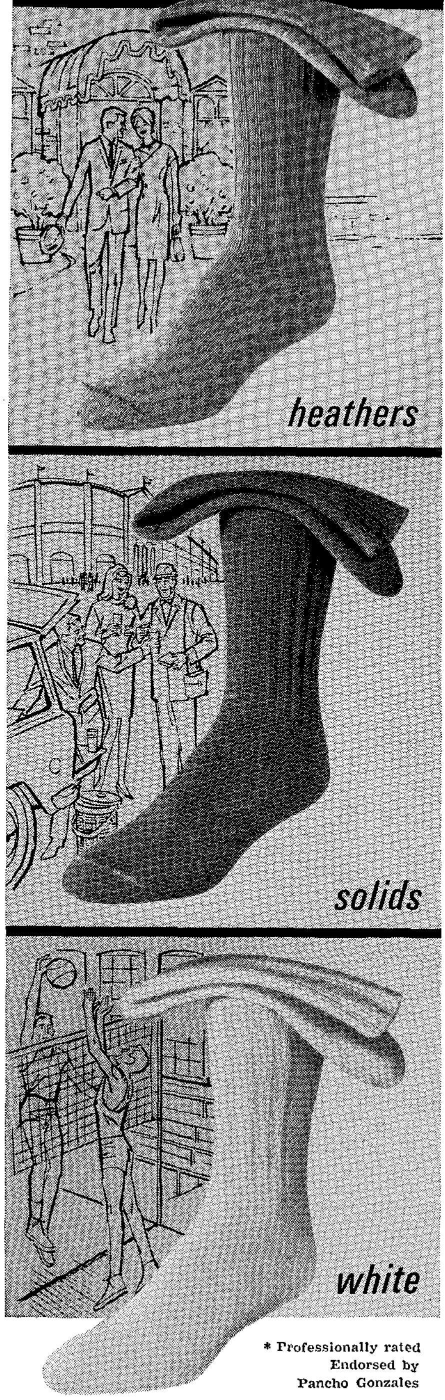

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she was hoping to get some twenty-eight-foot Army-surplus balloons, fill them with helium, paint them, and release them. "No one can *not* be interested in *that!*" She laughed. "Our storefront last year was near a housing project, and I used to hate housing projects," she said. "I thought the people in them couldn't care less, leaning out their windows way up there. But we had gaiety down below, and it was hard for them to resist. At the end of the summer, we painted their playground for them, and they joined in to help. Their self-esteem grew. The idea of manipulating your environment—that's where it's at."

We walked into a Summer in the City storefront called the Little Star of Broome Street, at the corner of Broome and Clinton Streets. Some women were using sewing machines, and several children were playing games. A boy of about fifteen said hello to Sister Judith and asked, "Do you want to see our Trojan horse?" She said sure, and the boy, who was introduced to me as Angel Gonzalez, led us down the street. "We had a Trojan-horse parade last week," he said. "We marched through all the streets, and there was a big crowd. Everyone got a kick out of it. We had little kids marching along, clapping pieces of wood together and shaking cans, and we had guitars, and we did Greek dances. This week, we're building a tiger." Pointing to an open lot on Grand Street, near Ridge Street, he said, "That's where we put on our plays. We get our benches from the bingo hall in the church here." He led us down some steps into the basement of St. Mary's Church just as a crowd of children came up. Two boys were singing loudly, and one was playing a guitar. At the far end of the dim basement stood the Trojan horse. Angel took us over to it. The horse was about eight feet high, made of wood and chicken wire and yellow cloth. It was decorated with ribbons and felt flowers, and it was mounted on two sets of old baby-carriage wheels. It had a bright-yellow tail and a sign saying, "Follow the Horse!" Angel pulled back the cloth and showed us where there was space inside for several children.

A woman called Vi Hall, who works as an artist at the Little Star of Broome Street, came over and said, "The message of the parade was peace, so the kids inside the horse would jump out at every stop and hand cardboard flowers to people."

Around the basement were a lot of cans of paint, and Angel said, "We

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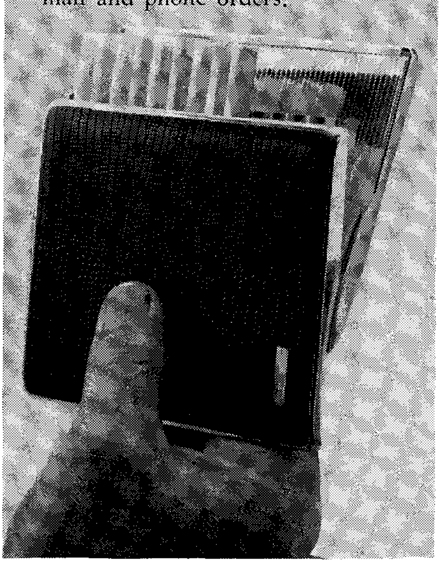

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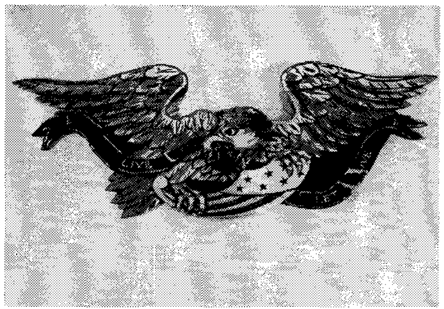

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painted a whole sidewalk yesterday. We were just going to do some pictures, but the paint spilled, so we had to do something. We painted the whole sidewalk." He smiled. "Look," he said. "There's the tiger we're starting for the next fiesta." A large brown-paper tiger was lying on its side on the floor, stuffed with newspapers.

"We take paint out into the street to let people try it," said Miss Hall. "Sometimes the old people pull back. So you say, 'O.K.—watch me,' and you start out, and then they'll try it, very carefully. We're trying to bring out the creativity that's in everybody. It's not always easy, though. Last summer, I was in a storefront on Mulberry Street, right in the heart of Little Italy. When we went down there, they didn't want anything to do with us. They're very proud. 'We're not poor,' they said. None of the groups would speak to each other. The first time we made a banner, they burned it. It was like going through a jungle all summer, but we kept going. We scrounged materials from factories to make things, and we had a Space Parade, and a circus, and at the end of the summer we had a few Puerto Ricans speaking to Italians and some Italians speaking to Negroes. The teenagers were the hardest to involve, but it was the first summer in Little Italy they had no rumbles."

Sister Judith and Miss Shapiro and I visited some other centers and then headed uptown. As we passed Kelly Park, a playground on Seventeenth Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, Sister Judith said that that playground used to have a reputation as a hangout for gangs and addicts and most mothers wouldn't let their children play there, so Summer in the City had tried to create events and activities inside the park to make it a place where the neighborhood people could feel secure. Sister Judith pointed out a huge mural on one wall of the park. "That was done by the people here last summer, and quite a few addicts worked on it," she said. The mural incorporated Mickey Mouse, palm trees, devils, stripes, a map of Puerto Rico, indescribable patterns, words ("Tootsie"), and slogans ("God Bless the People All the People").

I asked how they had settled on who would paint what where.

"You find out what a person feels secure about drawing, and you say, 'Johnny, you put your cat there,'" Miss Shapiro said. The whole thing seemed to hold together remarkably well. "They paint their world," said

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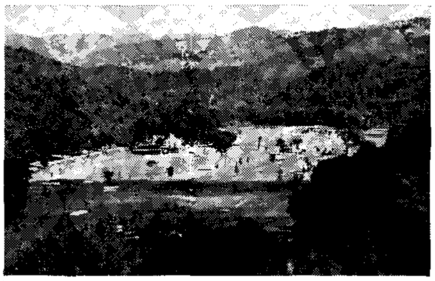
Miss Shapiro, "and if they have a clear conception of their world, how can it not work?"

A MONTH later, early in the afternoon of the Fifty-fourth Street block party, Monsignor Fox took me up to East Harlem in a green Volkswagen that he drives around the city. Monsignor Fox, who was born in the Bronx, has, among other things, worked as a parish priest on the lower East Side, lectured on social work in Latin America, and marched in Selma, Alabama. He is easy to talk with, and laughs a lot. However, as we crossed Ninety-sixth Street on Park Avenue and the wide, quiet, empty avenue suddenly became narrow, noisy, and cluttered, he was serious. "People here are afraid of the street," he said. "They're fearful of bringing their human qualities to it, and fearful of each other. It's a cold, hostile environment, and they're more and more turned off to it. Society keeps telling them that all this is not livable—it says 'Make something of yourself and get *out* of here.' Summer in the City is meant to help people believe in themselves—to reveal themselves and reconfirm each other's riches. If you can get people off balance—whether it's by a fiesta or a block party or a mock bullfight or a parade—fear is reduced and they rediscover themselves."

After turning east, Monsignor Fox parked across from a Summer in the City storefront at 110th Street and Lexington Avenue, and we got out. The July riots had started just around the corner, and I asked Monsignor Fox about the processions he had led through the area at that time.

"When I heard that trouble was brewing, I came up here to make sure that our storefronts stayed open," he said. "Mayor Lindsay was telling everybody to get off the streets, but I felt this would be counter-productive. We didn't want the people to surrender the streets to the cops and the rioters—the two groups that believe in force. That's why we marched."

We went across the street toward the storefront. "Hey, Foxy!" yelled a tall, cheerful young man. "I got people calling the Sanitation Department every half hour about this building on a Hundred and Eleventh. You want to see what they're calling about? Come on." The three of us started down the street, but both the young man—whose name turned out to be Jim Marin—and Monsignor Fox were frequently stopped by passersby who knew them and wanted to say something.



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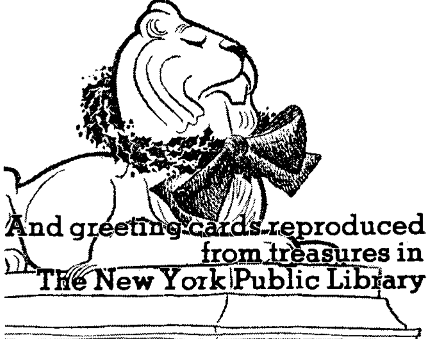

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One girl greeted Monsignor Fox by saying grandly, "You're paying us a mayoral visit!" Everybody laughed.

"Listen, he was here when they were throwing the bottles—not after!" Marin said, and they laughed again.

As we moved on, Marin talked about the day of the first riot, and how the sudden appearance on the block of thirty-five policemen in full riot gear had built pressure rather than eased it. "I was never here in my life until a few weeks ago," he said, "but now I know the first names of maybe three hundred people."

A dishevelled man approached Marin. "Listen, I talked to that guy that hit you," Marin said, and the two had a brief discussion.

Marin told me that he was returning to the Harvard graduate school in the fall. "I should probably stay here," he said. "I'll learn more in East Harlem than I'll ever learn in graduate school. And yet at the beginning I was ready to walk out of here. I was up to my eyebrows. I'm a teacher, and I'm used to results. That's what the O.E.O. wants—statistical results. They always want to know 'How *many* people have you serviced?' But it's not like that here. A lot of the poverty program is locked inside a possession ethic that says what makes a man significant in our society is that he has *things*. The poverty program is saying that's what it means to be a person. It's perpetuating a myth. Poverty is not lovable, but you've got to find what it means to be a man. If a person can't find his manhood here, he can't find it anywhere." We stopped in front of an abandoned building. "That's what we're calling Sanitation about," Marin said, pointing to a large mound of garbage and junk. There were half-burned mattresses, and bedsteads, and dozens of beer cans. "We want them to take it away," Marin said. "It's a perfect place for the bandstand for our block party on Friday."

Later, as Monsignor Fox and I were driving along 103rd Street between Lexington and Third, an old man in a blue shirt waved enthusiastically. "*Como está?*" Monsignor Fox yelled back. "There are fantastic people on this block," he said. "He's Don Andres, superintendent of three buildings here, and in the midst of all this he keeps his buildings and sidewalks spotless. People here experienced their own power in the riots. Now there's a chance they can use their power for the problems in their blocks. Don Andres is part of a group that's going to mobilize the people on this block to try to do some-

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thing very visible and immediate. They're going to have five hundred people—including middle-class people from the suburbs, who will come not as paternalistic white fathers but just as people willing to work—and they'll start redeeming space. Taking away junk and garbage in back yards and basements to make room for classes and art and games. Even though it will benefit the landlords, it will demonstrate that human development and interaction are not dependent on outside power."

A small girl of about eight ran up to the car and asked for a ride down to 100th Street. Monsignor Fox got out and opened the door for her. "This is Guillermina," he said. "Otherwise known as Mami."

We drove to 100th Street and Second Avenue. "Right here!" said Guillermina. She climbed out. "Thank you, Father!" she called, skipping east into the block.

Monsignor Fox let the car idle and gazed down toward First Avenue. "I run out of words for this street," he said after a moment. The block, which newspapers have sometimes called the city's worst, did not look much different from many others we had seen. It had the same tenements, the same garbage, the same noise. "It's got narcotics, gambling—everything—right on the street," said Monsignor Fox. "But it's so *alive*." He parked the car near the corner. "It's always been considered a problem street," he said. "But it's never had people approaching it with the idea of believing in the street—the idea that the Kingdom of Heaven is here. Not 'Can we bring it here?' but 'Can we recognize it, and open ourselves to its reality?' If there's going to be growth here, it'll be the result of people knowing they don't have power, and doing things at the risk of being laughed at and ineffectual—being vulnerable but willing to take on the whole environment. They've got to see it all, and see themselves. A creative response. Until people come to that kind of awareness of their scene, there'll be no solutions. The planners are paternalistic, and they use the same old hackneyed approach. Unless people start looking at themselves, there can be no response that is relevant. When people pull down the shade on rats, narcotics, garbage, prostitutes, and roaches, they become alienated—just the way the middle class loses touch with itself when *those* people pull down *their* shade on superficiality, lack of integrity, graft. It's the same process. There

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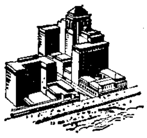

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isn't a problem on this street that isn't a reflection of parallel problems shot through the whole society. They use narcotics on this block so they won't be vulnerable to reality, but the middle class has its narcotics, too—success, lawns, flowers, boats, collecting things—so *they* won't be vulnerable to reality. The arguments you hear in shaftways here, the drinking on the steps—they're doing the same thing in Larchmont in different forms. There's the same alienation out there, but in a ten-room house the people don't have to be aware of how isolated they really are from each other. Middle-class people who have worked and saved to get out of these blocks have established the premise that this is the bottom of the world. But helplessness and powerlessness exist on all levels. Look at President Johnson—look at his agonizing powerlessness." Monsignor Fox paused. "People either accept powerlessness as a premise, and move on, or else they turn to illusions. Some people accept the illusion of power—like buying things, collecting things, acquiring prestige objects instead of objects of discovery—and others turn to destruction: 'If I can destroy what I feel powerless in front of, then I have power.' There's a tremendous drive to destroy now. We have a preoccupation with so many forms of death. The media come in on the riots with cameras rolling, wallowing in it; it's what the middle class is interested in. Another illusion is withdrawal: 'They won't let me do anything, so I'm pulling out. I'm going to sit and watch it crumble.' "

Monsignor Fox got out of the car. "Do you want to visit some friends of mine on this block?" he asked. I followed him, and halfway down the block we entered a tenement and climbed three flights. The halls were dark, but through the windows, in back yards and alleys, we saw an incredible landscape of despair, in which everything seemed thrown away, abandoned, neglected, blending together in an absence of value. We knocked on a door in a dark hallway, and a few moments later were having iced tea with three young, pretty, and very cheerful Maryknoll nuns. The nuns, who wore gray skirts and white blouses, had no special mission on the block where they lived—only to get to know the people there and to do whatever they could to help them. They were extraordinarily joyful, and the twenty minutes we spent with them were full of laughter. There was no solemn talk about motives or purpose,

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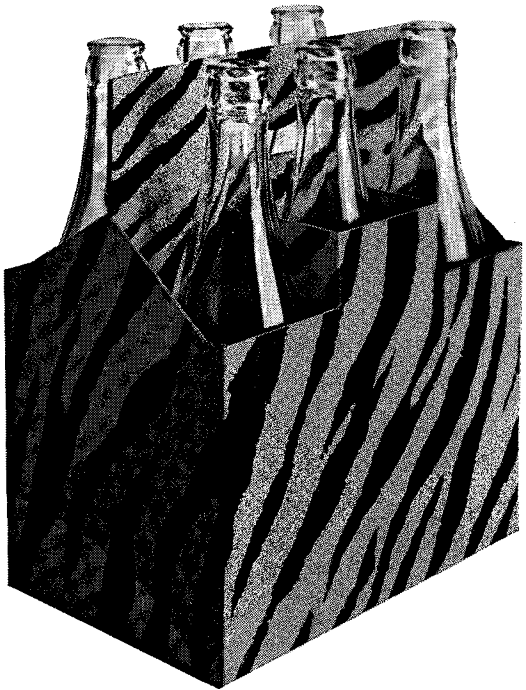

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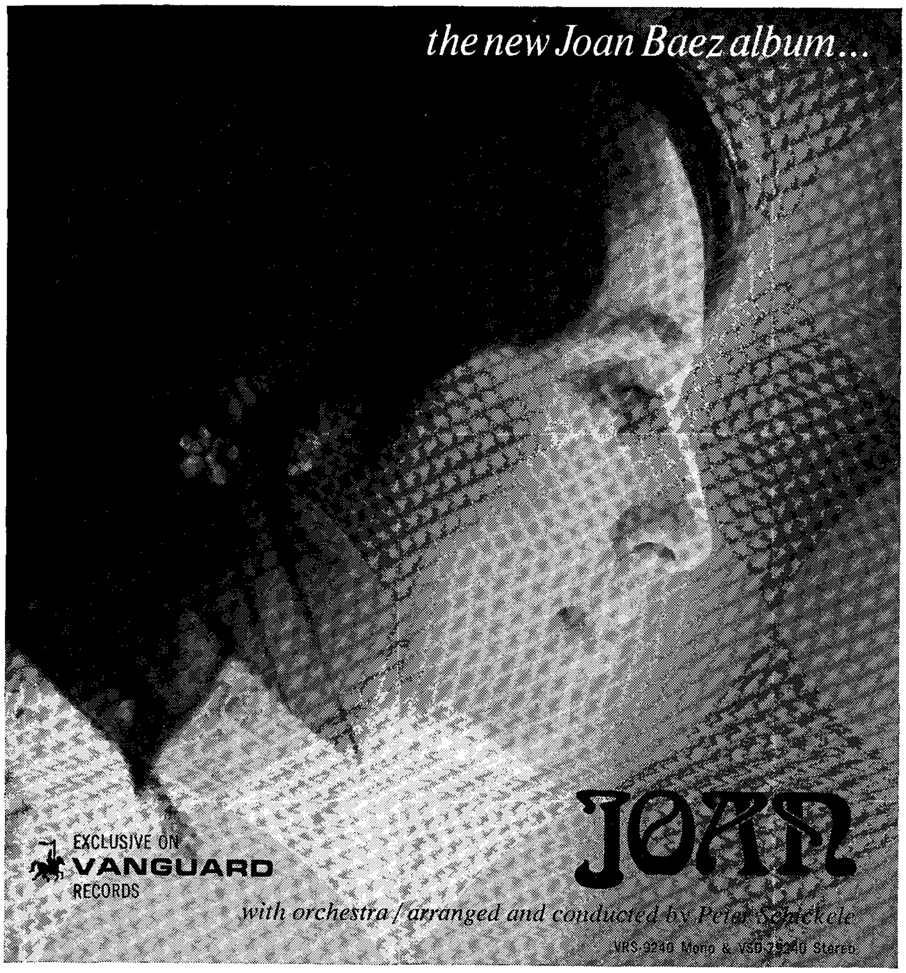
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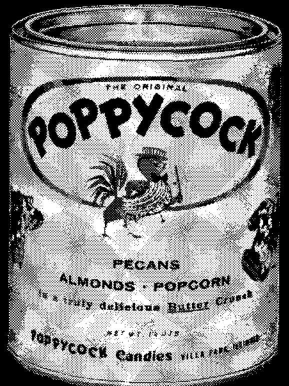

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and the stories they told were about what the neighborhood bookie had said about the addicts, or about trying to kill cockroaches, or about taking a bath in a large kitchen sink. Several children came in and out, and the only note of sadness I was aware of during the visit came when one of the nuns said that they had been ordered to return to their college in the fall. It was clearly a grave matter to them, a true loss, but in a moment they were laughing again.

Monsignor Fox and I visited some other places in East Harlem, including a storefront on Ninety-seventh Street between Second and Third Avenues where children had painted a picture on the sidewalk depicting an ark with "WELCOME" written on it and a procession of animals extending fifty or sixty yards down the pavement. As we headed south again, Monsignor Fox said, "We're trying to get Summer in the City projects to carry over into winter activities. We've started credit unions and adult education, and we're getting kids to teach Spanish to the policemen in their precincts. Three hundred and seventy-five cops said they wanted to participate, but it's taken a year and a half to get the program through the bureaucracy. A thing like that could make a real dent in the neighborhoods."

AROUND nine-thirty that evening, Monsignor Fox, Sister Judith, and I drove over to West Fifty-fourth Street to see how the block party was going. There was a big crowd in the street, under a floodlight, and a lot of people were dancing. Rock-'n'-roll music was blasting from a loudspeaker, and people were milling around on the sidewalks or sitting on stoops watching and talking. I saw the artist with Day-Glo toes and asked her how the party was. "It's *O.K.!*" she exclaimed enthusiastically. A small boy approached her, sobbing. "What's the matter, Junio?" she asked, bending down to him. He pulled the front of his shirt from his pants and wiped his eyes on it, shaking. The girl put her arm around him and walked him down toward Tenth Avenue, listening to his trouble.

Monsignor Fox and Sister Judith and I watched the dancers for a while. Near us, a man in dark glasses with a cigarette held in his teeth was Frugging with a child who might have been four. Children on bicycles circled the floodlit area, and people moved through the crowd calling to each other. Monsignor Fox introduced me to a short, stocky man named Antonio Lizaso, the

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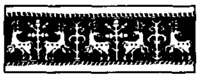

The new 1967 color catalogue illustrates all 47 greeting cards, gift suggestions, and special edition cards, in addition to listing current Museum publications. Many of the subjects may be used either as Christmas cards or as stationery. A Pennsylvania Dutch bookmark, a medieval manuscript scene of the Adoration of the Magi, an American Primitive painting of a polar bear, a vivid Op art print, a Shaker inspirational drawing, and woodcut scenes from the Goldfish Story are among the distinctive designs being offered. The highlights include a silkscreened facsimile of a plate from Jazz by Henri Matisse and a full color cocktail party invitation from a 19th century carpet.

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director of the Summer in the City storefront that was responsible for the party. He said that the party was going fine. "It may seem foolish to spend federal money on a party," he said, "but the last time there was a party on this block was in 1947, and people are speaking to each other who haven't spoken in years." He looked up at the balloons on the fire escapes. "The kids had to ask to go through the apartments to decorate the fire escapes, and sometimes it was yes, sometimes no. But when one man sees his neighbor's fire escape decorated, then he says, 'Hey, what about mine?'" Lizaso paused. "I'm head of the Music Department at Manhattan College in the winter," he told me. "I'm a Cuban refugee, and I have no family or anything, so it is hard for me to relate to many people in the U.S. But I have come to the streets, and—well, just look around here. There's five Negroes, there's two Puerto Ricans, this man here is Irish. What I think is important is that the block has realized it has people in it with different values that we can share—a celebration of life."

"Hey, Tony!" a young man yelled to Lizaso. "Come out here and dance!" Lizaso excused himself and joined the dancers.

I went over and said hello to the man Lizaso had said was Irish. We shook hands, and he told me his name was Barney Sharkey. He said he had let them plug the floodlight into his building. "They're using my juice," he said. "It was my party here twenty years ago," he added. "It was when I came out of the service. What a party! I had thirty-six beers!" He grinned. "The block was Irish, Italian, German, and Yugoslavian then. I've seen all the changes."

"Come on, Barney!" called a man nearby. "Have a beer!" Sharkey walked away, and a few minutes later I saw him talking with Monsignor Fox and Sister Judith.

I walked up the street, away from the bright light. A number of people who were not attending the party were sitting on chairs on the sidewalk looking toward the dancers, and I could see that some of them were tapping their feet in time to the music.

—JAMES STEVENSON

•

ADD BANANAS—The recipe in Thursday's food section for banana bread should have included one cup of mashed bananas.—*Lewiston (Idaho) Morning Tribune.*

Too late. Just popped it in the oven.

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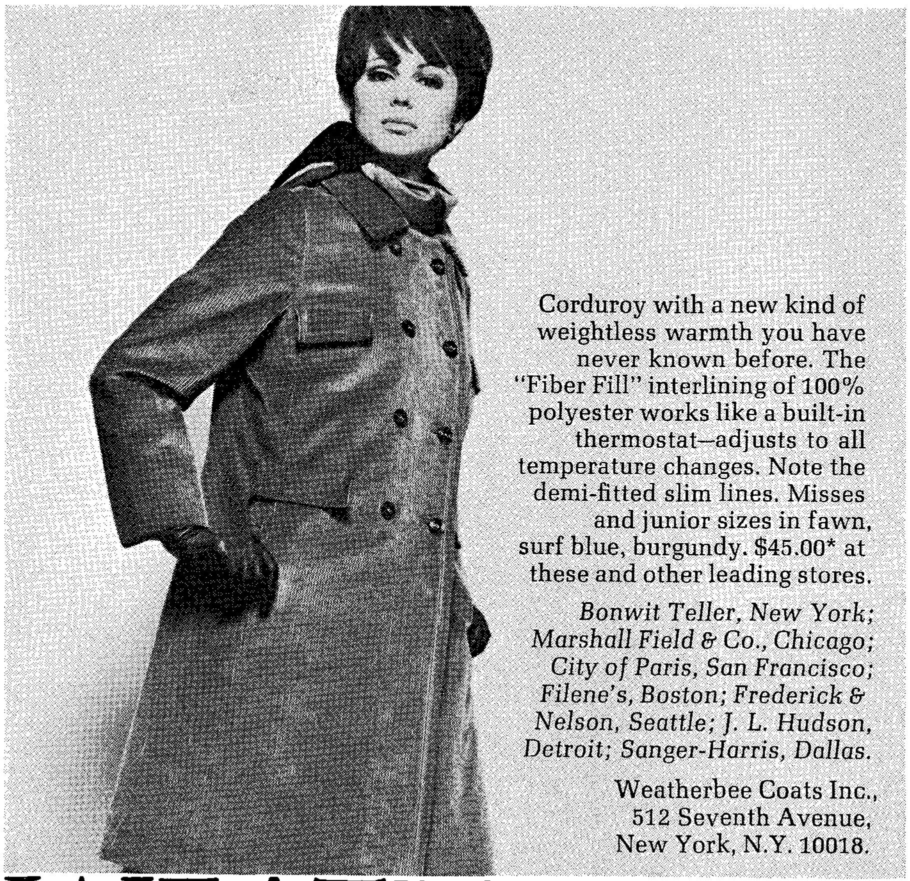

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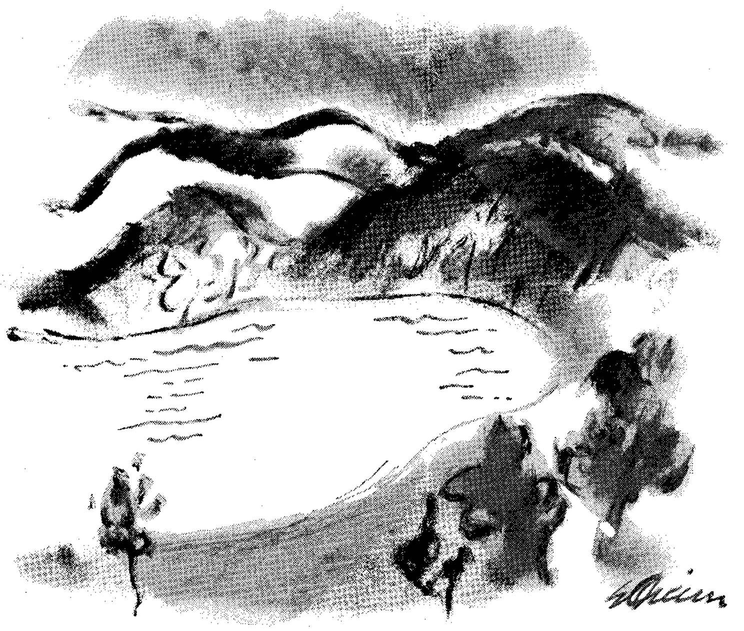
THE WATERS AROUND SALISBURY

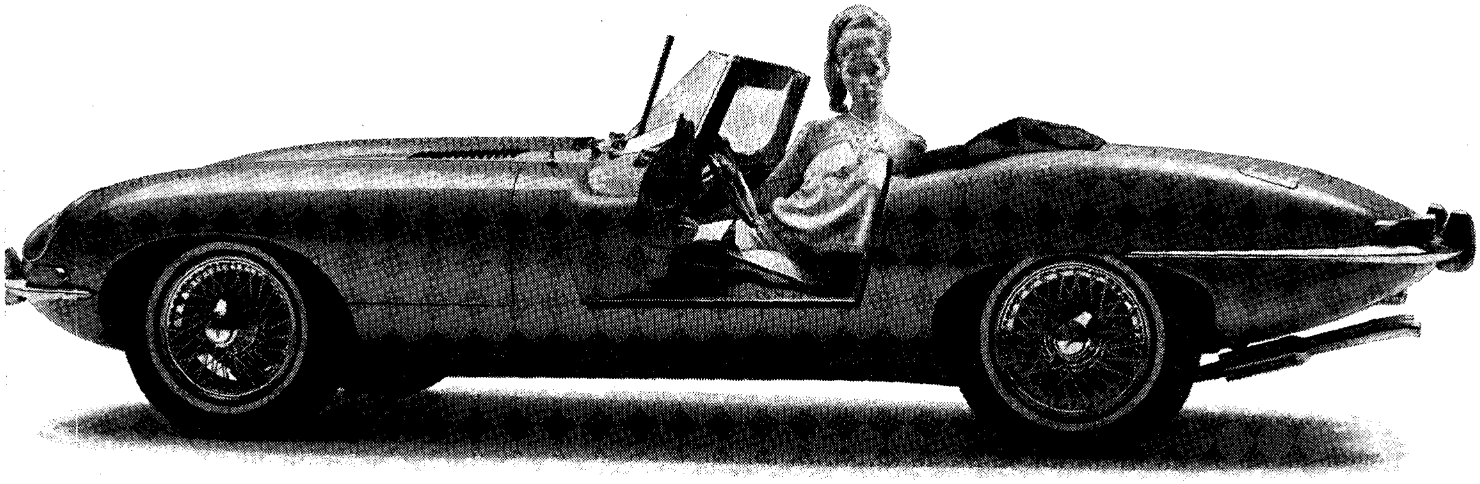


PERHAPS the greatest changes that have taken place in the life of the town of Salisbury, Connecticut, since I grew up there have been among the local lake fish. These changes are, naturally, less evident than the dry-land changes, especially for someone who no longer fishes, as has been the case with me since the nineteen-forties. One learns about them indirectly, through talks with fishermen—or, if one gets caught up in the subject, as I have, with aquatic biologists, whose appearance on the scene has, anyway, been basic to the changes. The approach to the fish world through biologists makes it seem remoter, but it also puts more precision—less wild rumor and folklore—into our notions about what is going on there.

Salisbury, which is in the extreme northwestern corner of Connecticut, in the Taconic Mountains, contains, within its sixty or so square miles, innumerable ponds and six lakes of respectable size, averaging a mile or so in length and a half mile or so in width. The latter are of three types. Upper and Lower Riga Lakes, on a plateau adjacent to the New York State boundary line and Taconic State Park, are rockbound mountain affairs; Long Pond (also called Wononpakook Lake) and West Twin Lake are shallow, mudbound, warm, and weedy; East Twin Lake and Lakeville Lake (or Wononskopomuc) are larger and deeper than the others and, in their lower levels, a good deal cooler. A note on the nomenclature of our lakes may be in order. Wononskopomuc, an Indian name of doubtful authenticity and unknown meaning, is applied to Lakeville Lake on maps and in deeds and other documents, and even in the speech of certain bookish people, like some of the boys at the Hotchkiss School, whose campus overlooks its waters, but in the speech of the townspeople, including those who inhabit the village of Lakeville, on its shores, the name Lakeville Lake is used invariably, however repetitive or circular it may be. Similarly, Wononpakook is called Long Pond in everyday speech, and the Twin Lakes are called the Twin Lakes, though they, too, have dubious Indian names—Washinee and Washining, which may possibly have meant, according to one writer, Laughing Water and Smiling Water. East Twin, which has an area of more than five hundred acres, is described by the Connecticut State Board of Fisheries and Game as being the largest body of water in the state that is suitable for trout and is open to public fishing. The three types of lake can support—are, indeed, bound to support—quite different fish populations.

Upper Riga Lake was the one I knew best as a boy, not because it was the nearest to my home—it was the farthest away from it—but because Judge Donald T. Warner and his wife, who were friends of my parents, had a big, rambling camp on its shore and were very hospitable about asking us to stay there or to come and use their boats. Mount Riga was a remote place then—remote even from Salisbury village, which lies at its base. The plateau on which the two lakes nestle was a wild woodland, and camps were dotted sparsely and unobtrusively around their edges. When I was born, in 1912, these camps were accessible only by foot or by horse-drawn vehicle. During my boyhood, in the twenties, autos were used more and more to get into the camps, but I still have vivid memories of going up the mountain by sleigh in winter, with big parties of friends, to fish through the ice. This remoteness gave Mount Riga a fascination that I have since found only in such places as the Tibetan plateau and the high Andes, and adding to the fascination was a tumultuous curiosity I felt then about underwater life. This curiosity left me in later youth—or, at least, the thrill of it did—but as a boy I churned violently inside at the prospect of going swimming anywhere. The prospect of going to Mount Riga and swimming in the upper lake was almost unbearably exciting.

The fish population of Upper Riga Lake seemed ideal to me then—it was the "given," the best I knew of—and I think it did come close to fulfilling the water's potentialities. Certainly it was in much better shape than the present population; the quality of Riga fishing has gone down steadily since the twenties and thirties, for reasons that I have been learning about lately from the biologists. In those days, the fish that could be caught in Riga included chain pickerel, smallmouth bass, yellow perch, sunfish, and bullheads. As small boys, fishing with worms or live bait, often off the rocks along the shore, my brothers and I caught vast numbers of perch and sunfish—nearly always little, although once my brother Bill caught an eighteen-inch pickerel off a rock. We did such fishing by day, and by night we sometimes went bullheading—sitting in a boat by lamplight, letting our worms down deep to some muddy bottom patch, and then pulling in the heavy, struggling fish, which might be up to a foot long. The bullheads were dark and smooth, and they gleamed as they flopped on the floorboards in the lamplight. They had spines that pricked our hands, and they had teeth in their wide, whiskery mouths that pricked our fingers, for they swallowed a hook deep, and much probing was needed to get it out. But bullheads made delicious eating the next day, skinned and deep-fat-fried. That is how we boys fished. The men went after bigger, more dramatic quarry. Judge Warner himself fished for hours every day in the summer, together with a friend named Dave Jones, a Riga mountaineer, or Raggy, who looked



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after the Warner camp. Judge Warner had a white beard and Dave Jones had a gray walrus mustache, and both men were gaunt and weathered and seemed infinitely old and patient. They would go out to the deepish middle part of the lake and troll there interminably, one rowing slowly along while the other trailed a line with—as I remember it—some mysterious combination of spoons or spinners and live bait. Or they would skitter out there, using a perch belly for bait; they would cut the white belly skin, with the orange breast fins, from a smallish yellow perch, attach it to a hook on a line suspended from a long bamboo pole, and twitch it artfully along the lake surface. They would often raise, and catch, very big pickerel in this way. I am sure they did other arcane things, too, but I didn't see much of these. What I saw most often was their return to camp—around midday—with their remarkable catch, which they kept alive in a "well"—a sort of box, under the oarsman's seat amidships, that opened into the water and was screened at the bottom to keep the fish from escaping. There would usually be a couple of twenty-inch pickerel, a twelve-inch bass or two, and a few nine- or ten-inch perch—much bigger stuff than what we boys usually caught. The fish would lie there, breathing and moving their fins, and we would marvel at them. As I look back on it, I think those catches must have been close to the optimum for the lake. I think it had a good "balance" then, and I am sure that Judge Warner and Dave Jones were expert fishermen. Nowadays, fishermen become expert with the help of elaborate tackle and a wealth of reading matter—scores of books and magazines. Judge Warner and Dave Jones had few such aids—they had learned by experience, by thought, and by the teaching of still older men—but I can't believe they were less adept in any way than their modern counterparts.

After being admired in the well, the fish would be taken out, killed, cleaned, scaled, and passed along to the kitchen, where Mrs. Warner and her daughters might put them in a chowder. Chowder, served from a tureen at a long table on a porch overlooking the lake, was common fare at the camp, and also common were blueberries picked, often by boat, from bushes around the lake's edge or on its islands. The Warners' cuisine emphasized mountain-grown food—along with durable things like hardtack and potatoes—for the lake really *was* remote then. When

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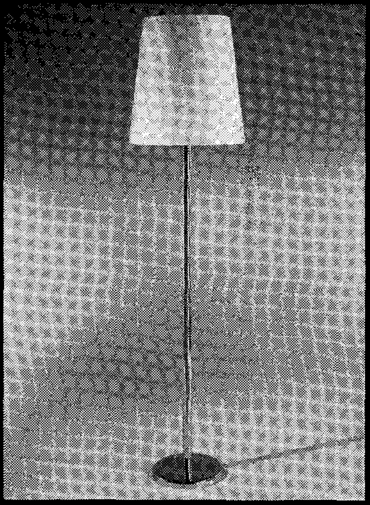

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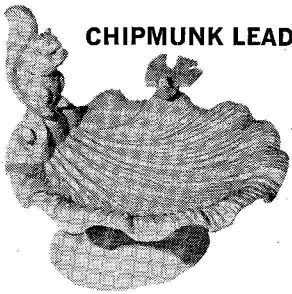

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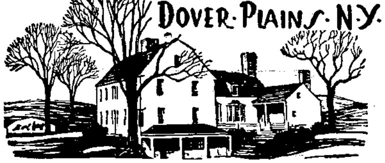

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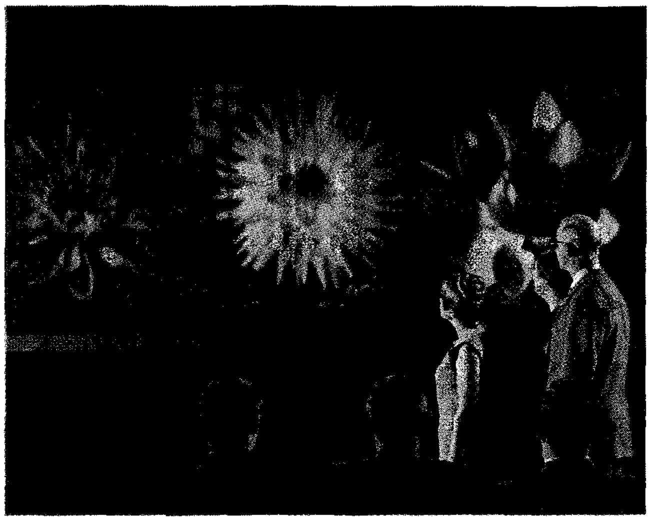

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the Warner family went up for the summer, they stayed up, some member coming down once a week, perhaps, on a shopping trip. The camp had an icehouse, filled each winter from the lake, and perishables could be kept there, if necessary. But the day of packaged foods was not in sight.

NOW, of course, things are different. People still summer in camps along the shores of Upper Riga, but they whiz endlessly up and down the mountain in their cars. One is always meeting such campers in the Salisbury market, at the base of the mountain, where they have come to buy their frozen dinners. They depend not a whit on the lake fish now, and, in step with this development, the fish themselves have shrunk to sizes that make them hardly worth eating. In the summer of 1955, F. J. Trembley, a professor of ecology at Lehigh University, made a survey of both Upper and Lower Riga Lakes for their owners—descendants of the Warners and of two or three other families who had, together, bought the plateau early in this century. Trembley did a lot of gill-netting and trap-netting, which are ways of catching fish for counting. In the upper lake he found no trace of the smallmouth bass that had been common a few decades earlier. He found a huge population of bullheads, but they were all between five and seven and a half inches long—"severely stunted and quite worthless," in his words. He did net some big pickerel, but only a few (nine, as against two hundred and nine bullheads), and the perch and sunfish he caught were comparable to the bullheads in their puny size and (for human purposes) general worthlessness. At the lower lake he found much the same story, though in less exaggerated form. Smallmouth bass were not yet extinct there, and most of the other species were less stunted than they were in the upper lake, but the difference was one of degree only, and it seemed clear that the lower lake was fast following the upper into decline. Trembley tested the waters of the two lakes chemically and found them very much lacking in the minerals that nourish the microscopic organisms on which all other lake life, ultimately, feeds; being on a plateau and draining only a small woodland area, the lakes had—and have—relatively few land-begotten nutrients washing into them. This means that they cannot support a luxuriant plant or fish population, and presumably have never done so; they are fated to be clear, rocky, sparsely

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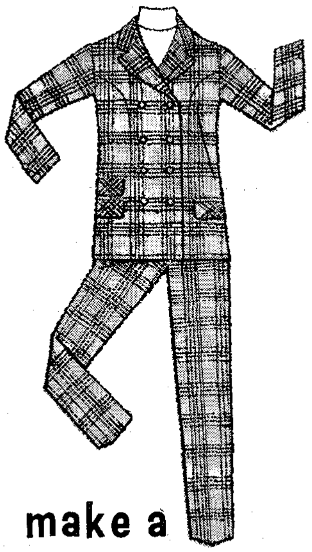

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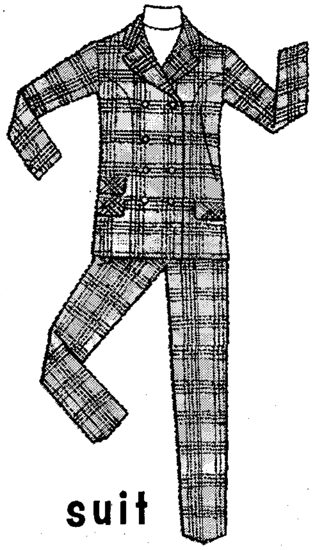

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inhabited "smallmouth-bass lakes," in the phrase of the experts. This was fine in the old days, when the fishing pressure on them was light, but recently, under heavier pressure, their systems have gone out of balance. The life in a lake can be viewed as a pyramid. At its base is a mass of nutrients, either washed down from the land or present in the lake itself. Then comes a level of plankton, tiny organisms that live off the nutrients, with or without the help of photosynthesis. Then come smaller masses of more complex organisms, which feed on those below them and, in turn, are fed on by those above. So it goes, up through insects, crayfish, minnows, and other small fish to the pyramid's apex, which in my boyhood consisted of the bigger bass and pickerel. These big fish, their numbers not seriously threatened by the angling of those days, preyed heavily on the bullheads, sunfish, and small perch, keeping their populations in check, and this was proper balance. But now the big bass are gone, or going, and the big pickerel are nearly done for, too, and, as a result, the perch, sunfish, and bullheads have proliferated beyond all reason.

Aquatic biologists have proved that a given amount of food in a lake will support a fixed poundage of fish—either a great many little ones or a small number of good-sized ones—and that once the little ones have come to dominate it is hard to reverse the trend. The Riga bass may have been victims of a very prevalent tapeworm that can, when it is established, seriously inhibit reproduction in the species, but this is not certain. What is certain is that modern technology has taken a heavy toll of both bass and pickerel by transporting an ever-increasing number of anglers to Mount Riga, and also by equipping them with fancy plugs and other lures that attract big predator fish but not the smaller ones that formerly were caught along with them. The fishing has grown so bad on Mount Riga that few serious fishermen go there now in summertime. Many do still go there for ice fishing in the late fall and winter, when big pickerel—which do not become dormant then, like many other species, but roam hungrily about—are especially vulnerable. Perhaps most of the lake's big pickerel are cleaned out annually this way, and the balance is kept permanently wrong; some experts think that a series of closed winter seasons is the only way to correct it. Trembley has also suggested that numbers of the smaller fish be removed, and that nu-

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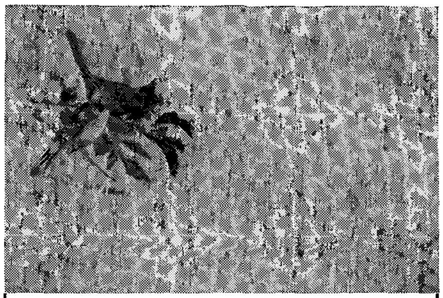

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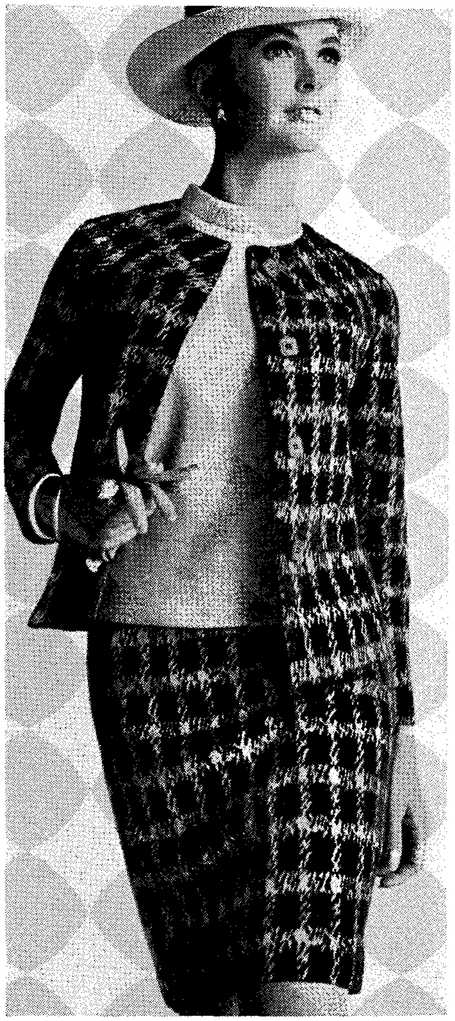

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trients be increased by a fertilizing of the lakes. (In the past, it is thought, our lakes got more nutrients than now from manuring by wildfowl, which were more abundant.) Trembley's second suggestion was carried out some years ago on the lower lake; chicken manure was spread on the ice there one winter, to sink and be absorbed in the spring. But the experiment wasn't tried a second year. Perhaps the effort was too great, or perhaps the owners didn't like swimming in waters so treated. Nor is Trembley's other suggestion being tried; both Riga lakes are being let go—for the moment, anyway—as unpromising for fish "management" (which in this case would have to be done by the owners themselves instead of by the state, because the public's legal access rights are limited).

In July, I went boating on both Riga lakes. They were beautiful—blue water surrounded by green woods coming down to a rocky shore. In some places the trees were dark hemlocks, in others they were lighter birches or maples or red oaks. They were never tall, for the soil on the plateau is shallow and poor; looking at the woods now, I could see that they might supply few nutrients. Here and there, low laurel grew on the shore, hanging out over the water, and it was still in bloom then—pink-and-white blossoms among the dark-green leaves, sometimes with a bumblebee humming above them. The rocks were gray clifflike ledges or big gray broken-off slabs. They extended to the water's edge, and sank below it with little change beyond the addition of a faint slime of vegetation. A few yards offshore, I looked down through clear water at the same kind of big rock fragments, forming the bottom, and they were only slightly greener. The bottom was not all barren, though. Once, I saw blue irises growing from the shallows, and in both lakes I found beds of water lilies. The richest bed was near the inlet of the upper lake. Here, where its main source brook enters, there was apparently a fair supply of nutrients and also of mud and silt, and these supported scattered lilies—often with films of green algae round their stalks—and also a continuous coat of bottom weeds, but short, sparse ones, and nothing that could, by any license, be called a tangle. Two or three times, I saw schools of small fish darting along the bare rocks, but whether they were perch, sunfish, or whatever I could not tell. Once, too, I met a boatload of anglers, ranging in age from about five years to

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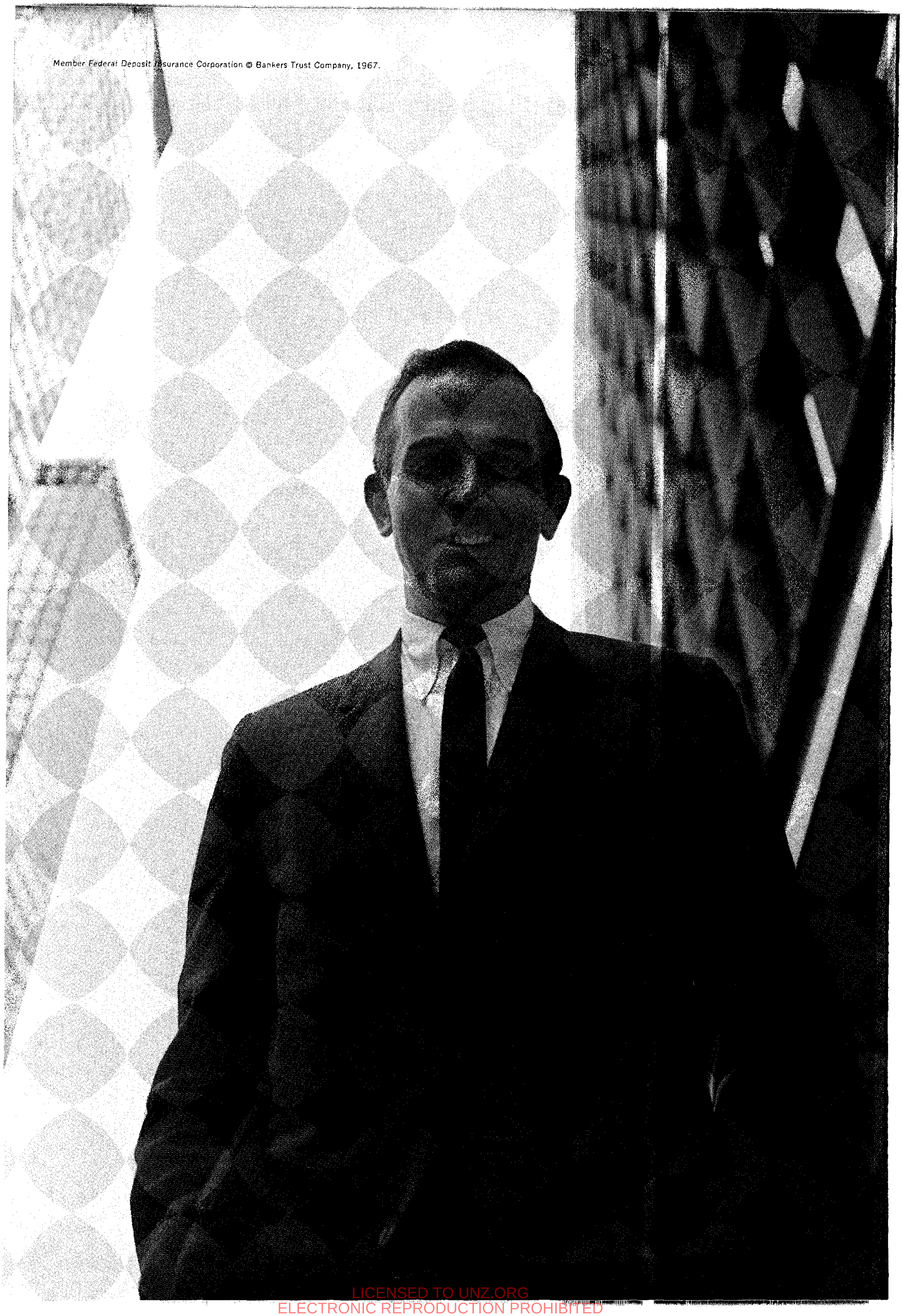

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fifty. They were trolling desultorily in the lower lake, and they told me they had caught one little pickerel and several tiny perch and sunfish, all of which they had thrown back. They seemed bored, to put it mildly; in fact, they seemed to be fishing as a last resort.

On another occasion, a Sunday morning, I went out briefly on West Twin Lake—one of the shallow, weedy, mudbound lakes—in a boat belonging to a neighbor of mine who lives near its shore. West Twin has a much denser fish population than the Riga lakes, and even before I got into the boat I saw schools of bluegill sunfish swimming idly near my neighbor's dock, as if in an aquarium. Out on the lake I saw a dozen boats belonging to fishermen. I assumed that most of them had come by car from some distance—from the larger nearby Connecticut towns, like Torrington and Waterbury—for that is the rule here now. Some were fishing quietly with bait, and others were casting plugs—hurling the plugs far out, with a sing of their reels, letting them plop in the water, then retrieving them slowly. The casting implied that the men were after bass or pickerel, and, I suppose, catching them reasonably often, though the only man I talked with said he was "getting nothing but small bluegills." Perhaps he was being modest (some fishermen think that brings good luck), or perhaps he was telling the truth. I have since learned that West Twin Lake does have an overpopulation of stunted bluegills, though it is said to be in excellent balance otherwise; it yields a fine yearly crop of pickerel and largemouth bass, both of which are bigger, for their age, than the Connecticut average.

West Twin Lake has a Chinese-landscape quality, thanks partly to a small island that consists of a big rock with a single tree rising decoratively from one side of it, and a riotous garland of green weeds around it, just beneath the surface of the water. As a boy, I swam and waded in this lake, and now I could remember my feet sinking into the lukewarm ooze and the weeds clinging to my ankles raspingly. My brothers and I used to spend nights with some contemporaries, the Pearce boys, in a cabin they had built on the shore. They had a small, homemade aquaplane—a simple wooden platform—which they towed behind an outboard motorboat. You could sink the prow of this aquaplane in the clearer parts of the lake and make it dive and travel underwater, down in the murky, weedy world. You could stay sub-

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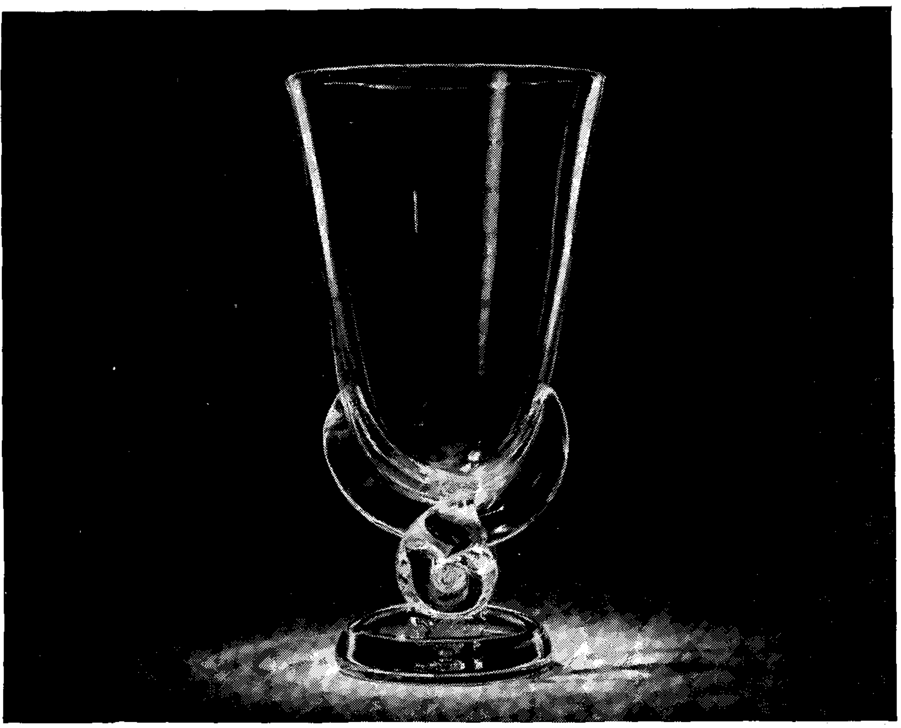
merged until your breath gave out; once, one of us caught a swimming turtle, by hand, while so diving. It was very green down there; indeed, the lake was almost fetidly rich with life, and it still is. So are Long Pond (Wononpakook) and many smaller ponds of that type in the town. Through my inquiries, I have learned that these waters get lots of nutrients from nearby farms, and, since they are shallow, are permeated by sunlight and photosynthesis. As a result, they are warm-water jungles, bursting with plankton, weeds, bugs, grubs, fish, and other creatures.

In the mid-thirties, I learned a little about the smaller weed ponds in this vicinity. I was working in New York then, and coming to Salisbury for weekends. I had acquired notions about "sportsmanship"—now I might call it snobbishness—in fishing, and these impelled me to use only artificial lures. In the spring I did endless fly-fishing, for trout, in the streams, and in the summers I varied this by plug-fishing, for bass and pickerel, in the weed ponds. One place where my brothers and I used to go was a little pond near the Housatonic River; it was, I think, formerly a part of the Housatonic's course, long since dammed off. A barnyard drained into it, and it was shallow, warm, green, and very rich. We would sit in a boat on it and cast plugs toward the lily pads around its edges, which were never far away. Often our plugs would foul in weeds as we reeled them in, but sometimes they would raise a good bass or pickerel, with a startling splash, amid the greenery. Small as the pond was, it seemed always to have its complement of predators. The bass were largemouth. Smallmouth bass favored the rocky lakes, and largemouth bass the weedy ones; the two species were hard to tell apart except by facial details, but it seemed to me that the largemouth had a greenish-black color to their deep bodies and the smallmouth were more of a bronzelike black. As for the pickerel, they were long and very green, with yellow mottlings. All three fish were magnificent—the kings of our still waters.

It never occurred to me then that these fish were not indigenous. I assumed that they had been in our lakes and ponds forever. Recently, though, I have learned that smallmouth bass were introduced to Connecticut after the coming of the white man, being brought in from more northerly waters, like the St. Lawrence and the Finger Lakes. The largemouth were intro-



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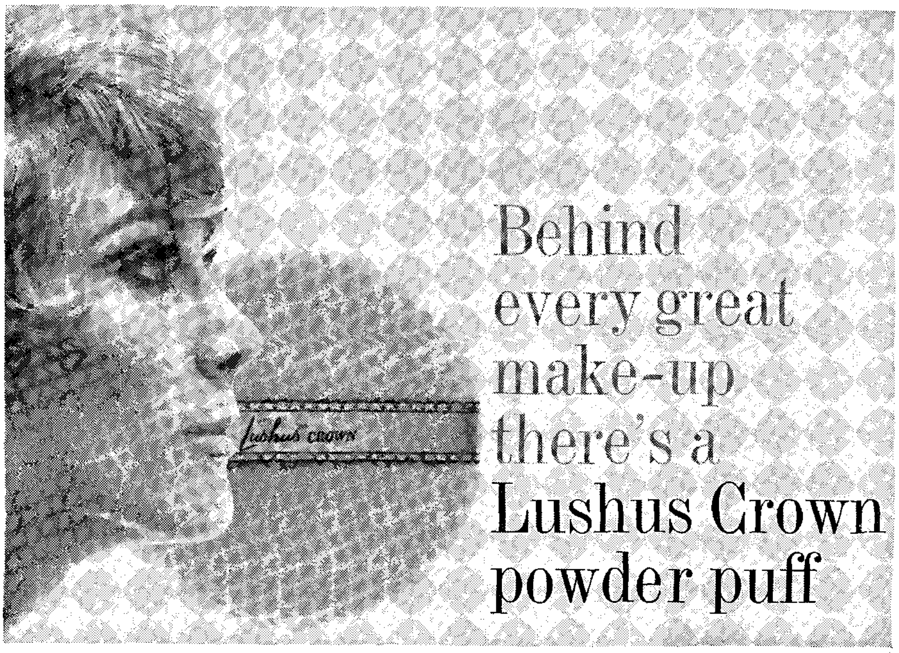
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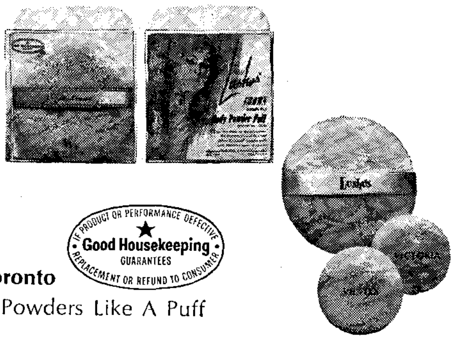

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duced from warmer, more southerly waters, down toward the Mason-Dixon Line. I have further learned, while reading up on local history, that pickerel, too, were introduced to at least some of our waters—though perhaps from waters very nearby—in the early part of the nineteenth century. Thus, long before my boyhood our town's fish ecology was artificial. This had been brought about in an amateurish way; various enthusiasts—on the order, no doubt, of Judge Warner—had thought that the fish of such-and-such a lake would do well in such-and-such another lake, and had transferred a few pails of them by buckboard or similar primitive means. Indeed, I myself took part in such a transplanting as a boy; there was a shallow pond, not much bigger than a tennis court, on my father's farm, and one summer we put a pailful of smallish Mount Riga bullheads in it. They didn't survive, as far as we could ever learn; perhaps they starved, or perhaps they were cleaned out by snapping turtles. (Once, I remember, a man on our farm got one of these turtles to fasten its beak onto a pitchfork handle, and carried it home that way, for decapitation.) If the bullheads had survived, they would now be part of the pond's fauna and would seem a primordial part of it to any newcomer who didn't know its history. That is how most of our lakes and ponds got their populations—through amateurish crisscrossings of the species by local men. Fish management, the art or science of the professional biologists, was just coming on the scene in the mid-thirties.

Even today, I have been learning, Connecticut fish management doesn't concern itself much with the stocking of warmwater varieties—that is, the bass and pickerel and their "forage" fishes, or substrata in the pyramid, like perch, sunfish, and bullheads. These warmwater fish are all very prolific, the biologists say; once present in a suitable lake, they will do well unless the lake goes out of balance, a malady for which more stocking is not the answer. One biologist told me, "If you have to stock warmwater fish, there is something wrong with the lake, and you should cure it by some other method, like closed seasons." When I was a boy, the stunting of fish was popularly blamed on inbreeding, for which new stocking was naturally thought to be a remedy, but today the biologists say this is rubbish; they say that stunting comes from overpopulation, which further stocking can only aggravate.

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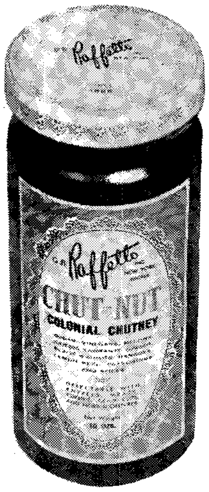

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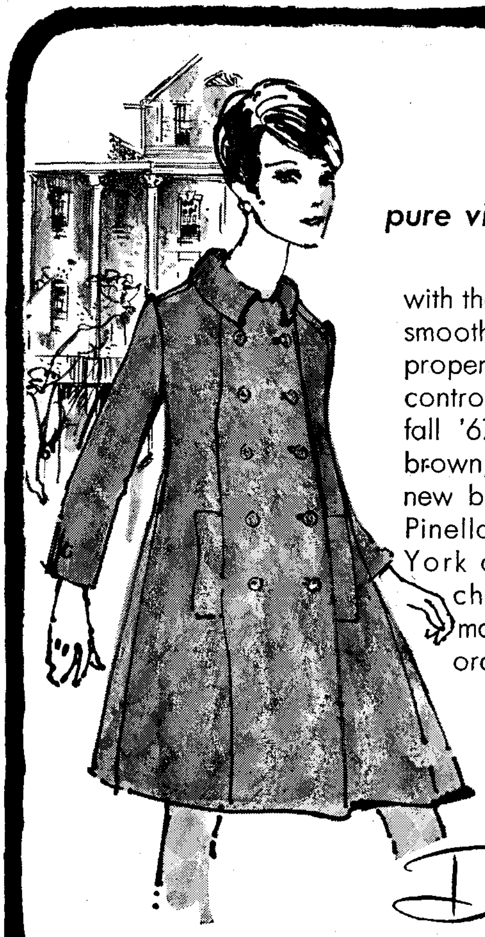
Fish management in various other states, notably some in the South, it should be said, does concern itself a lot with warmwater varieties. In Alabama, in the nineteen-thirties, two biologists named H. S. Swingle and E. V. Smith learned that good fishing could be provided by the planned stocking of largemouth bass along with bluegills as a forage fish; these two species combined with smaller organisms in successful pyramids that were often strengthened artificially, at the base, by the addition of fertilizer nutrients to the water. The formula became famous in the South, and it has been tried in the North as well, but hasn't transferred readily. Bluegills (they are blue-tinged members of the squarish sunfish tribe) are so prolific that the bass and pickerel in a lake cannot by themselves keep their numbers down to a reasonable level; they need the help of nearby human beings willing to catch many bluegills, which they can consume as the small, inelegant frying fare called "panfish." Southern people, it seems, are ready to do this necessary fishing and eating in sufficient quantity to keep the balance right, but Northerners are not. In Salisbury, a few Raggies do catch lots of bluegills in West Twin Lake, and treat them as food; one Raggy sometimes gives a mess of them to my brother Jake, who has helped him with legal problems. But men like that are getting scarce. Most anglers who fish in Salisbury today—caught up in the new, affluent world of fancy lures and gourmet foods—hold the bluegill in contempt as both quarry and fare. And that, presumably, is why the bluegills of West Twin Lake are now so numerous and so small. Their overpopulation is regarded by the state biologists as a problem, but too complex a one for immediate solution. The biologists are investing little effort in West Twin Lake or our other weed ponds, feeling that nature should take its course in them, just as they are investing nothing in the Riga lakes, because they are so unpromising (and, of course, because they are privately owned).

What the state people *are* investing in, and heavily, is our third type of lake. Lakeville Lake and East Twin Lake are deep and cool enough to harbor trout and salmon. The culture of such fish—the Salmonidae—has become, it seems, the be-all and end-all of professional management in our lakes. This development was already under way in the thirties, but I was not aware of it then. What I was aware of, inevitably, was the state's heavy stocking of trout in all our streams,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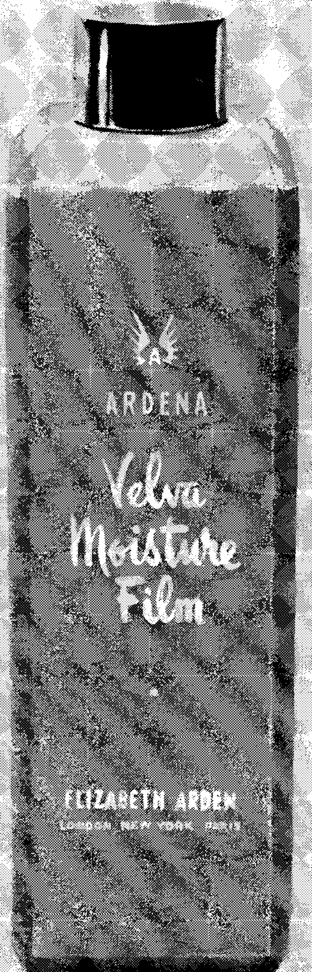

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from the rolling Housatonic on down to brooks that one could step across. Brook trout, brown trout, and rainbow trout were stocked in the streams on virtually a put-and-take basis, which is to say that what was put in by the state was almost immediately taken out by the anglers; one commonly heard in those days that anglers followed the hatchery trucks around. I suppose this closeness of fishing to stocking left little room for further development of the process, and I also suppose that as the fishing pressure increased in Salisbury, which it has done many times over since the thirties, the state's managerial effort, also increasing many times over, needed new fields to work in, and the deep lakes provided them.

Even earlier than the thirties—before I had begun learning about stream fish—I was aware that enormous, mysterious lake trout existed in Lakeville Lake. Of course, I thought they, too, had been there forever—ever since God created the waters themselves—but I have lately learned that they were introduced to Salisbury by man; they were brought there around 1900 from the Great Lakes and other big Northern waters. I never saw one of these lake trout but only heard about them, and they were not boys' quarry at all; they were for single-minded men who could troll patiently day after day, very deep, with hundreds of feet of heavy copper line. Lakeville Lake was supposed then to have a huge canyon in its bottom; in my imagination this place was murky and Wagnerian, with the big fish lurking in its caves and crenellations, waiting to strike—once in a great while—at some spoon that came dimly twinkling by on the end of a copper line. Actually, of course, there was no canyon; the biologists, who have been demystifying our waters a good deal, have sounded Lakeville Lake scientifically and found no great irregularity in its bottom, though they have found considerable depth—a hundred and eight feet, out near the middle. They have also sounded most of the other Connecticut lakes, including East Twin, where they have found a depth of eighty feet. Lakeville Lake and East Twin are, it seems, among the prime examples in Connecticut of stratified deep-water lakes—lakes whose waters divide, as the summer approaches, into layers of different temperature. The waters of our shallower lakes don't do this; wind action keeps them mixed completely all summer long.

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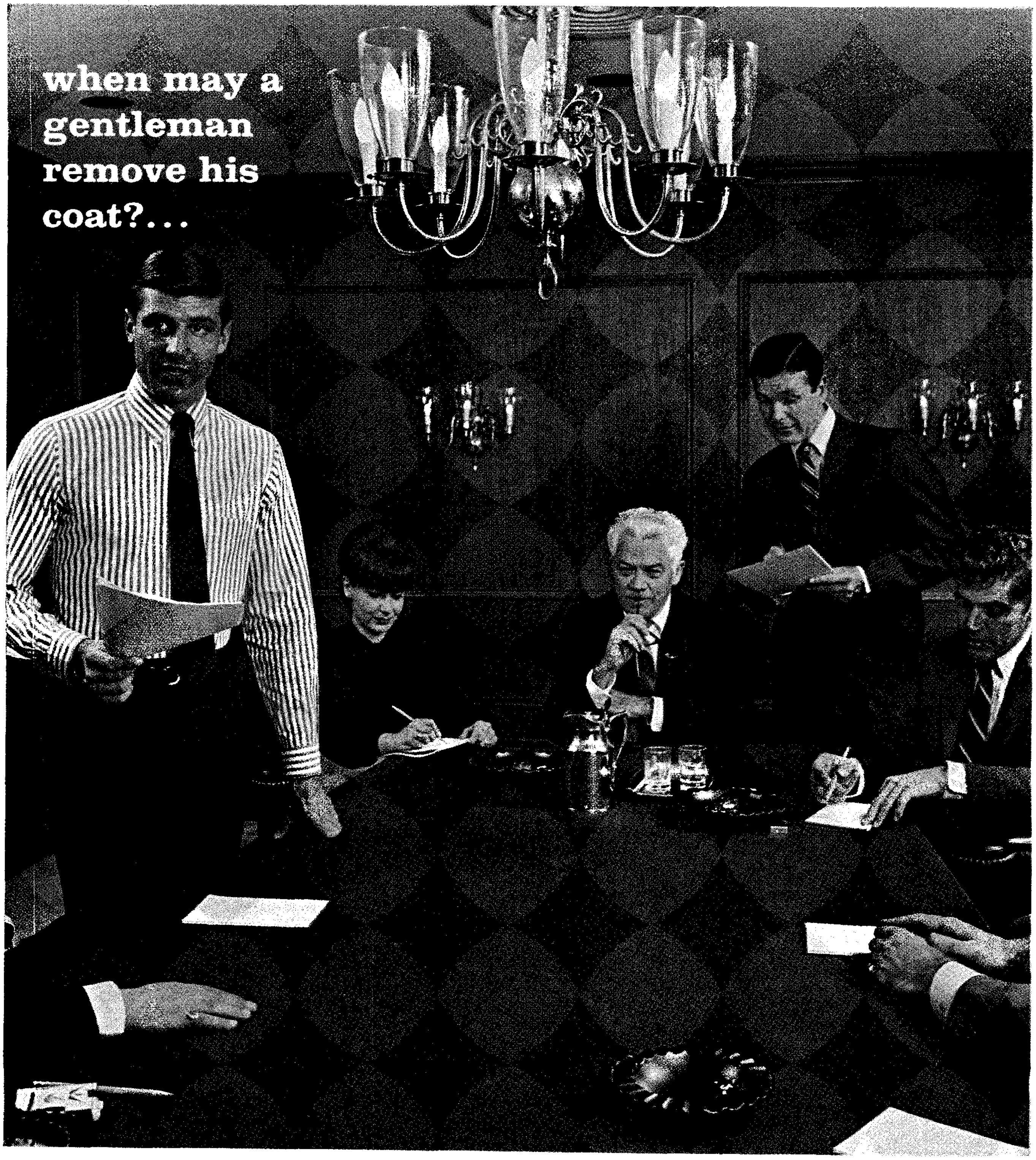
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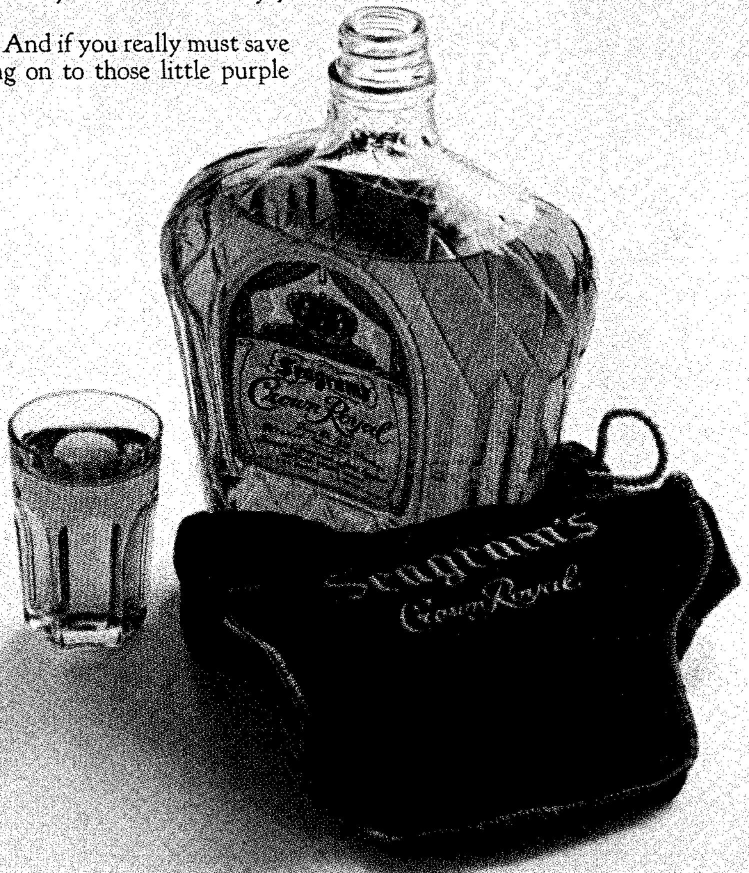

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pletely for a few weeks in springtime, right after the ice melts, but soon their waters become stratified, and the wind cannot overcome this effect. In summer, a stratified lake has three layers. At the top is what the biologists call the epilimnion, a warmwater layer of twenty feet or so; this is constantly mixed by the wind and is much like the water in our shallower, warmer lakes. Beneath it is the thermocline, a layer of rapid temperature transition, and then, at the bottom, the static, never-warming hypolimnion. The waters of East Twin Lake were tested one September recently, and the epilimnion was found to be over 70 degrees Fahrenheit throughout and the hypolimnion under 50. Trout and salmon like cool water, and, at least in Salisbury, they cannot live the summer out in a shallow lake or in the epilimnion of a deep one. In a deep lake, they can retreat to the thermocline or hypolimnion and be comfortable. The hypolimnia of both our deep lakes contain plenty of dissolved oxygen, the biologists say, plus a good supply of zooplankton—micro- and macroscopic animal organisms—and of grubs, little fish, and similar foods. They are comparatively lacking in phytoplankton, which are tiny plant organisms, and in rooted vegetation, because sunlight and, consequently, photosynthesis diminish so in the depths. Trout and salmon can stay in the hypolimnia of Lakeville Lake and East Twin indefinitely, getting enough to breathe and eat, and hordes of them do stay there through the warm season.

Though we boys were aware of the lake trout in the depths of Lakeville Lake, we knew much more about the fish in the epilimnia of that lake and of East Twin—especially in the shallows along their shores. These fish were, and still are, very much like those of our weed ponds. Only a few summers ago, I watched my nephew take an eleven-inch largemouth bass from the shallows of East Twin Lake, and things seemed hardly different from the old weed-pond days. I also have on hand a letter from a local friend who is a great fisherman. It was written five years ago, in answer to some questions I had asked him, and it gives some idea of the deep-lake warmwater fishing in our boyhood days and now. My friend is a few years older than I am, and has lived for the most part in and near Lakeville Lake. His letter says:

> Here are my observations, for what they may be worth to you. Lakeville Lake (Wononskopomuc) used to have a number of smallmouth black bass when

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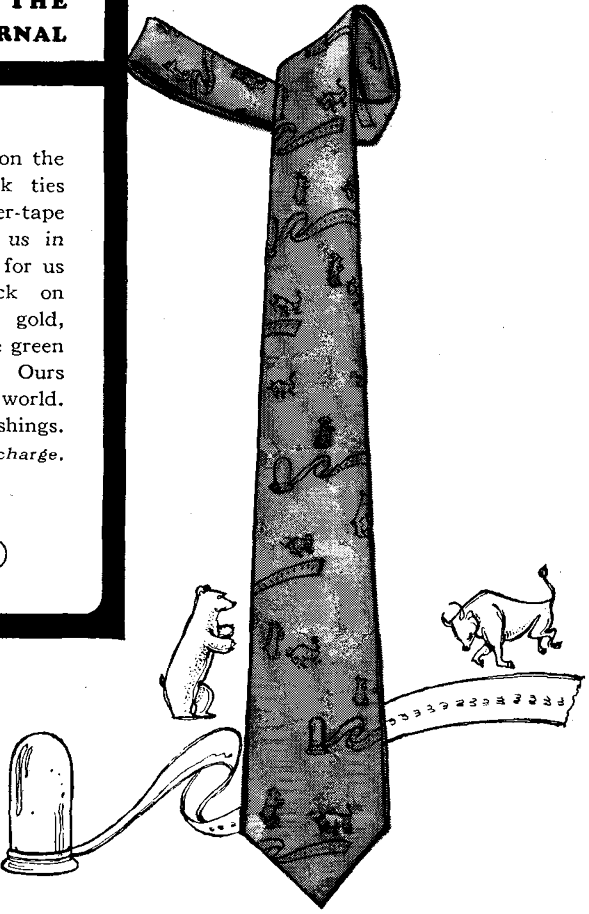

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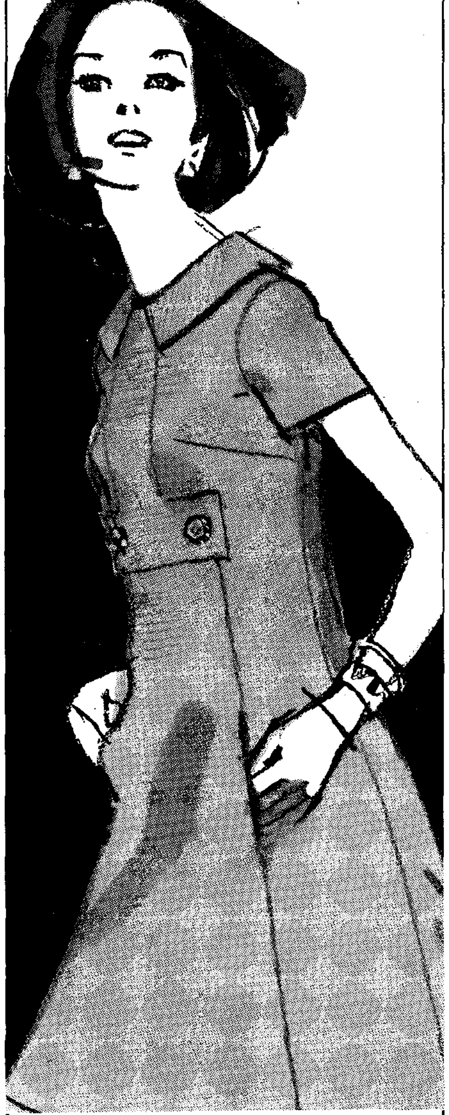

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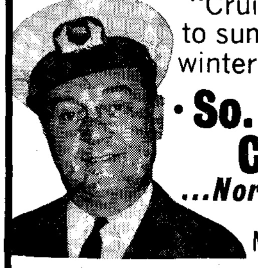
I was a teen-ager (I remember seeing some from 1920 to 1940). I can recall taking a few of them, about a pound or better, on worms or live bait, such as small shiners or frogs—we rarely caught any on plugs, etc. There were many bigmouth bass, pickerel, perch, etc., too, but only lake trout of the trout species.... There are still quite a few bigmouth bass of good size and a number of large pickerel (there don't seem to be as many smaller bass and pickerel as there were formerly). I haven't seen a smallmouth black bass in years in our lake. Of course there are the stocked trout (brooks, browns, rainbows) and many perch, bluegill sunfish, bullheads, suckers, etc.

I can recall vividly how many bigmouth bass used to be taken out of Lakeville Lake per day. We thought nothing of catching half a dozen bass in a couple hours of plug casting or fishing with bait. They would average anywhere from one and a half to four pounds. I saw two that Clarence Bartholomew caught on topwater plugs about 1923, I think—one weighed nine pounds, the other seven. Taken at night in Milmine's cove....

SPLENDID as such fishing seemed to us at the time, it doesn't greatly interest today's fish biologists, who think that Lakeville Lake's resources are rather wasted on warmwater fish and should be reserved for the Salmonidae. Recently, I learned that the State Board of Fisheries and Game had held hearings in Salisbury in the late nineteen-fifties on the possibility of reclaiming Lakeville Lake to this end. "Reclaiming" is a fish-management euphemism for poisoning the fish in a lake and replacing them with a new, artificial population that is thought more desirable. I couldn't find out much about these hearings from people in Salisbury—I got only vague, contradictory reports about them—but in time the matter was cleared up for me in Hartford, the state capital, by Cole Wilde, the biologist who heads the fish division of the State Board of Fisheries and Game. I saw Mr. Wilde early in April, just four days before the fishing season opened, and found him a very busy man. Clean-shaven, bespectacled, and of medium age and height, he sat in his shirtsleeves at his Hartford desk, which was piled high with papers, and answered frequent phone calls in between explanations to me about the subtleties of stocking, reclamation, and other aspects of his art. While I was in his office, he had several phone calls concerning an unexplained "fish kill," or sudden wholesale death of fish, in a stream north of Hartford. He also received a call from a man complaining that a tree had been felled over a certain trout brook, and requesting that it be removed, a call asking why a state lobster hatchery

Chief Steward Lindstad says:



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somewhere on Long Island Sound had been abandoned, and a call inquiring about a fish elevator that was being designed for boosting shad over a dam on the Farmington River. He handled all these matters with patience, clarity, and, when it was indicated, decisiveness. He told the tree complainer that his men couldn't possibly clean up the mess—which he was sure they hadn't created—because they were all busy with pre-season stocking; he told the lobster inquirer that the hatchery had been abandoned because it was accomplishing nothing; and he told the elevator inquirer all about the project, in detail. As for the fish kill, he arranged by telephone to get one of his men on the scene as soon as possible in order to take samples of the water there and learn what there was to be learned about the kill's causes and implications, and he notified the state public-health people of his action, since fish kills concern them, too. He did all these things calmly and politely, the very model of a technological administrator, and meanwhile he told me about fish management.

First, Mr. Wilde said that Connecticut does engage in some warmwater management, though on a minor scale and hardly at all in Salisbury. "One thing we do, if the rainfall is satisfactory, is lower the levels of certain lakes in order to keep them in balance," he said. "If you draw down a lake, lessening its area and volume, you concentrate the fish population, and the predators have a better chance to work on the forage fish; because the forage fish have less space to run or hide in, the predators get their numbers down to size in a few weeks. The outlets of many Connecticut lakes were dammed up long ago—say, in the nineteenth century—as a way of raising the level and getting more power for small industries. The water was manipulated by the use of the dams—let out in the summer, usually, when it was scarce, and allowed to rise again in the winter—and we believe that this seasonal level-changing had a good effect, unintentionally, on the fish populations. Now those small industries are nearly all gone, but we still use the dams of some of the lakes for level-changing in fish management. Unfortunately, the summer is the best time to draw down a lake, for our purposes, and that is when its waters are in most demand for recreation. It's hard to convince a lakefront property owner that the water should be drawn down when he wants to swim in it, so we usually do it in the fall. We don't do it to any Salis-

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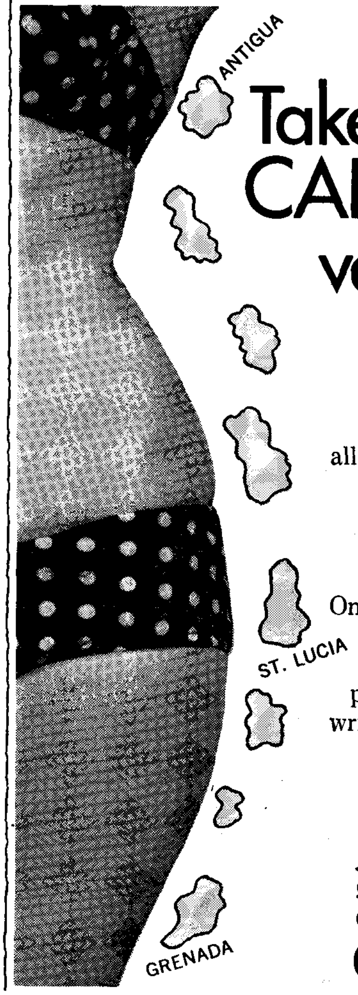

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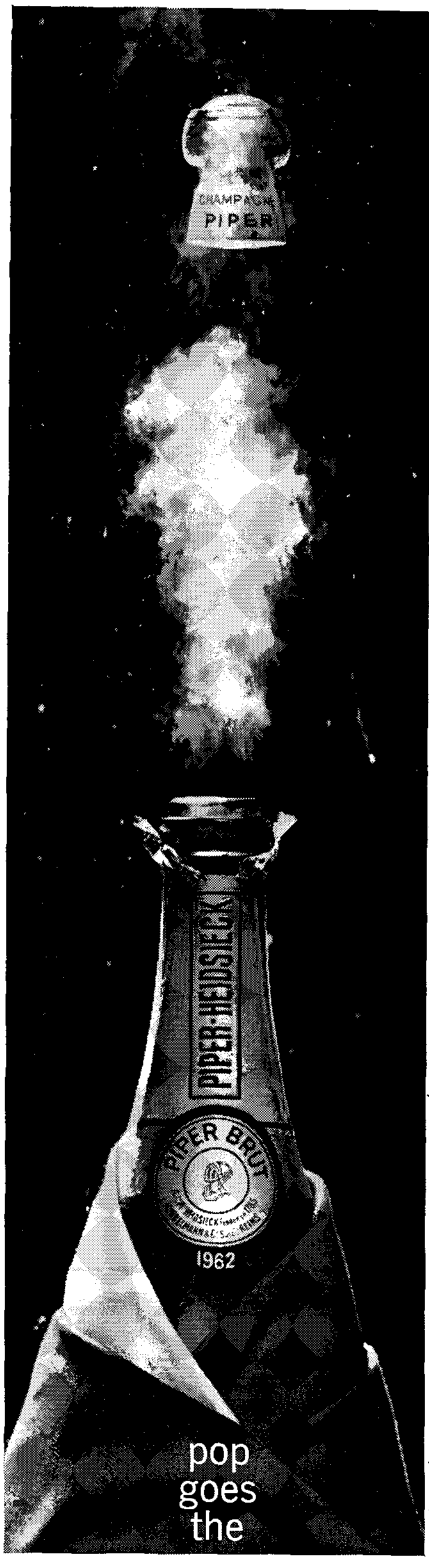
bury lake, as it happens, but we do, for instance, annually draw down Wood Creek Pond, in Norfolk, which is near there. The state owns property on the shore of Wood Creek Pond, and it owns the dam that controls the water level, and that makes it easier."

Another device in warmwater management is partial reclamation. To some extent, fish can be poisoned selectively, Mr. Wilde explained. There is a way of greatly reducing the numbers of bluegills, for instance, while killing only a few of the bass and the other fish in the same water. This has been used in some Connecticut lakes—lakes where dead bluegills would not create a nuisance—but there is no plan for trying it in West Twin. "Some warmwater lakes have too many species for successful management," he said. "It is too hard to foresee all the possibilities. You do something to help one species and it helps another instead. Or it unexpectedly hurts two or three species that you don't want to hurt. For warmwater management, you should have a lake with only two or three species, but such lakes are rare in Connecticut. From the late nineteenth century up into the nineteen-thirties, there was indiscriminate stocking of many varieties in most of our lakes, and this has left chaotic populations, which are hard to manage." Fifteen or more varieties have been stocked in Lakeville Lake in the past, Mr. Wilde said, but no warmwater fish have been added (at least, not as far as the state knows) since the nineteen-thirties, when the scientific stocking of Salmonidae was getting under way there. "Lakeville Lake is exceptionally good trout water, and we have superb growth records for trout stocked in it," he continued. "Since the thirties, therefore, we have been managing it for trout primarily. In the late fifties, we felt we should reclaim it, if possible, and manage it exclusively for one variety, rainbow trout, which would be stocked annually as fingerlings—an inch or two long—and would feed entirely on plankton. The lake would have no forage fish under this plan—no fish of any kind but the rainbows themselves. Rainbows are great plankton-eaters. They don't grow very big on it. I imagine they just can't get enough of it for that, even by swimming around all the time with their mouths open. The lake would not yield trophy fish with this kind of management, but it would yield a great many fish between ten and fourteen inches long. We have estimated an annual harvest of fifty thousand rainbows,



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as against ten thousand of all kinds of trout with the existing balance. The procedure wouldn't cost much, either, since we would be stocking fingerlings—with no predators to kill them off. We would have to stock each year, because rainbows can't reproduce in Lakeville Lake—they run up streams to spawn, and the lake has no suitable stream flowing into it—but we can easily raise fingerlings from eggs in our hatcheries. We have tested this kind of management a good deal in other waters. In Ball's Pond, in New Fairfield, for instance, we stock fingerling rainbows each year on May 15th, and they are eleven or twelve inches long by the opening day of the next season. Ball's Pond is public water, and that raises problems for management. Someone is always putting a pailful of another variety, or several other varieties, back in the water. Then the population gets complicated, and we have to reclaim again. We reclaim Ball's Pond about every four years. That isn't necessary with well-controlled waters, as we have shown at Doolittle Lake, in Norfolk. Doolittle is owned by a club, and it's tightly supervised. The club began managing for rainbow and brook trout nine years ago, at its own expense, and the lake still has a pure trout population that gives excellent fishing. So we think that form of management is good if the neighborhood is educated to it."

As for the hearings on reclaiming Lakeville Lake, these had not been required by law, I learned, but had been a matter of state policy. "We don't like to reclaim a lake if there is much opposition, because then people put the old varieties back in immediately and our work is wasted," Mr. Wilde said. The Lakeville hearings revealed a great deal of such opposition, the reasons for which are rather obscure by this time. It is my notion that some citizens simply hated the thought of losing the bass and pickerel that had lived there so long. Others no doubt wanted their children to catch sunfish off the docks, as they had done. Others may have recoiled at the idea of poisoning, or of dead fish floating around, or just of Creeping Socialism. Anyway, there were many objections, and the state backed off. "We let it drop," Mr. Wilde told me. "Someday, when the people know more about it, they may want us to come in and manage for rainbow, and then we'll do it. But we're not pushing the idea."

Soon after the Lakeville Lake hearings, the state decided to stock alewives there as an alternative, and thus com-

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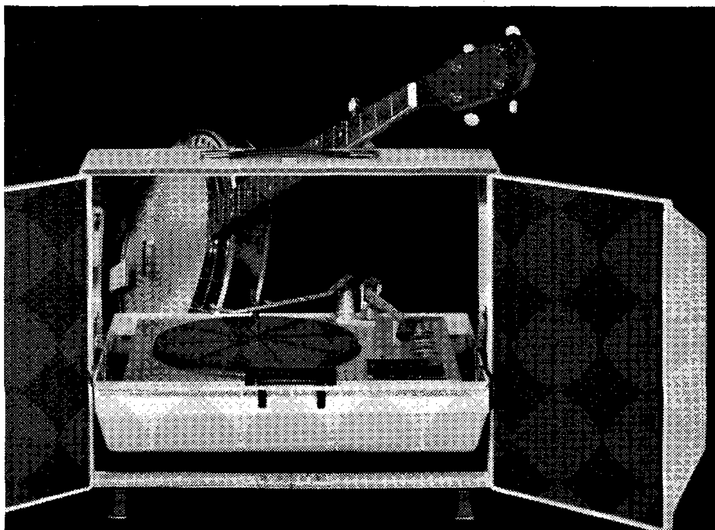

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mitted itself to a different management formula, which still prevails. "Alewives were originally saltwater herring, but they have become landlocked in some Connecticut waters because of the building of dams," Mr. Wilde said. "They grow to about six inches, and they do very well in the depths of stratified lakes, so we stock them as forage fish for trout. Brown trout—a species we want to encourage anyway—do especially well on them. In 1953, we ran a creel census of Lakeville Lake, financed under the Federal Aid to Fisheries Act. We stocked numbers of brown, brook, and rainbow trout—the three most popular species—at several different times, with the fish marked differently each time by either tagging or fin-clipping. Then our men kept a careful record of the anglers' catch of these fish. We collected a mass of data, and from it we concluded that brown trout yielded much the best fishing per dollar of investment. I am talking now, you understand, of a mixed population in the lake, not a pure one of plankton-eating rainbows. *Some* rainbows are desirable in a mixed lake, too, we concluded in '53, because they give good fishing in the late summer and in the fall, which the browns don't. Browns are spring fish primarily. After the creel census, we recommended stockings of seventy-five per cent brown trout and twenty-five per cent rainbows in Lakeville Lake. So browns are the main thing, you see, and they do grow very fast on alewives. Not all of them switch over to alewives, though. Small browns live on plankton and other minute forage, then later most switch to alewives, but some don't, and you can see the difference between the two. If they stay off alewives, they remain slimmer and keep the usual brown-trout colors—a yellowish golden brown with bright-red spots. If they go on alewives, they grow bigger and stockier and turn silvery, like Atlantic salmon; they grow very fast. If a half-pound brown trout in Lakeville Lake goes on alewives and escapes the anglers, it will weigh five pounds after two years. Many trophy browns have been caught in Lakeville Lake recently. Two years ago, a nine-pound one was caught, as I remember, and perhaps some bigger ones. And we know from netting that there are twelve- and thirteen-pounders in the lake. The big ones are hard to catch—you must troll for them down around thirty-five feet—but they are there, and we are trying to encourage that high-survival type. Not long ago, we

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netted a female brown in Lakeville Lake that we had stocked six years earlier, and she weighed eleven pounds. We are breeding from her in the hope of developing a longer-living, bigger-growing strain. This year, too, we are trying an experiment in Lakeville Lake with Kamloops trout, a variety of rainbow. We hope they will learn to eat alewives—as our other rainbows don't—and grow to trophy sizes. Early in March, we planted two thousand yearling Kamloops, averaging nearly a foot long, which had been raised in our hatcheries from Pacific Northwest eggs. In the Northwest, their native habitat, the Kamloops can be voracious fish-eaters. In Lake Pend Oreille, in Idaho, they feed on small Kokanee salmon and grow to thirty pounds or more. The biggest Kamloops ever caught was taken from Lake Pend Oreille, and it weighed something like thirty-seven pounds. We don't expect quite that in Lakeville Lake, but if the Kamloops will eat alewives we hope they will produce trophy fish on a par with the browns. Rainbows are more spectacular to catch than browns—they do more jumping, and so on—and perhaps the Kamloops will make a nice variation. If they do well, we can stock more in the future."

I asked Mr. Wilde about East Twin, and he told me that despite its similarity to Lakeville Lake in depth and stratification, it is being managed quite differently. "For one thing, we have never considered reclaiming it for rainbows," he said. "It isn't tight enough to reclaim. It has substantial streams draining into it, which would have to be reclaimed at the same time, very thoroughly, and it is connected by a channel to West Twin, which is a natural for warmwater varieties and should be left that way. East Twin has good warmwater fishing itself, and this shouldn't be disturbed, either. Lakeville Lake is a tight package, without important tributaries or other complications, and is suitable for reclamation. East Twin is not. Secondly, while there are brown trout in East Twin, they do not usually grow to trophy size, like those in Lakeville Lake, because they have no alewives to feed on. We keep alewives out of East Twin because they are plankton-eaters and would compete with Kokanee salmon, a species that likewise lives on plankton, and that has become the lake's leading game fish. Kokanee were mysteriously found spawning in a shallow part of East Twin in the thirties. No one knew how they had got there,

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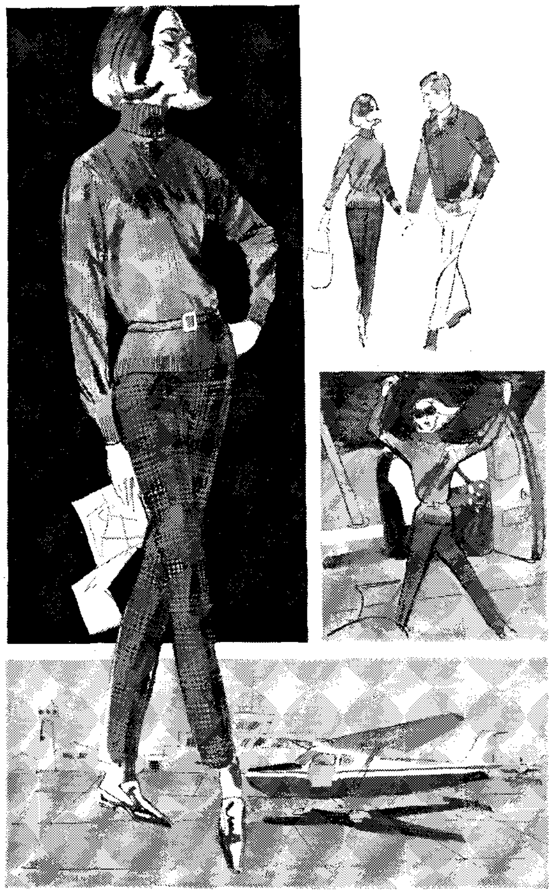

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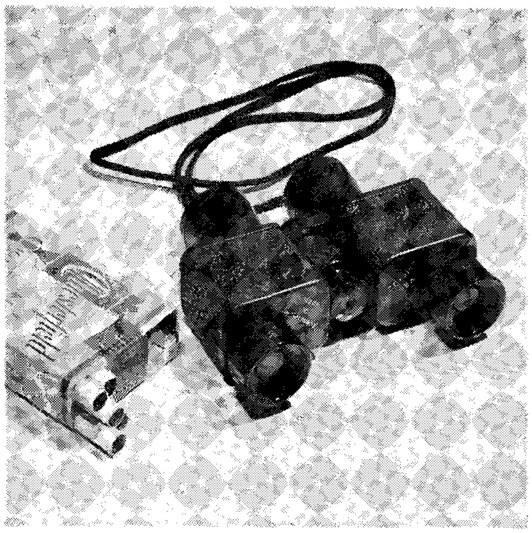

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though if you asked around now you might find fifty people who would claim to have put them in. Anyway, that population had died out by the late thirties, and the state put Kokanee in again, produced from British Columbia eggs. The Kokanee, too, is a Northwest fish. Now we stock them annually; they can spawn in the lake, in that one shallow place, but few mature fish result from this. Every year, therefore, we net and squeeze some East Twin Kokanee in October, their spawning time, and take the eggs to our hatchery at Burlington, near Torrington. The eggs hatch into fry, and in six or seven months we put these back in—not only into East Twin but into five other Connecticut lakes as well. The program costs about a thousand dollars a year for all six lakes, so it's very cheap. We can put the Kokanee in as fry because they go deeper down than little trout and thus escape the warmwater predators—the bass and pickerel. The big Kokanee don't eat the little ones, either, as Atlantic salmon would do. They stick to plankton, which East Twin is exceptionally rich in. It has a large drainage area, with many nutrients washing down from farms. The Kokanee fishing in East Twin gets better every year, and nowadays a number of three-and-a-half-pound fish are caught. They are pretty deep down, and fishermen must troll for them with copper or lead-centered lines, which cut down their fighting when they are hooked. But still they are a good game fish, and for the present we don't see how the East Twin balance can be improved on. That is why we don't stock alewives and try for trophy browns, as we do in Lakeville Lake."

I asked what had happened to the lake trout in Lakeville Lake, and Mr. Wilde said they were still around. "The population is hanging on, though no additions have been stocked for years," he said. "The yield isn't good enough. The lake can't support really fishable numbers of lake trout, which are very carnivorous. They are the top of their food chain—the apex of their pyramid—like muskellunge in the Northern lakes or tigers in the jungle. It takes a lot of water to feed each fish, and so they are spaced far apart—say, one or two to the acre, and that down deep, where the acres are fewer. We know there are thirty-pound lake trout in Lakeville Lake, because our men have netted them when checking. Two years ago, someone caught a sixteen-pounder, but that was exceptional. Only one or two lake trout are caught

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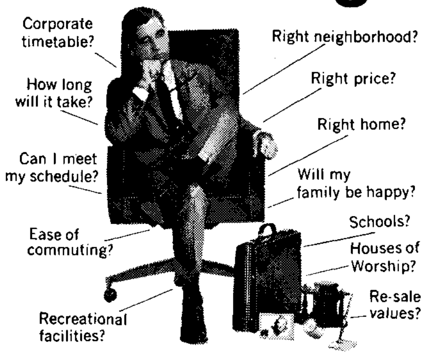
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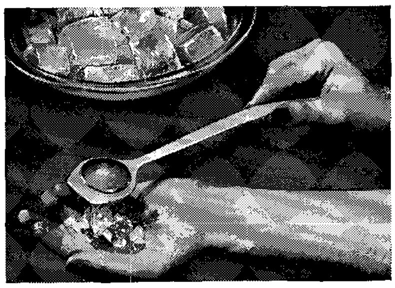

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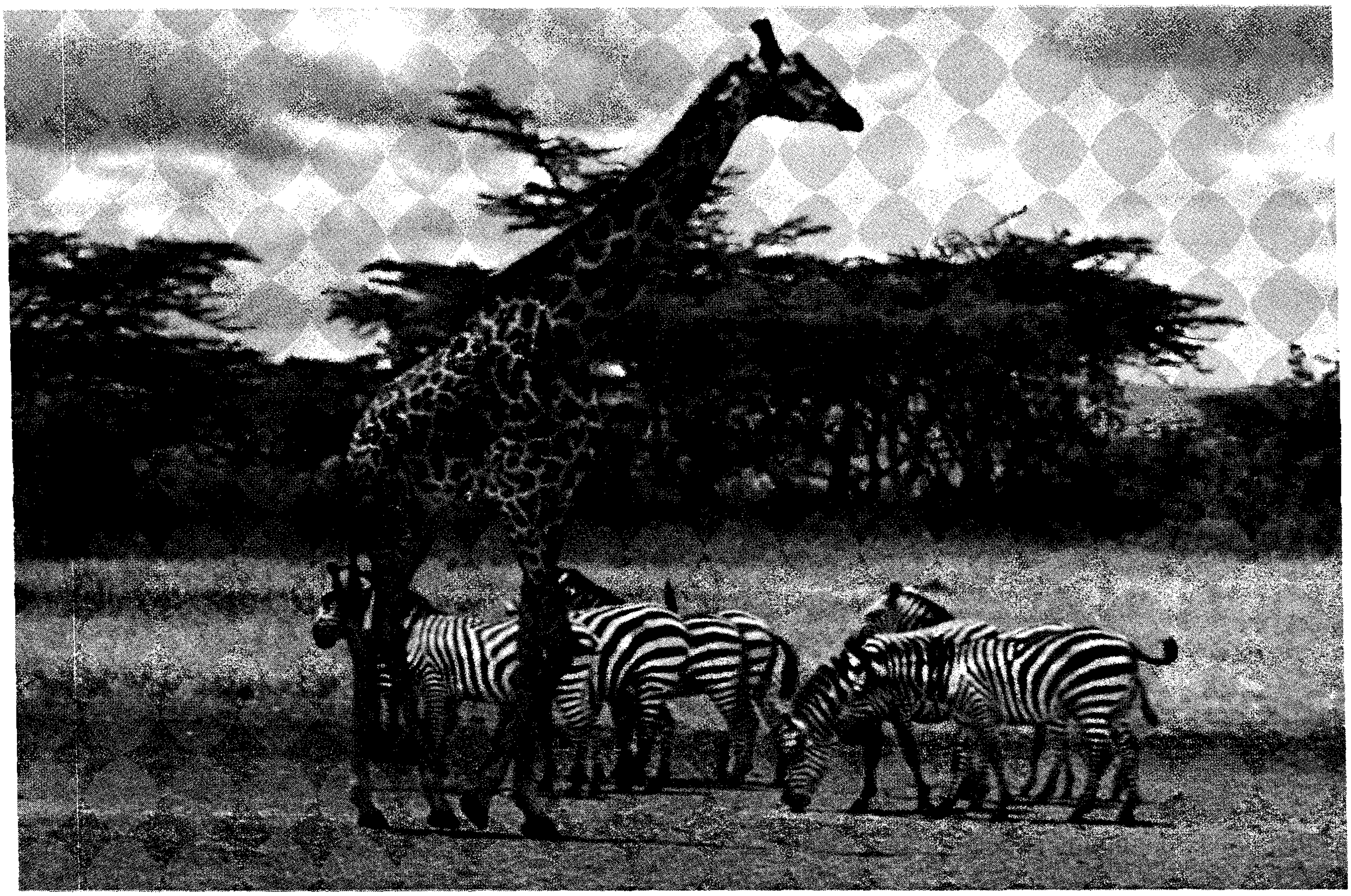

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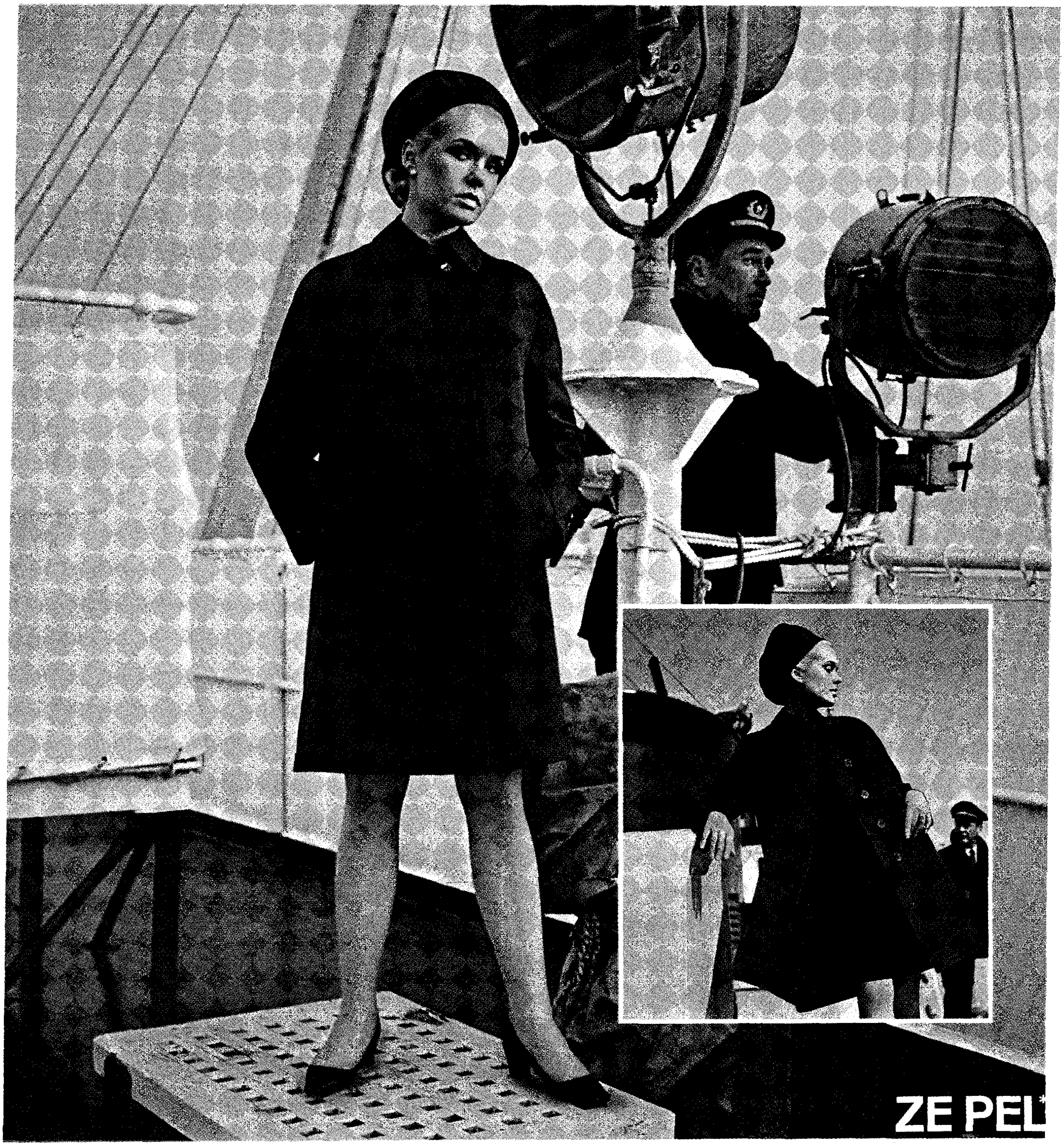

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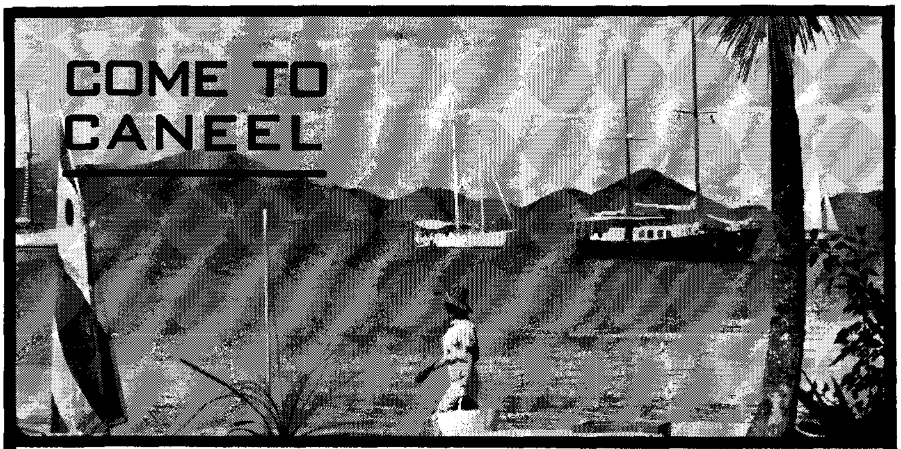
each year now, and if we reclaimed the lake that would be the end of them."

A WEEK or so after my conversation with Mr. Wilde, I paid a visit to the hatchery at Burlington, thirty-odd miles southeast of Salisbury. The hatchery was a big, barnlike wooden building standing beside a brook that ran between grassy fields and groves of hemlocks. Out in the open, to one side of the brook, was a series of round ponds containing trout of different sizes. Inside the building, amid a constant splash and gurgle of falling water, were about as many long concrete tanks, some containing mature fish and some fingerlings and fry, and there was a big incubator, too, stacked with trays of fish eggs, over which fresh water was kept flowing. The tanks were labelled, and the names gave a feeling of the Salmonidae's variety and cosmopolitanism. "Brook Trout," they said, and "Rainbow Trout," "Kokanee Salmon," "Plymouth Brown," "Lakeville Brown," "English Brown," "Lake Trout," "Swedish Brown," "Danish Burl," "Western Brown." The Lakeville browns, I learned from the men in attendance there, were progeny of the eleven-pound female that Mr. Wilde had told me about. The Plymouth browns were a hatchery-bred strain, which had been developed over a few generations—by natural selection under these artificial conditions—in such a way that they grew well in the tanks and could be caught easily, on a put-and-take basis, when stocked. The state was breeding in two directions, in other words—toward good survival and consequent trophy size, with the Lakeville browns, and toward non-survival, or quick return, with the Plymouths—and this could add flexibility to the stocking programs. The other tank labels stood for Salmonidae of more natural variations. Brook trout are the indigenous Salmonidae of Eastern North America—the speckled natives that the colonists found in our streams. Brown trout are European Salmonidae essentially, and rainbows are natives of Western North America. Through past ages, as the Salmonidae have spread around the Northern Hemisphere they have developed their variations. Some now migrate tiny distances, in fresh water only, for their spawning; others migrate vast distances, through fresh and salt water both. Some, like the Atlantic salmon, now spawn several times during their lives, and others, like the Pacific salmon, spawn only once



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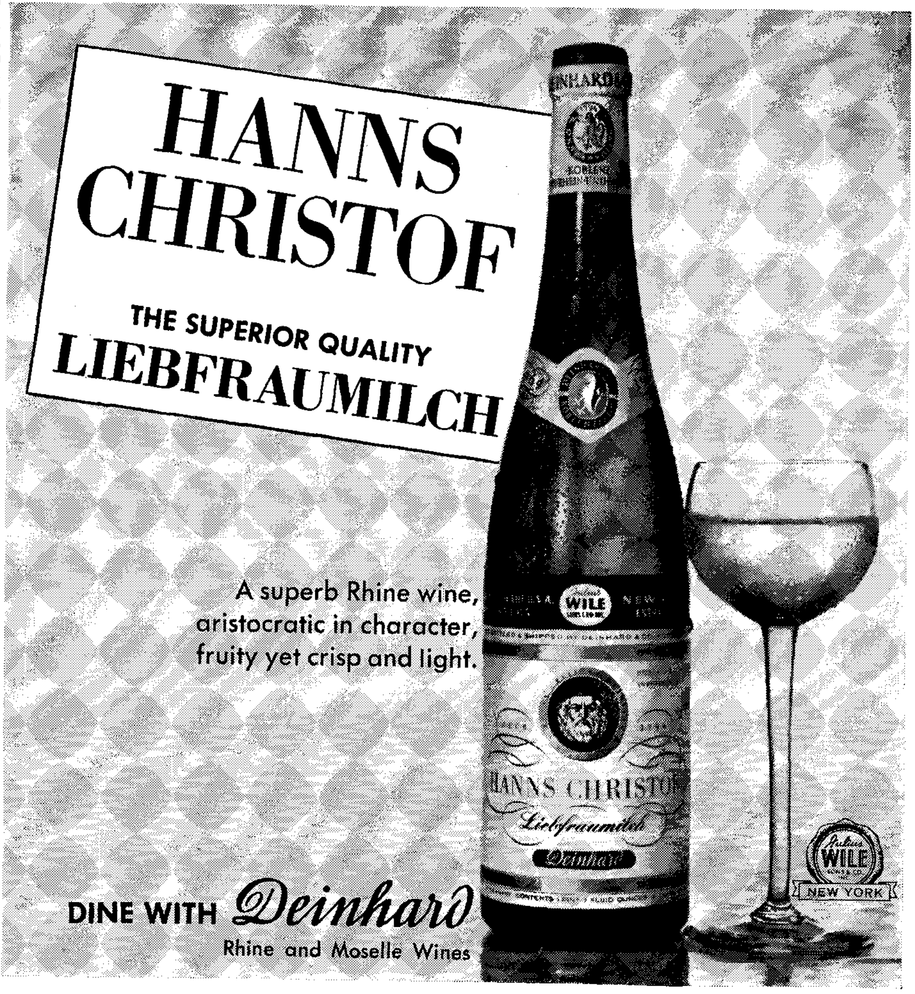

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and die. Some are brown, some have pink rainbow stripes, some are silvery. The twentieth century has found them in place in their infinite variety—in Siberia, in the Pacific, in Canada, in the Atlantic, in Scandinavia, and so on—and has begun, by technology, to move them about and scramble them. Thus, in places like this Burlington hatchery, they have been gathered in almost United Nations or NATO fashion. They have become the main chess pieces of freshwater management, and it was as such that they were lying in their tanks when I saw them—awaiting the biologists' inspirations.

I walked among the tanks. Some were occupied by big fish, lying deep in them, like dark and streamlined stones. Other tanks held fingerlings with thin wedge bodies—accent-shaped—stippling the water at all levels. Still others teemed with fry, so tiny that when one of them darted through a tank it looked not like an entity but like a black jiggly line. I went outdoors, where the round pools lay warm in the sunshine. Some had foot-long trout in them, and some had smaller ones. A few of the trout jumped, others glided, but most just lay there, basking. They were a dark khaki, lying over lighter khaki. In their round pools, they lay in concentric circles, nose to tail—around and around, circle within circle, like van Gogh's suns.

On April 16th, soon after my visit to the hatchery, I went to the opening of the fishing season at Lakeville Lake. I had heard that since my boyhood this event had taken on a saturnalian quality—had become a mass festival. I was curious to see it, and in the end I wasn't disappointed. I approached the lake at a quarter to five that morning—it was light by then—and although the opening hour was not until six, found seventeen cars lined up at a gate barring the main entrance. A few of the cars had boats on trailers behind them, and others had boats upside down on their roofs. I parked my own car some distance off, and walked past the gate to the edge of the lake. Most of the shore is privately owned, and the public has access to the lake only at this gate. The stretch of shore inside the gate has been greatly developed since my boyhood. There used to be a simple oak grove there, and a shantylike building where a man named Dave Timmins kept a small boat livery and a tackle shop. Now the grove has been turned into a real town park, with benches and tables and a big recreation building, and the shanty has solidified

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into something more municipal—a boathouse with log siding, supervised by an able public servant, Frank Markey, who has a number of assistants and handles many times the old volume of business. He keeps a few dozen boats there, for rent, and he had earlier told me that these had been booked for the opening since the middle of January. They lay there now, tied to docks, and out beyond them some private boats rode at anchor. Fishermen were moving toward the boats now, and as soon as the gate was opened other fishermen drove in to launch their own boats. They backed their trailers to the beach and slid the boats off.

The Lakeville Girl Scouts, as part of the opening festivities, have taken to serving breakfast, for money, in the big recreation building. They were to begin at 5 A.M., I had heard, and I went there now. I found them selling orange juice, coffee, scrambled eggs, sausages, doughnuts, and cinnamon buns. They had a blazing fire going in a fireplace, and I ate a big breakfast and warmed myself. The recreation building had plate-glass picture windows, and I could look out and see the lake between the big old oak trees, which were bare except for a few brown leaves left over from autumn. Beyond the trunks, the lake showed gray, reflecting a gray sky, and around its shore were dotted houses amid bits of woodland—also mainly brown now. The lake was like a mirror, and a faint mist rose from it.

Birds were singing when I went outdoors again; down near the water I heard the buzzing trill of redwings. The lakeshore was getting busier all the time, with men arriving and climbing into boats—two men to a boat, usually—and deploying out onto the lake, to their favored spots. The men wore rough clothes, often with red touches, and most of them, I gathered, had come from far away. A local friend I met said, "They came from Bridgeport, Stamford—everywhere. It's a big event, all right." He shook his head.

I found myself conversing with a lady who lived by the lake, in a cottage. She told me she had three children, between ten and sixteen. I asked her what she thought of the reclamation proposal, and she replied that she didn't like it. "My children catch perch and panfish in the lake," she said. "I make them clean and scale the fish themselves, and I cook them and we eat them. It is good that way. The lake has all kinds of things in it. There are snapping turtles, you know, and

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in one place there is a big mama bass. People dive down to the mama bass and tickle her, and she just lies there. That is how the lake should be. We would hate to see it changed."

By six-twenty, one pair of anglers had caught their limit of five trout apiece. They brought their catch ashore, and Markey pointed the fish out to me. They were beauties, by the standards of my childhood—browns and rainbows running to twelve or fourteen inches. The browns *were* silvery, I saw—silver-sided—and their spots were not bright red but dark. The rainbows were silvery, too, as they normally are, with lovely pink stripes down their sides.

Some little boys, I suddenly noticed, were also getting their limits, of nice-looking browns, in a pond by the lake's outlet. There was a dam there, from the old industrial days, and below it lay the pond, a small one with grassy banks. The pond was almost bursting with fish, I soon concluded, and I asked Markey about it. He told me that three hundred brook trout had been stocked in it the week before, and that the pond was reserved for children of twelve and under. They were fishing in the good old-fashioned way, with worms and sinkers and bobbers. They were hauling in the brown trout—these were *really* brown, and up to a foot long—and letting them flop about there on the grass. The scene was a boy's paradise.

I went back to my car and drove on to East Twin Lake, fifteen minutes away. I parked at O'Hara's, a commercial boat livery that is the center for out-of-town fishermen, and noted that the lake was densely speckled with boats—at least as densely as Lakeville Lake, which is saying a lot—but that no one was catching much. It was too early in the year for the Kokanee salmon, an attendant at O'Hara's told me, and the trout, for some reason, were not biting at that hour.

After a while, I returned to Lakeville Lake, but not to the grove. Instead, I went to see a neighbor of mine—Tom Wagner, a Lakeville lawyer, who has a modest cabin on the shore behind his house and entertains his male friends and acquaintances there on the opening weekend. This function has grown over the years, I understand, but to me it was pure innovation, and I linked it, like the doings at the grove, with the new big-time era of local fishing. In front of the cabin, on a flagstone terrace, was a big barbecue apparatus with a chimney, two or three sturdy tables,

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and plenty of chairs, along with crockery, cutlery, coffeepots, bottles, and so on. And in the air was the smell of coffee and bacon. Five or six men were on hand, some of them just in from fishing. They, too, had been doing well. One of them, Russell Ottey, an expert angler who lives not far from the Wagners, showed me the mess of fish he had caught. They were stashed out in the water, tied to the dock by a line through their gills. Like the first catch I'd seen, they were nice browns and rainbows, running up to fourteen inches. Ottey had caught them, he said, on "hardware," meaning a small spoon or spinner cast and retrieved just below the surface. That was the level at which the trout were being taken, I gathered, in this cool season. All over the lake, they were striking a few inches down, on hardware or, less often, on wet flies.

I sat drinking coffee and enjoying the scene. I heard a wild goose honking, over the talk of the men. They were all local residents, or at least had local connections, and I soon learned that they took a sour view of the mass of strangers on the lake, whom they referred to, collectively, as "Bridgeport and Waterbury." The lake was teeming with boats now—boats moving about, crossing each other's bows, weaving past each other like ducks on a crowded pond. One guest, looking out at them, said disdainfully, "I wonder how it is in Central Park today."

Tom Wagner, who lives in the cabin all summer, with his wife, told me that he feeds bread to the sunfish every day off his dock. "When I come out to feed them, they see the door of my screen porch opening, and they start for the dock," he said. "They come in swarming from all directions. Last summer, a pickerel used to lie under my canoe there, and when the sunfish came in—snap! He would get one every time."

This reminded me, somehow, of the mama bass that people tickled, and I asked Wagner what he'd say the community thought of the idea of reclamation—of poisoning out the sunfish and the pickerel and the other local color. He pondered a moment, then said, "The community doesn't like it. They think the Fish and Game people don't know what they're doing. They'll clean out the fish that are here and put in trout, so Bridgeport and Waterbury will come more and more. It won't do the local people any good, and they don't like it."

"Bridgeport and Waterbury will come more and more anyway," another

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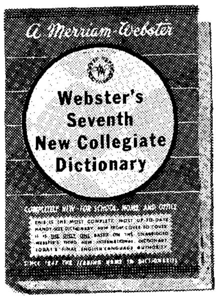

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man said. "And the state will be stocking fish on Friday to be caught on Saturday and Sunday."

I left then, feeling that I had dug down to a basic conflict. On one side were the local people, with their rights and sentiments and traditions, and the "natural order." On the other were Bridgeport and Waterbury, with their taxes and their need for recreation, and the growing authority—in fish management as in other fields—of technology and planning. The two seemed locked in combat. I found it interesting, but I wasn't taking sides. Nor was I predicting the outcome, though I felt that a guess was possible. Anyway, I went back to the grove, and Bridgeport and Waterbury were doing fine. Boat after boat was coming in with fishermen who had caught their limits. Markey said later that a thousand trout were taken that day. They included no trophy ones, but they were big enough—bigger, on the average, than in other years, because of some mystery of stocking. So Bridgeport and Waterbury came ashore with their catches. They hauled their boats out and onto their trailers, and drove away, leaving our town, temporarily, to its townsmen.

—Christopher Rand

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THAT long-sought Eldorado of big soap advertisers on TV and radio—a story about happy people with happy problems—comes within an ace of being discovered at last in Pietro Germi's appealing new comedy, "The Climax." Mr. Germi, who not only directed the picture but served as one of the four fabricators of its intricate screenplay (his fellow-writers were Tullio Pinelli, Alfredo Giannetti, and Carlo Bernari), is a brave man indeed; he has dared to make a movie that begins as if it were to be a Feydeau-like farce about amorous entanglements and that then, always with a merry air, marches to a tragic climax, followed by a rueful, seriocomic coda. The unexpectedness of this dancing progress from light to dark is reckless enough, but it is nothing compared to the unexpectedness of the nature of the chief characters, who in any ordinary study of marriage, infidelity, and the relations between parents and children would be made to exhibit manunkind at his unkindest; in "The Climax" they are distinguished by a cheery unselfishness, in nearly every case putting other people's interests, including those of their closest rivals, before their own. Outlandish as such goodness may seem to us so late in this bleak, self-denigrating century, still more outlandish is Germi's depiction of the family as being, by its nature, our *summum bonum*—the very opposite of the creepy chamber of oedipal horrors that we have been instructed to assume it is, no matter how bearable, and even attractive, it may appear to our mere daily consciousness of it. Most outlandish of all is Germi's depiction of a hero without a flaw, or, rather, a hero whose single flaw is an excess of virtue, consisting of an exceptional capacity for loving and being loved. Sergio is a man of moderate intelligence, moderate talent, and moderate charm; he is also immoderately suggestible, tenderhearted, and hardworking, and so scrupulous in the just dispensing of his indefatigable affections that if, for example, he sees fit to telephone one of the three women he loves, he invariably telephones the others as well. (His regular program calls for nine telephone calls a day to each, or a minimum of twenty-seven calls. On the

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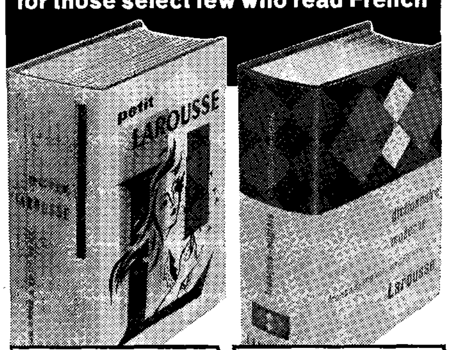

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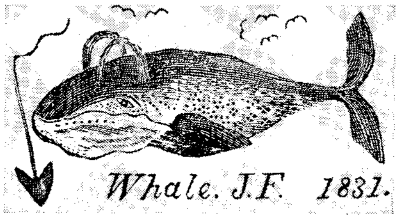
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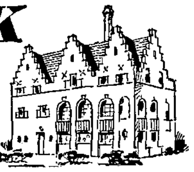

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—BRENDAN GILL

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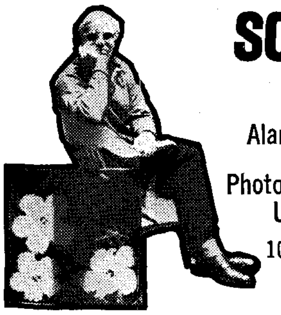

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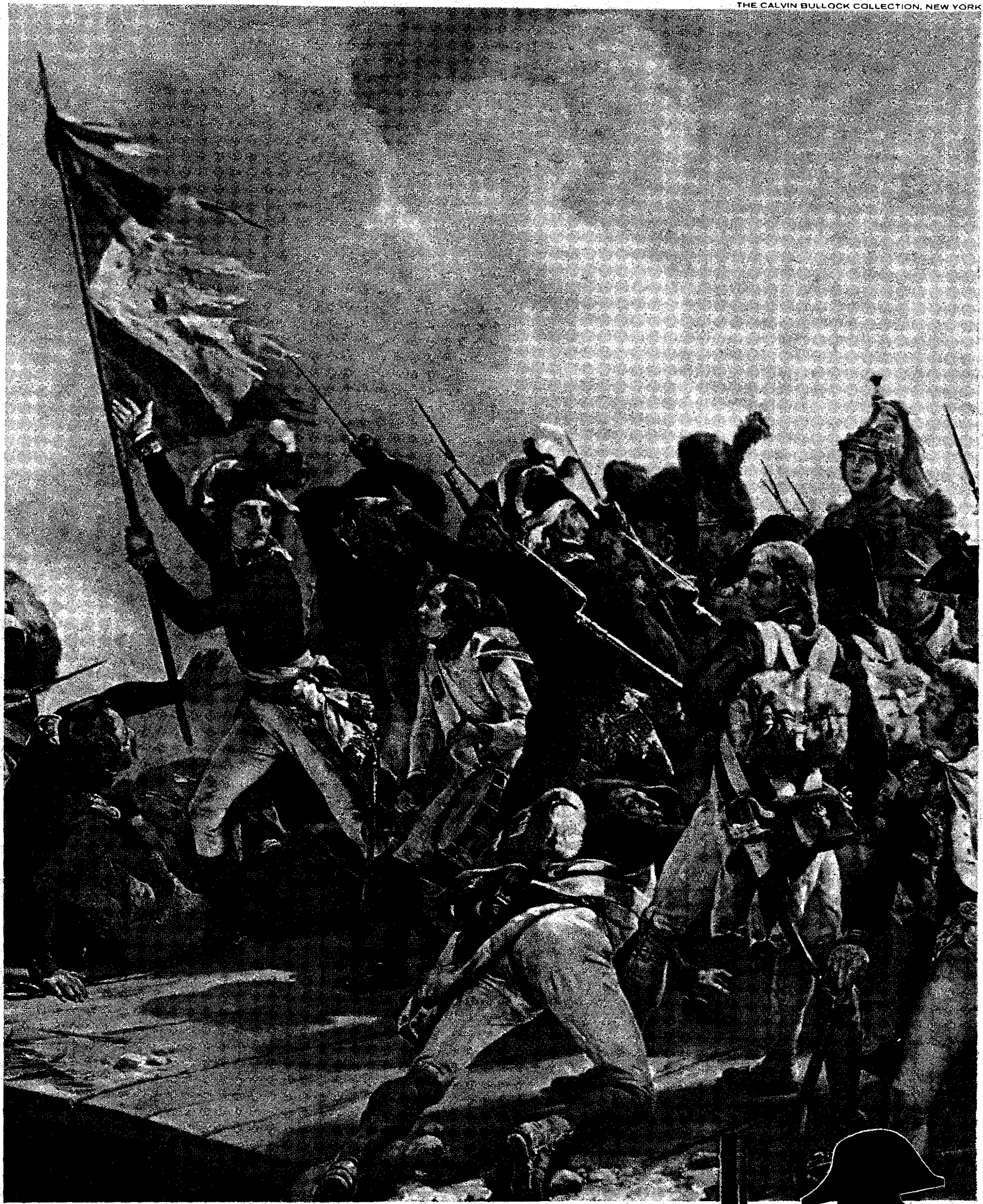

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